TRUE WEST

ALL TRUE — ALL FACT — STORIES OF THE REAL WEST

August, 25c

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★

How Sam Houston Hill Killed Sam Bass

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By TOM BAILEY

★

Montana Ghost Towns

★

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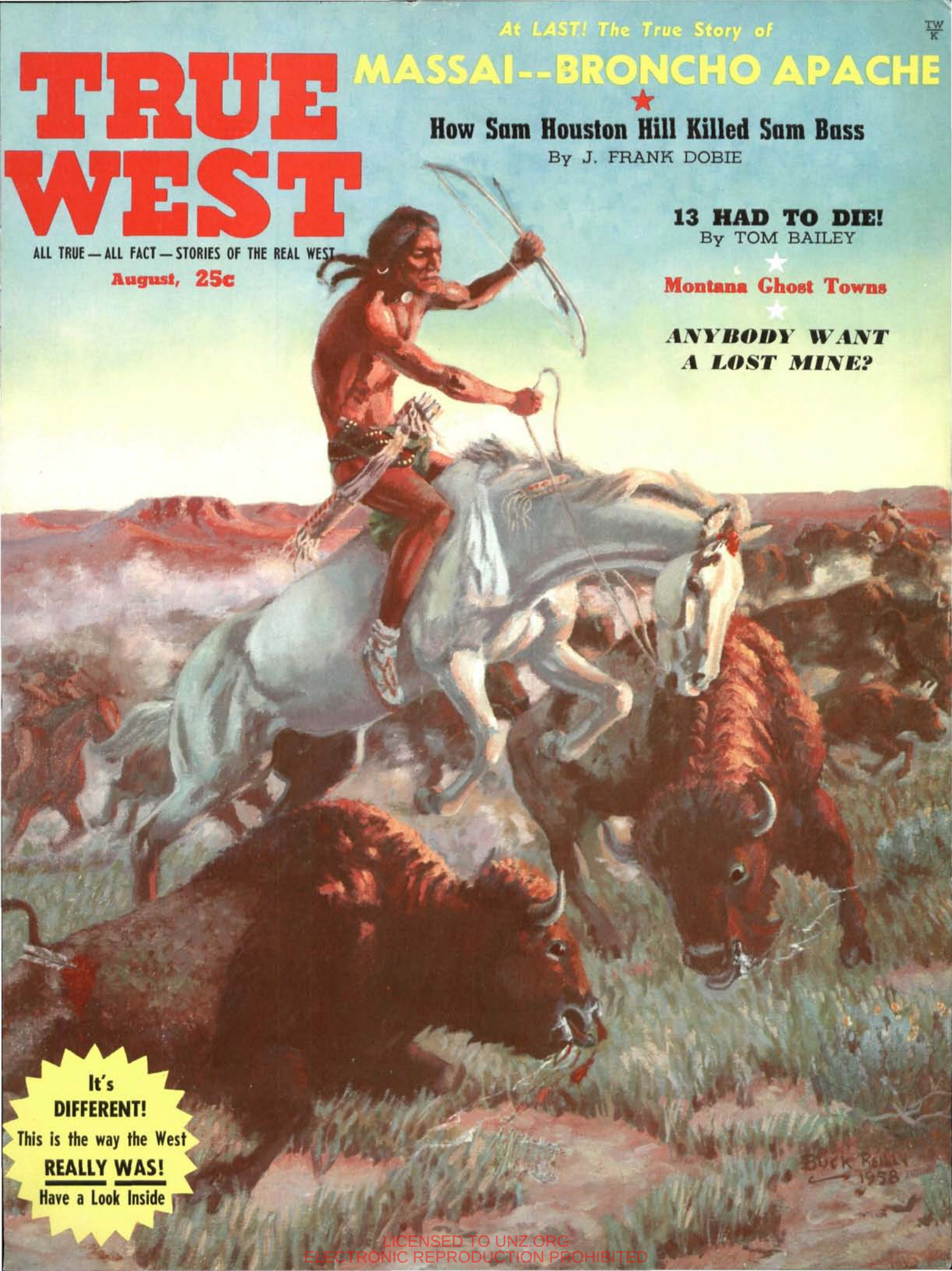

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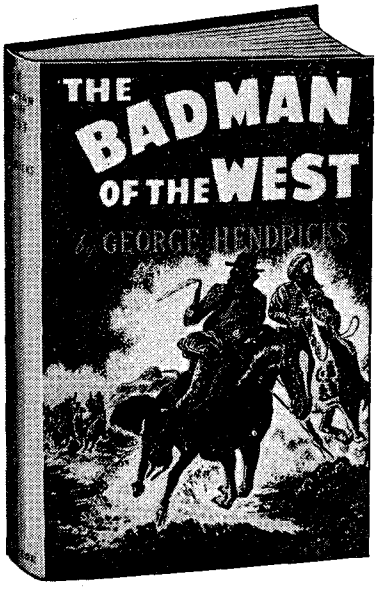

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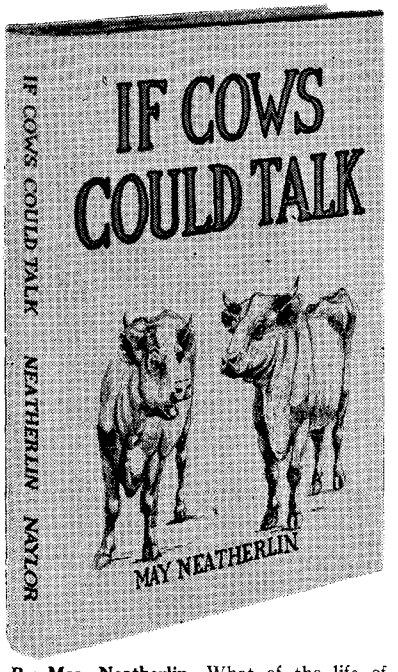

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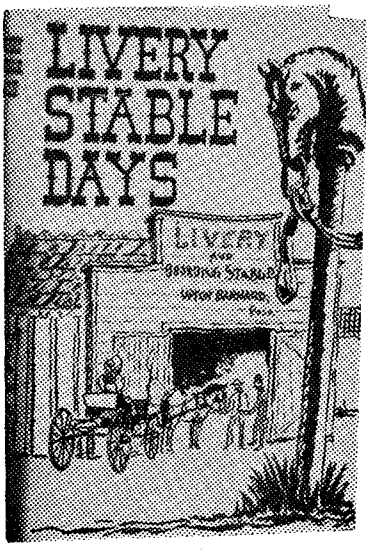

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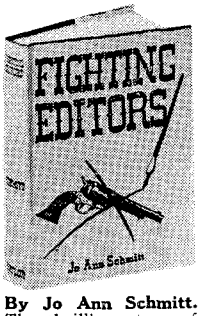

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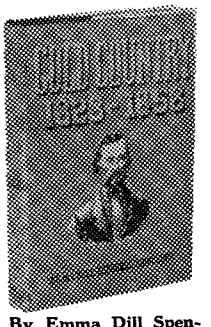

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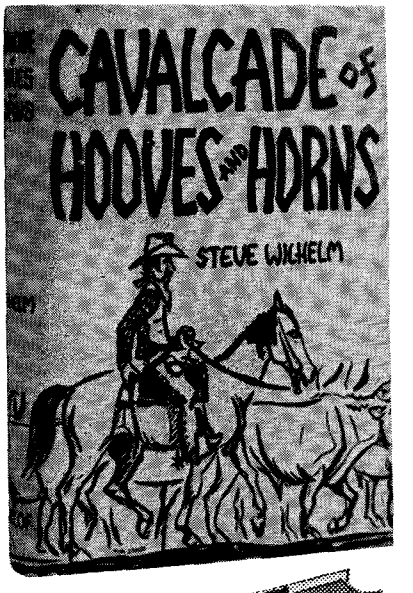

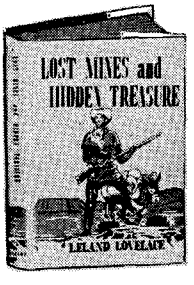

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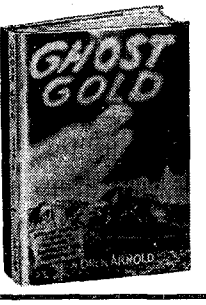

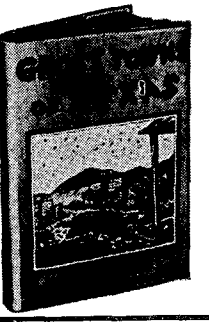

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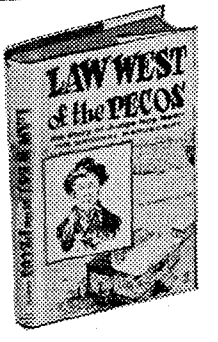

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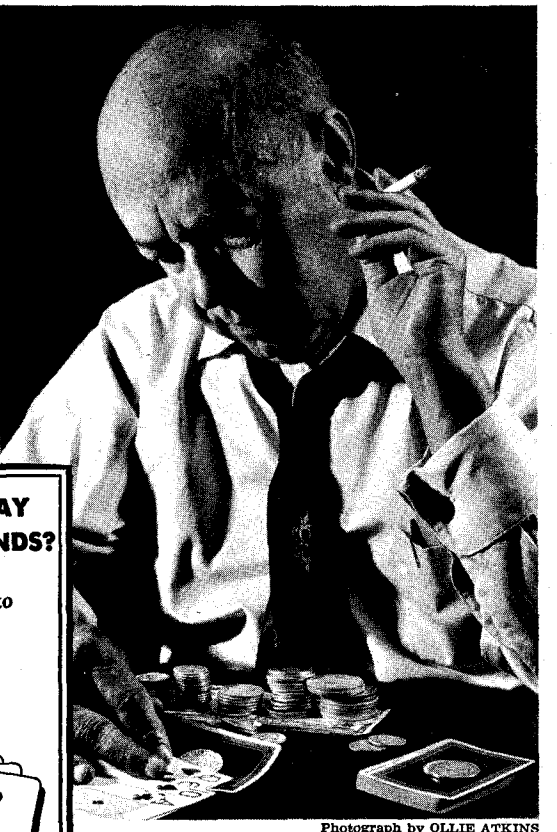

Photograph by OLLIE ATKINS

THE HERBERT O. YARDLEY book started selling like wildfire when a small fraction of it appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

Your best friends won't tell you what's in it — and when you've read it you won't tell them.

It's called THE EDUCATION OF A POKER PLAYER. And it's a priceless education. In it Yardley tells the secrets of his systems for winning at all the usual (and many of the rare) kinds of Draw and Stud Poker.

"Never open on two small pair — never"

"Fold them," Yardley says. He's talking about Straight Draw, nothing wild, 7 players. "It's twelve to one you won't make a Full House. If somebody else opens, don't stay. Anyone who stays on two small pair should have his head examined. You fold — or you bluff by raising before the draw, standing pat, then betting."

In the same specific way Yardley looks over your shoulder at every hand and tells you exactly when to *open*, and when to pass (even though you have openers), when to *call* or *stay*, when to *bluff*, when to *raise*, when to be *cautious*, when to be brazenly *bold*. And when to meekly fold.

He shows you all this by means of actual sample hands which he plays out for you and analyzes. And you learn how to play *with* the odds instead of against them.

How to develop not only a poker-face but a poker head

Yardley tells you how to study and "read" the other players — watching and analyzing their mannerisms, learning their weaknesses and their strengths. He makes you a master strategist at poker's psychological war.

He tells you wonderful salty stories (probably not for your Aunt Hermine) out of his own poker experience around the world — stories that sharpen your poker sense.

You "sit in" on the game in which the corn grower "Bones" Alverson bet his farm against a circus tent show at Five-Card Draw Deuces Wild — and won under the unfortunate circumstance of no longer being alive at the time. (After which Yardley gives you a brilliant analysis of how to play your cards at Five-Card Draw Deuces Wild.)

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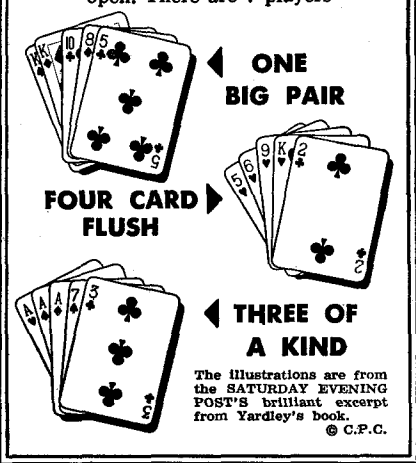

The illustrations are from the SATURDAY EVENING POST'S brilliant excerpt from Yardley's book.
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You watch Jake Moses lose ten trunks full of sample shoes—and you profit from his mistake. You see how good and bad poker players from the old west to China played their hands—and how they should've played them.

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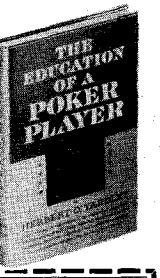
About HERBERT O. YARDLEY

Yardley's mastery of the infinite subtleties of poker made him just the kind of agile thinker whom you would expect to crack a wartime Japanese code (he did) and to write the classic book on codes, ciphers and spies (he did: *The American Black Chamber*).

"Because he plays such a tight game of poker," says *The Saturday Evening Post*, "Yardley has been dubbed 'Old Adhesive' by his friends. After his retirement (as a cryptanalyst) three years ago, Yardley made a scientific study of poker in all its variations, thus reinforcing his fifty years of experience as a player. Now he has told all in THE EDUCATION OF A POKER PLAYER."

Here's how good it is (the first tribute to Yardley's book)



The New York Herald Tribune Book Review says, "It should be part of every father's investment portfolio for his son — or for himself. What Goren and Vanderbilt have done for the bridge player, Yardley has now done for that submerged four-fifths of American manhood that plays poker. He has given us dignity, wisdom and philosophy."
—THEODORE H. WHITE.

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THIS IS HOW YARDLEY WOULD PLAY HANDS IN PANEL ABOVE

One Big Pair: Yardley says, "Never stay on less. If you are sitting to the left of the opener, raise on a pair of Kings or Aces. If you drive out other players and the opener draws three cards, draw three with him. If he draws two cards, or one, draw two. If he checks, bet regardless of your hand. If an occasional player stays after you have raised, draw two and bet, unless someone stands pat."

Four-Card Flush: Yardley says, "A four-card flush should never be played unless there is over five times as much in the pot as the bet itself. That goes, too, for a four-card straight, open at both ends. As for an inside straight, why draw to it? The odds are twelve-to-one you don't make it."

Three-of-a-Kind: "My rule is this," says Yardley. "If you're holding three-of-a-kind, Tens or better, don't raise. You want to entice as many others to stay as you can, because you're pretty sure of winning. However, if your threes are Nines or worse, raise. You want to drive out players who might draw against you."

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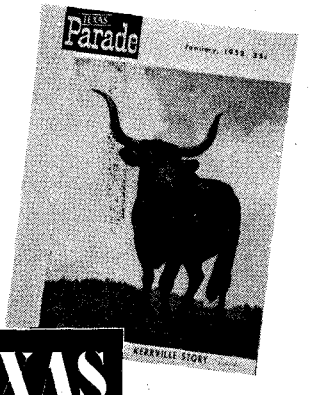

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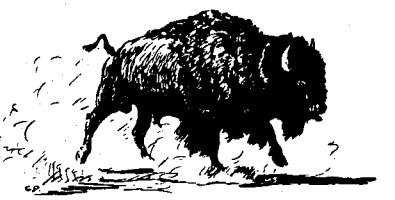

July-August, 1959

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Whole No. 34

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, President, American Historical Association for 1958.

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A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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Oh, Heck Fire!

I WOULD use stronger language if it would do any good. I think we'll run a contest later on—we'll have prizes for any one who can work out some gimmick, program, plan, idea—anything to prove to the people of this country that we are *NOT* a "Texas" magazine.

We haven't got a thing against Texas. We are Texans, for the most part, and we love the state. But the fact that people can read 13 feature articles on other states in *True West* or *Frontier Times* and one on Texas—and write in to say "I sure do love your magazine on Texas!" is more than mere human flesh and blood can withstand!

We are a Texas magazine like *Saturday Evening Post* is a Pennsylvania magazine.

It's the very same comparison—they are published in Pennsylvania so they MUST be a Pennsylvania magazine. The fact that they seldom run an article on Pennsylvania shouldn't enter into the picture. I'm trying to be funny, of course. I must say this or we'd get 5,000 letters explaining that the *Post* is NOT a Pennsylvania magazine!

I think maybe I've figured it out. New York City, plus possibly two other spots, must be the only places in the United States where you can settle down and put out a publication that is not branded as being a local magazine.

Some days ago I explained to a writer in one of the northwest states that we were not a Texas magazine, that we had always covered the Old West as a whole and that our circulation was international. He wrote back and said that he would try to send us some material about his home state. He further observed that letters he received in answer to a notice in our "Truly Western" department indicate that we *do* have readers out of Texas. Yes, we *do* have a few. Let me tell you exactly how many. The only way we can do this is from a "so many copies" angle, for we have three to even ten readers to every copy. All right, out of a print order of 240,000 copies of this issue you are holding in your hands, 16,000 will remain in Texas. That's still a good percentage for any one state but it is 1,000 behind California, for instance. So, insofar as the "most readers for any one state" is concerned, we are a California magazine. And we would be, too—in the minds of the people—if we were published in San Jose, California, for instance.

WHY MUST THIS BE! The people wonder why it is so hard to publish a successful magazine outside New York. "The people" are why. They brand anything published out of New York as a state magazine. I do believe if a publication got rolling in Texas and never in its history published a word on this state and had a large national circulation—in the minds of the people it would still be a Texas magazine! How can that be, in a day of so-called enlightened thinking?

ACTUALLY, by now (we started in 1953) we have been able to convince a large part of the people that we are deeply dedicated to publishing an AUTHENTIC magazine on the Old West. Texas was only a part of the Old West—we want to cover it all. And when it comes to readers, THE WHOLE WORLD is fascinated with this most wonderful era of American history. Our magazines are sold by subscription and on the newsstands in every state of the union, including Alaska and Hawaii, and throughout every province of Canada. More thousands go to the military in Europe and are sold on PX newsstands over there. Pretty soon, they will go to Asia via the same route. Also, our distributor wants to put copies on newsstands of every large city in the world. Our subscription list includes the South Sea Islands, China, Indonesia, the length and breadth of Africa, a big following in Australia, Japan, Germany, England—and in practically every out-of-the-way spot in the world! Even we didn't know Texas was that big!

You are probably getting tired of this by now. But if you are one of those "where it's published, it's for that state" people, if somehow we can make you just 1/1000ths as tired as we have been since 1953, and through doing it, bring the TRUTH before your eyes, it will be worth it a thousand times over.

Why am I going all out on this theme—maybe risking the ire, impatience, etc., of some readers in doing it? Simply because the easiest way in the world to kill most any product, personality, magazine, etc., that must gain wide public acceptance in order to exist, is to TYPE

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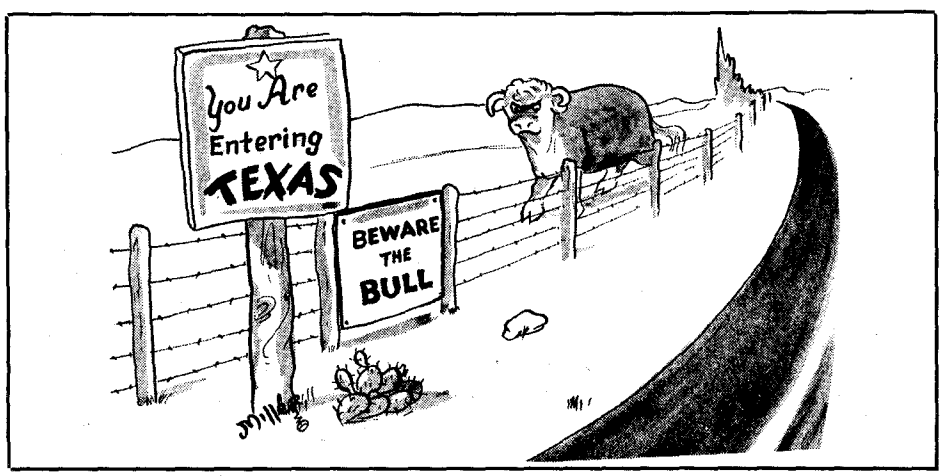

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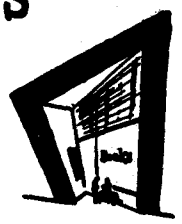

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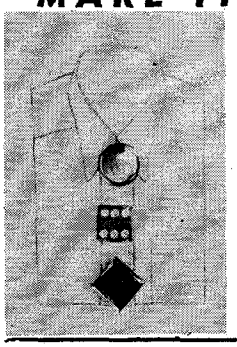

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Truly Western

Howdy, Folks!

Just in case you didn't read old Joe's "Oh, Heck Fire!" on page 3, don't forget to drop us a card on whether you like a subject well covered with two to three articles in one issue, like the Alamo-Goliad-San Jacinto theme in our May-June issue, or all articles on different subjects like in this issue. A card will do fine. Thanks!

Normnote:

I suppose this could really be called a Special Report on Gunslingers, as that is what it's all about. To begin with, Nick Nicastro, the self-styled "Shooting Shoemaker" of Mar Vista, California, sure pried up Hell and put a chunk under it when he claimed in a letter published in "Truly Western" to be the world's fastest gun draw. Letters poured in to this office deriding Nick's claim in language that seared the paper they were written on. However, nobody got around to actually issuing a challenge to Nick until the members of the Buscaderos Fast Draw Club, 15230 San Ardo Drive, La Mirada, California, sent in a blanket challenge to Nick to meet them. Their letter, signed by Bill Hazel, Al Ensley, Lucky Laredo, Jerry Wilson, Don Dunkerson, and Ron Naddeo, read as follows:

Editor "Truly Western":

Quoting Nick Nicastro:

"I have said before and proved many times that I am the World's Fastest Gun Draw." What a crock of bull! How many times in the past has some self-styled gunslinger stood up in public and tooted his whistle to prove to somebody that he is the (quote) World's Fastest Gun Draw (unquote). Then, when somebody wants to challenge him to a fair and square draw in front of witnesses, he tilts his nose in the air and says: "Why should I waste my time with you? I'm the World's-Fastest-and-I-don't-have-to-prove-it-to-anybody-Gun-Draw."

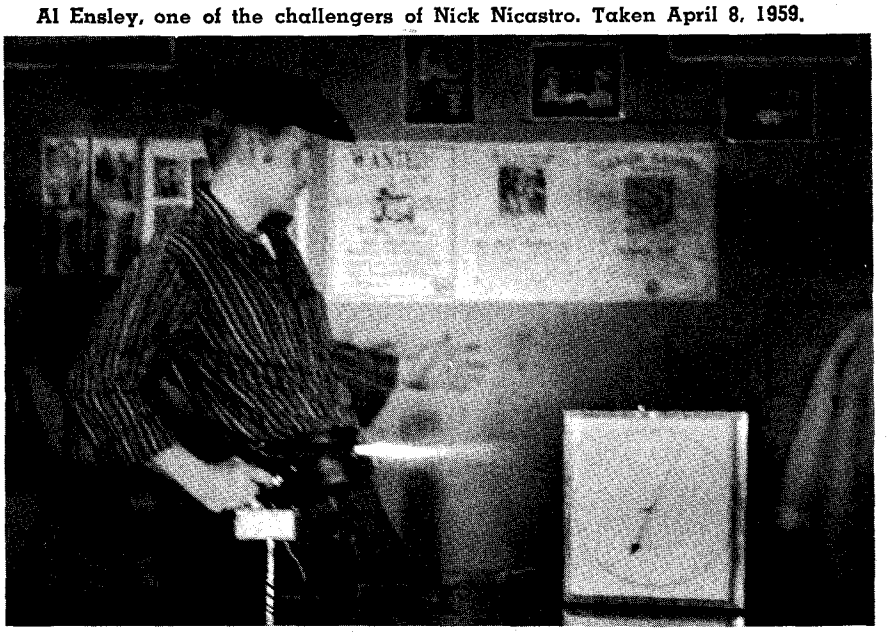
Now that I've sounded off some, let's give the guy a little credit. He has developed a draw that at best could be called a stunt and he is good at it. Some guys can roll on the button (of the timing machine) and some can't. He can. So what? It's not a draw, it's a trick. Also, anybody that is familiar with quick draw and/or photography can tell from the picture you published of Mr. Nick Nicastro that it was posed and was not an action shot, as it was purported to be. In an action shot of this type, no camera and no photographer could stop a man in a 7/100ths-of-a-second draw. The entire area around his hand and holster would be a complete blur. It is also easy to determine from his photograph that Nick rolls on the button just like the rest of the self-styled fastest guns do. We have a boy on our club who has rolled on the button for a 9/100ths draw. Photos don't prove anything, as the enclosed photos should prove. In any fast draw contest—and I mean legal fast draw contest—Nicastro's draw would not be approved. And—speaking of contests—where are all these fast guns when a contest is held for Southern California or a National Championship? I, Bill Hazel, have attended several National Chambionship contests and personally took tenth place in a National contest in Yucca Valley some months ago.

Any member of our outfit, either individually or as a club, would like to challenge Mr. Nicastro to a fair and legal match at any time, any place, and under a variety of conditions. I think any one of us is a better gunslinger than he is, and by the ghost of John Wesley Hardin, I'd like a chance to prove it.

How about it, Nick? Put up or shut up!"

Well, that was the first shot. The day after the above communication arrived at our offices, Dee Woolem called your "Truly Western" wrangler from Houston, objecting not only to Nick Nicastro calling himself the world's fastest gun but also to an Editor's Note that appears at the end of the article on modern gunslingers entitled "How Fast Are

Al Ensley, one of the challengers of Nick Nicastro. Taken April 8, 1959.



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They?" in the May-June TW. This note, based on a newspaper clipping sent in by Nicastro, listed Nick as the winner of a fast draw contest staged on the Art Linkletter TV show. The contest was between Nicastro, Rod Redwing, the famous Indian gunslinger and instructor of movie and TV stars, and Dee, who calls himself the "Fastest Gun Alive."

We printed the result of the contest as stated in the clipping sent in by Nicastro: Nick's time, as winner, 18/100ths of a second; Redwing second, 23/100ths; Woolem third, 35/100ths. The test was of the reflex type— the men drew when the hand of the electric timing clock started moving.

Dee claimed that Nicastro "beat the clock" as a quarterhorse sometimes beats the starting gate in a race by anticipating when the starter was about to press the button of the starting device. Woolem also claims the title of Fastest Gun Alive and bases his claim on these facts:

Never defeated in open competition. National Fast Draw Champion for the past four years, with a record of 12/100ths of a second. (It takes 16/100ths of a second to blink your eyes.)

After first winning the National Fast Draw Championship in competition in 1955, Dee has successfully defended his title in open competition more than 200 times against the outstanding fast draw artists of the country. That's why he's so steamed over Nick Nicastro's claim that he is the champ. Woolem states flatly that Nicastro refuses to meet him in a match under contest rules, yet continues to broadcast his supremacy in the field. Dee, a 35-year-old native of Texas, was the prime organizer of the Fast Draw Club of America, and set up the first National Competition using electrically timed equipment in 1955. Presently on a nation-wide tour for Crosman Arms Company, Dee uses a gas-operated Hahn single-action .45 revolver and a Colt with interchangeable cylinders for .45 ammo and .22 blanks.

It was this latter gun some of us folks at True West used in a test of reaction time. Dee had us watch the clock while holding the gun cocked and ready to fire. When he pressed the button of the timing device, we were to pull the trigger when we saw the clock hand start. The results were quite amazing. My own best time was 21/100ths of a second, but the average on six shots was 23/100ths. T. J. Terbay, dropping by to pick up his wife Gayle after work, heard the gunfire in Joe's upstairs office—ol' Joe was out of town—and tried his luck. Being considerably younger than NBW, his time averaged several hundredths of a second faster. The same was true for Jay Elliott, a young writer who just happened to be in the office at the time. Angel Leshikar, associate publisher, also took a fling at the game and proved Dee's statement that women's reaction time was faster than that of men by posting an amazing 13½/100ths on her first try. Then Dee—who had just come in from Houston—posted a 14½/100ths draw in this type of reflex test. But while we folks had the gun out and cocked, Dee drew, cocked and fired in 14½/100ths after the clock hand started moving. This is only 2½/100ths off his world record.

Later, Dee did some trick shooting; drawing and firing before a silver dollar dropped from the level of his waist to

(Continued on page 58)

NO FOOLIN'!

Joaquin Sanchez

is a big name as a rodeo clown. All rodeo fans know and enjoy Joaquin's antics that have made him one of the top men in this thrilling business. But, when it comes to buying boots Joaquin Sanchez doesn't fool around. He says

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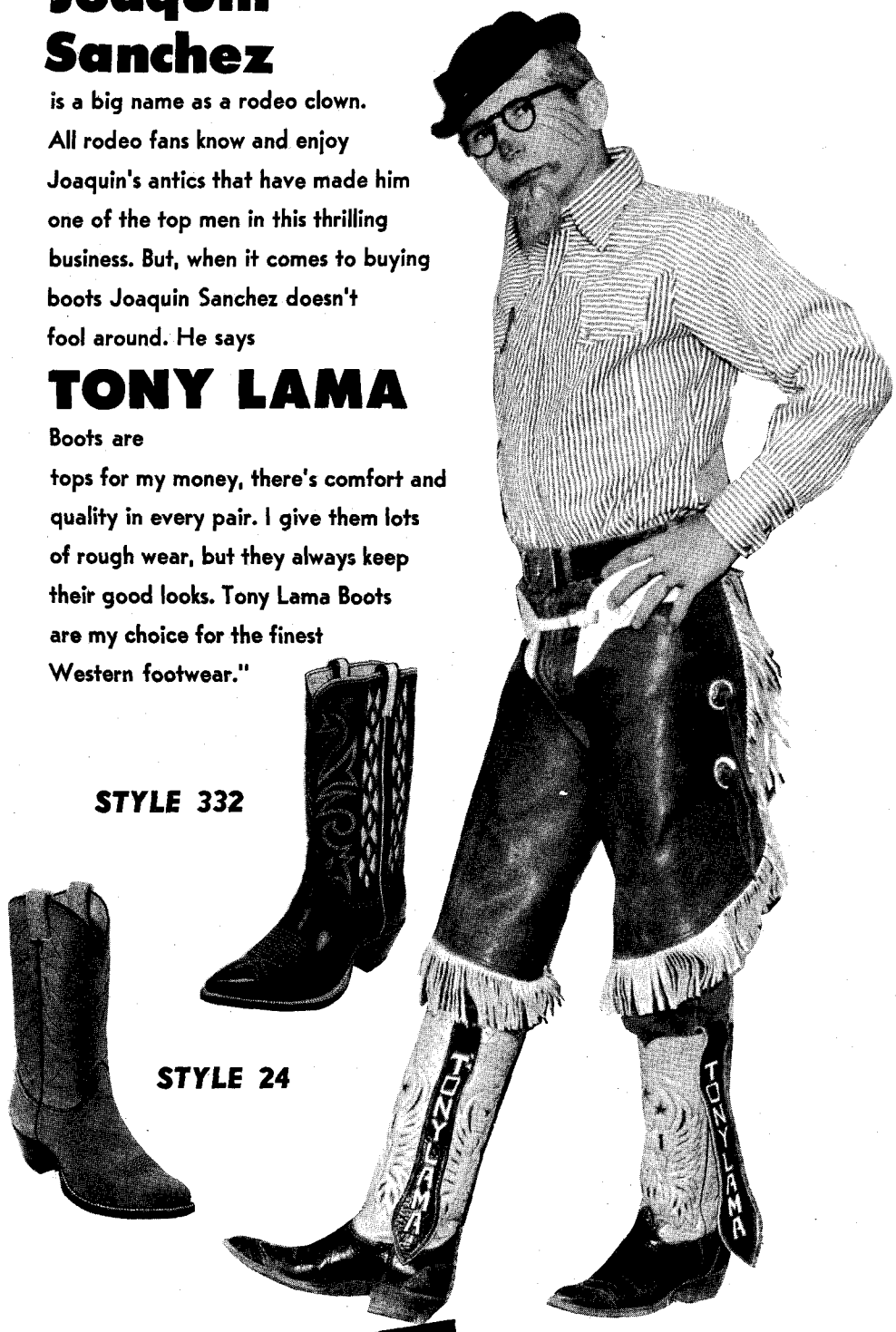
Boots are tops for my money, there's comfort and quality in every pair. I give them lots of rough wear, but they always keep their good looks. Tony Lama Boots are my choice for the finest Western footwear."



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Massai—Broncho Apache

By ALBERTA BEGAY
as told to EVE BALL

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

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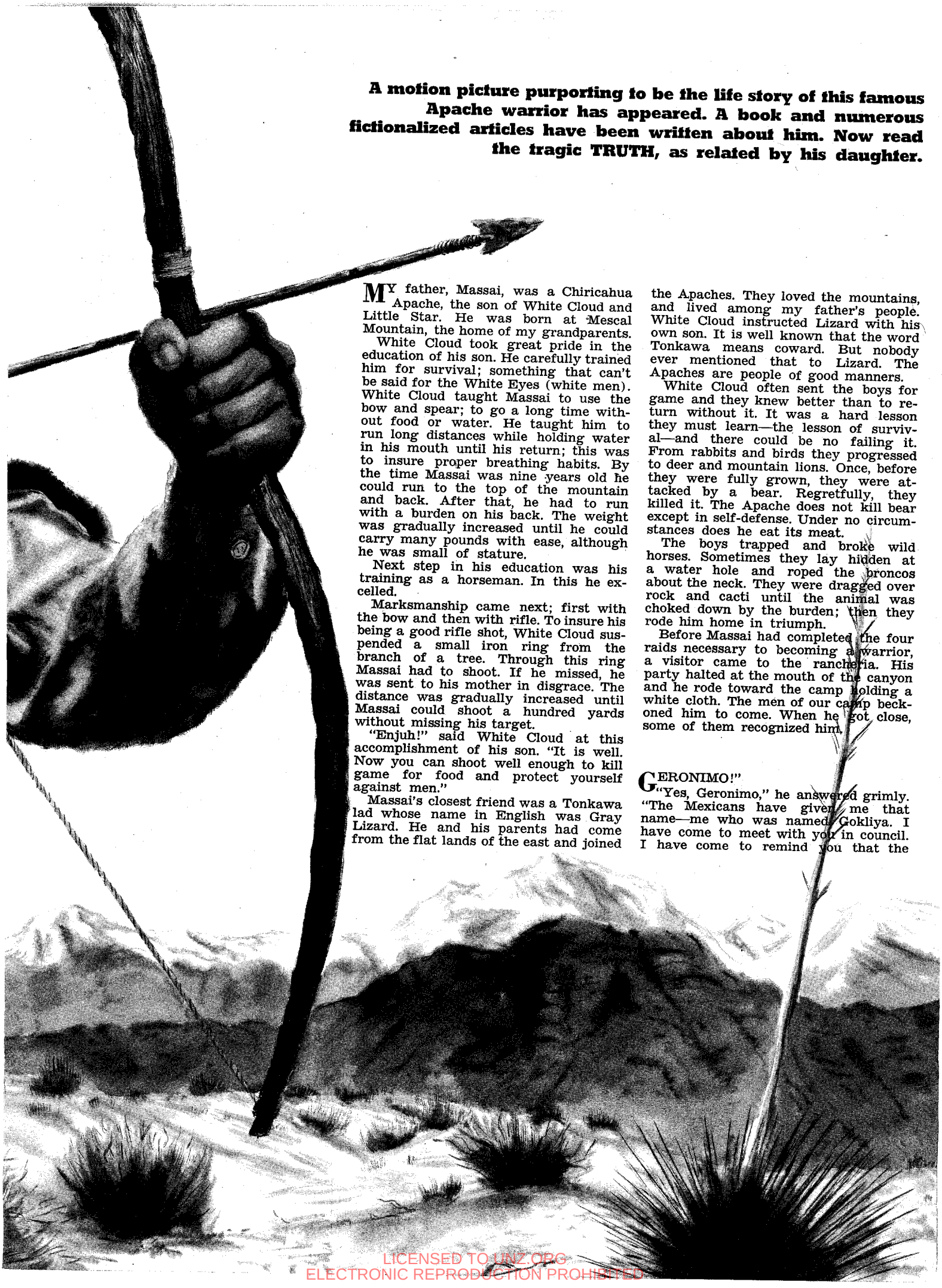
A motion picture purporting to be the life story of this famous Apache warrior has appeared. A book and numerous fictionalized articles have been written about him. Now read the tragic TRUTH, as related by his daughter.



MY father, Massai, was a Chiricahua Apache, the son of White Cloud and Little Star. He was born at Mescal Mountain, the home of my grandparents.

White Cloud took great pride in the education of his son. He carefully trained him for survival; something that can't be said for the White Eyes (white men). White Cloud taught Massai to use the bow and spear; to go a long time without food or water. He taught him to run long distances while holding water in his mouth until his return; this was to insure proper breathing habits. By the time Massai was nine years old he could run to the top of the mountain and back. After that, he had to run with a burden on his back. The weight was gradually increased until he could carry many pounds with ease, although he was small of stature.

Next step in his education was his training as a horseman. In this he excelled.

Marksmanship came next; first with the bow and then with rifle. To insure his being a good rifle shot, White Cloud suspended a small iron ring from the branch of a tree. Through this ring Massai had to shoot. If he missed, he was sent to his mother in disgrace. The distance was gradually increased until Massai could shoot a hundred yards without missing his target.

"Enjuh!" said White Cloud at this accomplishment of his son. "It is well. Now you can shoot well enough to kill game for food and protect yourself against men."

Massai's closest friend was a Tonkawa lad whose name in English was Gray Lizard. He and his parents had come from the flat lands of the east and joined the Apaches. They loved the mountains, and lived among my father's people. White Cloud instructed Lizard with his own son. It is well known that the word Tonkawa means coward. But nobody ever mentioned that to Lizard. The Apaches are people of good manners.

White Cloud often sent the boys for game and they knew better than to return without it. It was a hard lesson they must learn—the lesson of survival—and there could be no failing it. From rabbits and birds they progressed to deer and mountain lions. Once, before they were fully grown, they were attacked by a bear. Regretfully, they killed it. The Apache does not kill bear except in self-defense. Under no circumstances does he eat its meat.

The boys trapped and broke wild horses. Sometimes they lay hidden at a water hole and roped the broncos about the neck. They were dragged over rock and cacti until the animal was choked down by the burden; then they rode him home in triumph.

Before Massai had completed the four raids necessary to becoming a warrior, a visitor came to the rancheria. His party halted at the mouth of the canyon and he rode toward the camp holding a white cloth. The men of our camp beckoned him to come. When he got close, some of them recognized him.

GERONIMO!"

"Yes, Geronimo," he answered grimly. "The Mexicans have given me that name—me who was named Gokliya. I have come to meet with you in council. I have come to remind you that the

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Above: Alberta Begay, daughter of Massai and author of this story, in her ceremonial robe. Below: This very old photograph shows an Apache with children. Little girls were always fully clothed.

White Eyes have invaded our land. They have murdered our Chief. They killed Mangas Colorados after promising him their protection when he went to their camp to treat for peace.

"They have murdered my wife, mother, and three children. They have killed your people. They have killed our game, taken our land and all that is ours. I came to ask that you join me in fighting them—that all Apaches join me. We must drive them out before it is too late."

"There are too many," objected one man.

"They must have litters like dogs," said another. "Or how could they multiply so rapidly?"

Geronimo went on, unheeding. "Cochise died of a broken heart because he foresaw the extermination of his people. Tah-zay, the son who succeeded him, trusted the White Eyes. He went to Washington and they poisoned him. Juh, the Nedni chief, is dead. Nachai and Mangus have seen what happened to their fathers and they do nothing!"

Geronimo paused and fixed us all with his fierce eyes.

"Who will join me in driving out the White Eyes?"

"You are not a chief," said one man.

Geronimo whirled on him. "I have been the war leader for Cochise. I have led a band for Mangas Colorados. I will lead you!"

"We are a free people," said White Cloud calmly. "Among the Apaches there is no compulsory military service."

"So be it," replied Geronimo. "Let each man decide for himself."

White Cloud agreed. "We will hold a council and let you know our decision."

Massai and Gray Lizard wanted to go with Geronimo. They asked permission of their fathers and were told: "You are almost men, you must decide for yourselves."

They and others told Geronimo they would join him.

"The time is not yet ripe," he answered. "It will take two summers, perhaps more, to prepare and store food."

"For what?"

"For emergencies, you impatient ones! To fight the White Eyes we must travel fast and ride light. When we reach a hiding place we must have food, clothing, and—especially—moccasins, there. We must have cooking pots. We must have ammunition. It is for you to secure and place these things where I shall direct. I know every water hole between Fort Wingate and Casas Grandes; between Silver City and Chihuahua. I know hidden caves where supplies can be cached. Then, when we have supplies to last for many months, we will strike!"

Our people were not all in favor of joining forces with Geronimo, but all thought his idea of preparing for war to be good. They began killing deer, drying meat, tanning hides and storing them in safe places. As the cactus fruit ripened they gathered and dried it. They baked great quantities of mescal, stored large supplies of mesquite beans and acorns, gathered piñónes when the trees bore. They worked so hard at storing food for the future that the supply close to them was made scarce.

Massai and Gray Lizard got their fathers' permission to make a journey to the west in search of food. Each led a packhorse behind his mount. They rode far toward the west, crossing a high range of mountains and a wide valley, then another range from the top of which they could see the Big Water. Between them and the ocean were some low hills, which concealed a Mexican rancheria. But they did not know of this, and so set to hunting without fear of being discovered.

There were many deer on the ridge, and there was a cave on the west slope with a bench of grass land, and a spring. They settled in that place and began preparing meat and hides. They saw no one, but their training required that one keep watch while the other worked. Soon their supplies exceeded their means of carrying them. They wrapped jerky in a buffalo hide they had brought with them and hid it in the cave. Loading all four horses with food and buckskin, they left for home. Massai spoke to his friend as they rode away:

"Now, we must remember this place and how to return. If you should come alone the supplies are yours, and the same for me, but I hope we are always together."

"It shall be as you say," replied Gray Lizard.

WHEN the boys reached Mescal Mountain they found that those who had wished to join Geronimo had gone to the Warm Springs Reservation, so they followed to Ojo Caliente. There they found that the troops had arrested Geronimo and taken him to San Carlos. He and his people, along with Victorio and Loco, the Warm Springs leader and his assistant chief, had all been driven like cattle to San Carlos. And, as every Apache knows, that is the worst place in the world.

No White Eye could have captured them, but Chiricahua scouts, some of their own people, had joined the White Eyes. Had the boys known of their treachery, they could have escaped. But they thought them men and brothers, and permitted them to walk into their camp. The scouts took them, too, to San Carlos.

"Well, it is one way to see Geronimo and learn his plans," said Massai. "When he is ready, he will leave. The troops cannot stop him. Meanwhile, the stupid White Eyes will give him and his people food and clothing."

"If they are alive to use it," said Lizard. "Don't you know of the terrible heat, insects, and sickness at San Carlos? The soldiers could not live there. They are putting the Apaches there to die!"

"We can leave when we like," replied Massai. "Neither the soldiers nor Geronimo can hold us. We will talk to him."

Geronimo bade them to be patient and await his word.

I do not know how long they were at San Carlos. The hot summer weather was almost unendurable at that place, so it is probable they slipped away at that time. Geronimo, with his band, usually left at the beginning of summer. When winter set in and his people needed clothing and blankets, he brought them back. The White Eyes gave them some food, but never enough. All the while Geronimo was scheming, planning, recruiting men for his band, getting ammunition from the soldiers.

At San Carlos my father married a Chiricahua girl and they had two children. He told my mother that he did not steal her. He never stole anybody but my mother, and the story of that comes

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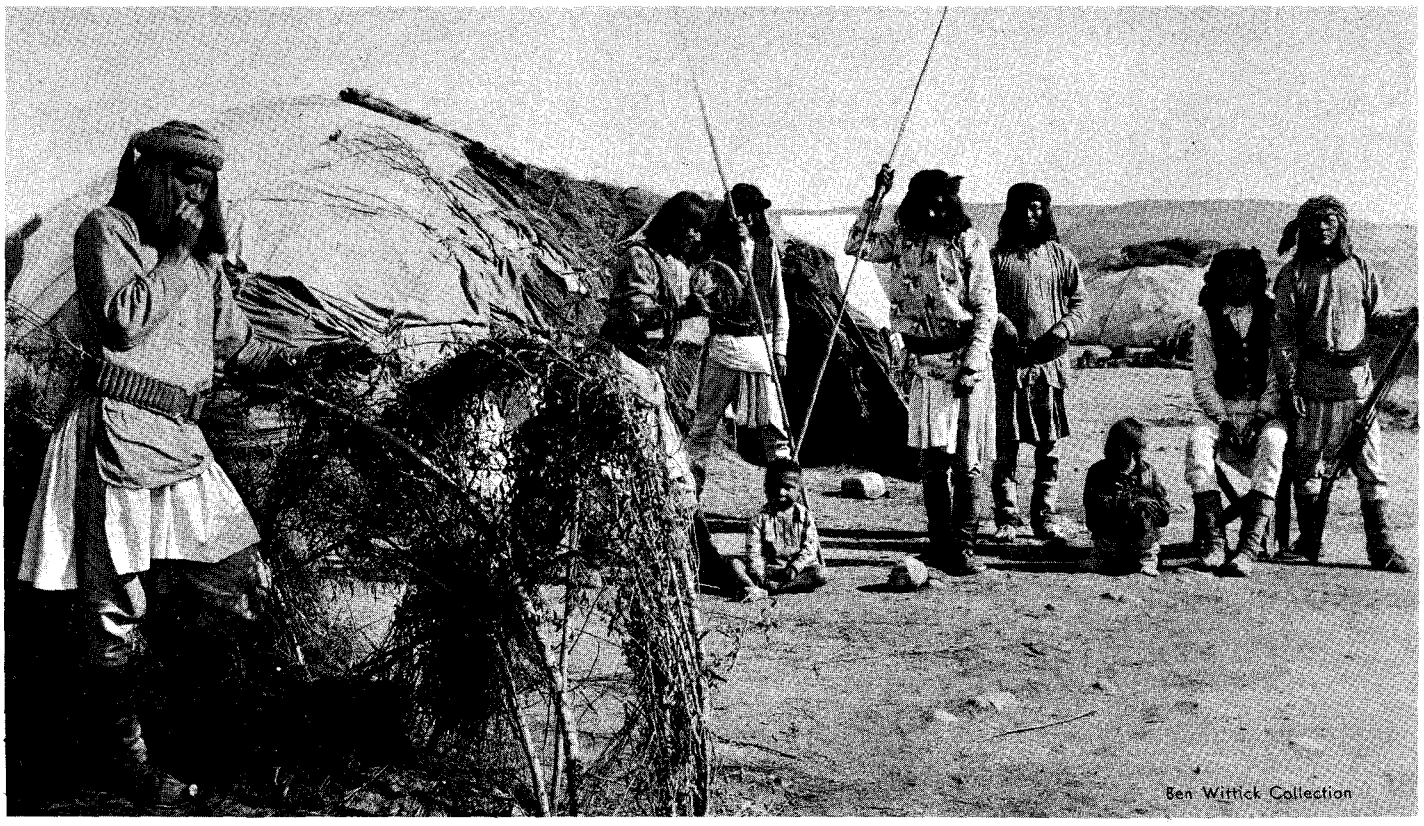

A typical Apache village, warriors and children.

later. He paid this girl's father with horses, as an Apache should. She became the friend of Gray Lizard, and welcomed him to their tepee as Chiricahuas do.

Geronimo had demanded that his people be removed from San Carlos and finally got them settled at Turkey Creek, near Fort Apache. That was a mountainous country, with good water and grass, and plenty of game. The band planted corn and raised crops, and for a time things were peaceful and pleasant. But the Chiricahua scouts constantly stirred up trouble with the people on the reservation. They lied to Chihuahua and Naichi; told Geronimo that he was to be hanged. Geronimo took his warriors and left. My father stayed with his family. He did not join in the fighting that followed.

Once a week a member of each family went to the agency for supplies. Orders were issued to bring everybody, and this made the Indians suspicious. But they went to the agency, unarmed, and mounted soldiers herded them like cattle into the corral. Then they were put into wagons and hauled north to Holbrook, in Navajo country. There, they were driven onto the train and told that they were en route to Florida to join Geronimo, who had been captured. Chihuahua and many Warm Springs Apaches had also been shipped to Florida. All Chiricahuas were to be sent to be prisoners in Florida, whether or not they had been at war with the soldiers. The scouts too were herded aboard the train, headed for exile in Florida. So did the White Eyes reward those Apaches who had betrayed their own people to help them.

Gray Lizard was in the same car with my father and his family. Massai's wife knew that she could not leave the children and escape with her husband, but she urged Gray Lizard to attempt it.

"We will have to loosen the bars on the window when the guards are not close at hand," said my father. "We will have to choose a time to escape when the train is going up a long slope. Like a horse it will have to slow down. We cannot jump off with it going like the wind, on the level or down hill."

There seemed to be no place suited for the escape attempt, yet they spent three days cautiously loosening the bars when the guards' backs were turned. Then one morning Massai saw low mountains in the east. They were, he guessed, almost a day's journey away. That evening, if ever, he and Gray Lizard must make the attempt to leave the train.

A Chiricahua scout went through the car. A prisoner himself, he taunted the other prisoners. "When you get to Florida, the soldiers will chop your necks off," he gloated. "All who wear red handkerchiefs around their heads will have their necks chopped."

"You wear a red cord," retorted Massai. "If the soldiers do not get you first, I will strangle you with it!"

All the scouts wore the red head cord.

When food was brought at noon Massai pretended to eat, but concealed most of his portion in his breechclout. His wife gave him her share, for she would get more that night. Lizard, too, did not eat.

The train began laboring up the slope, moving more and more slowly as it climbed. Massai looked for a place where there was much vegetation in which he could hide. They came to clumps of bushes, with few rocks. The train slowed almost to a stop, and Massai and Gray Lizard slipped through the window and dropped to the ground. They rolled down the slope into the thick brush and lay still. Neither was hurt. The train did not stop. They saw it disappear over the hill, then wriggled through the vegetation to thicker shelter and hid there until dark. Then they walked toward the low mountains to the southwest and by morning had crossed the little valley and were half-way up the slope. There they ate, drank, and slept.

They had hoped to find Indians on those mountains, but saw no sign of any but white people. When they came near a log cabin they circled around it. They avoided lights until they saw the smoke of a camp fire. That might indicate Indians, so they crept close enough to the blaze to smell mutton cooking and coffee boiling. That night instead of moving on, they lay hidden near the camp.

AT daybreak they saw that the campers were white men, and suspected that they were miners. If so, they would leave the camp during the day, leaving their supplies unguarded.

Massai and Gray Lizard watched the three men cook breakfast. They could smell the coche frying, and the smell made their mouths water. They were so hungry they could have eaten pork, much as they abhorred it. Finally the men finished their breakfast, took their picks and shovels and went up the mountain.

When they were out of sight, Massai led the way to the camp. There was cold mutton and bread, even some hot coffee left in the pot. Best of all, there were rifles. Massai and Gray Lizard each took a .30-30 and all the ammunition they could find. They took cartridge belts and two knives. They cut meat from a sheep carcass hanging in a tree, put the food in flour sacks and each carried one.

Then they walked until they were tired and hungry, traveling mostly at night until they were out of the timber. Still sleeping or resting during the day, they moved on at night through open country. They found a trail where the

(Continued on page 44)

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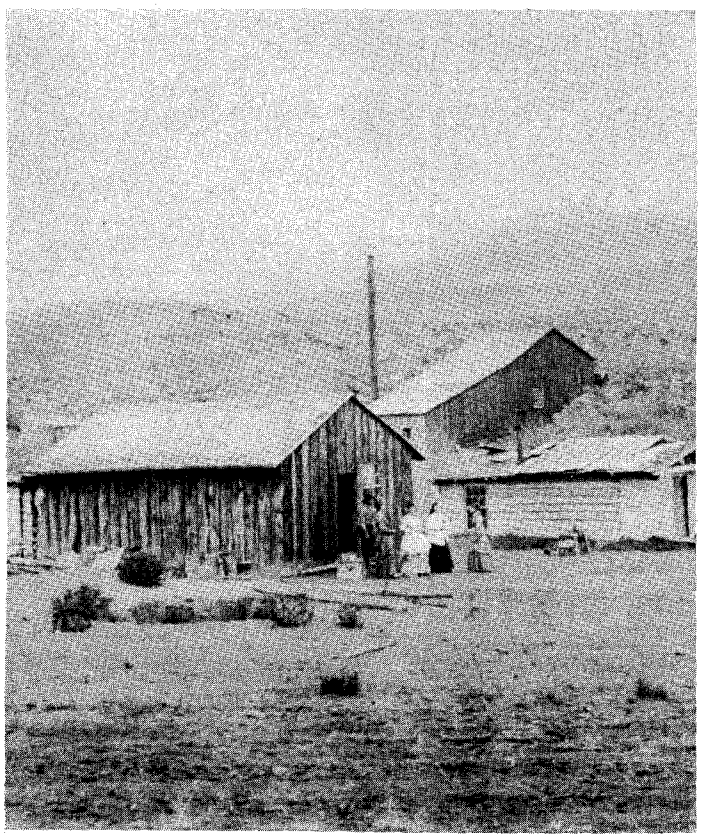


The people shown here are standing in front of a boarding house in Rochester, Montana.

Some live, some linger on in a sort of twilight existence; others have crumbled to ruin—these fascinating old towns and ghost towns of Montana

GHOSTS AND NEAR GHOSTS

By FRANK SIMMONS

Photos Courtesy Montana Magazine

MONTANA is as big as Indiana, Michigan and Illinois put together. It is bigger than Japan or Italy. It averages almost 600 miles in length and well over 300 miles in width. Yet this vast territory of 146,997 square miles contains only a little more than 600,000 people—about the population of New Orleans or Minneapolis, not many more than Seattle. Montana is three times bigger than New York State; its population one-thirteenth that of New York City.

Montana has a varied and colorful history, having at one time or another belonged to France, Spain and Great Britain. Eastern Montana was purchased by the United States from France in 1803, but forty-three years elapsed before western Montana was obtained from Great Britain.

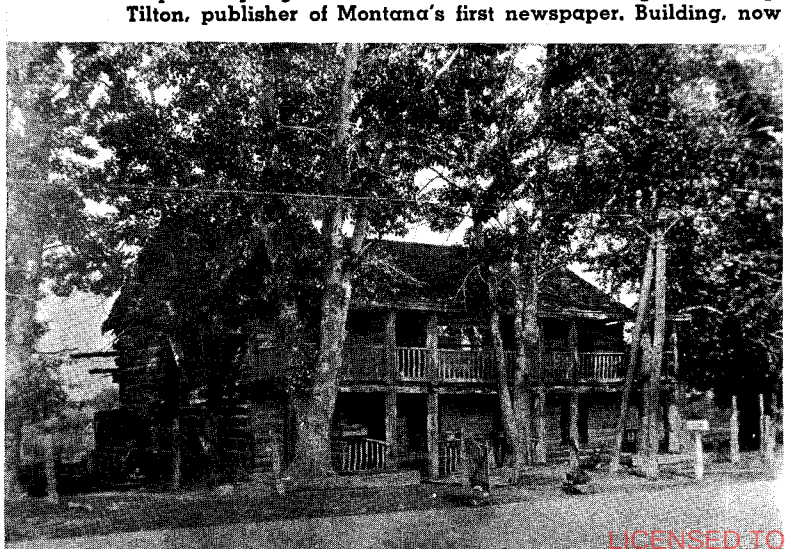
The territory was organized on May 26, 1864, but there was no political effect until December 12 of that year when the Legislative Assembly met in Bannack. At that time, Virginia City was suggested as the place for the next meeting, scheduled for February 1, 1865. As of that latter date, Virginia City was designated as the first Territorial Capital, retaining that distinction until 1875 when fast-growing Helena was designated.

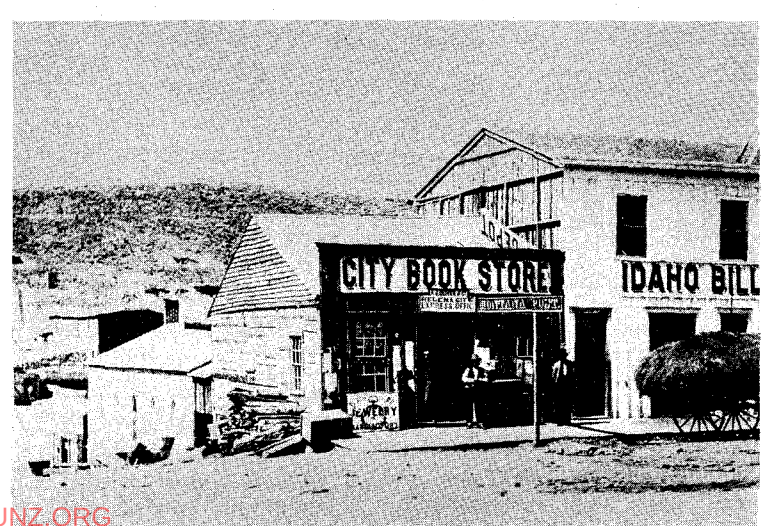
In 1894, after Montana had become a state, Helena won the capital from Anaconda in a notorious election largely financed by the booming fortunes of Marcus Daly and W. A. Clark, the famous Copper Kings. Clark wanted Helena, and Daly wanted Anaconda. Clark, who was considered merely unethical in this matter, won from Daly, who was—at least in this exhibition of steamroller politics—regarded as downright crooked.

The economic development of Montana began with the establishment of Manuel Lisa's fur trading post on the Yellowstone in 1807, at a point near present-day Custer. The American Fur Company was founded in 1808, with John Jacob Astor for years the only stockholder. David Thompson, of the Northwest Fur Company, followed in 1809 by establishing Salish House, near present-day Thompson Falls. Fort Union, an important post near the North Dakota line, was erected in 1826.

In 1850, Major John Owen began his vast trading empire (the original "Inland Empire"), after he bought out St. Mary's Mission, which the Jesuit fathers had established in 1841. Fort Owen, located at present-day Stevensville, became the unofficial seat of government between Fort Union and Walla Walla. The town of Stevensville did not get started until 1864. Such was the case with the other trading post areas. Dependent upon the fur trade for their existence, they were set up for quick aban-

Below left: Robbers' Roost on the old stage road from Virginia City to Bannack. Henry Plummer, sheriff by day and highwayman by night used it for a lookout. Below right: The City Book Store in Virginia City. It was operated by Daniel Webster Tilton, publisher of Montana's first newspaper. Building, now restored, also housed the "Helena City Express Office."





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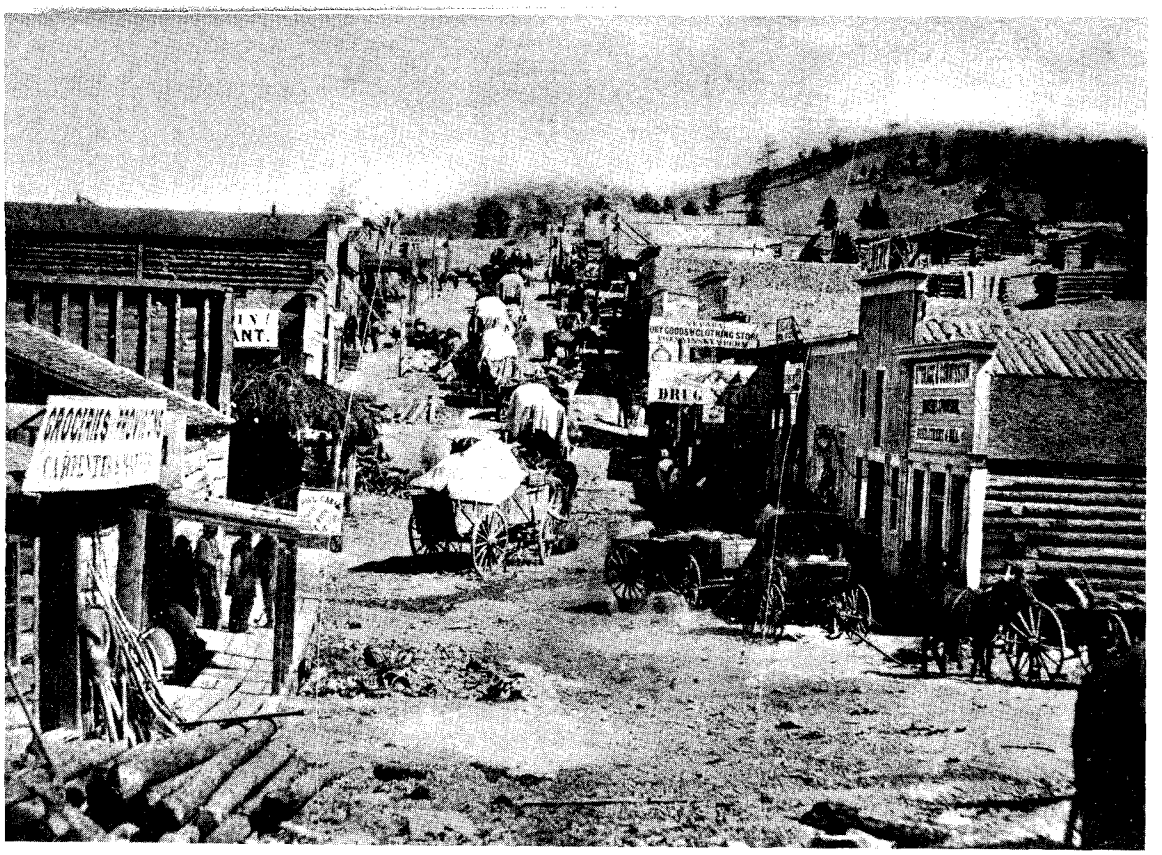
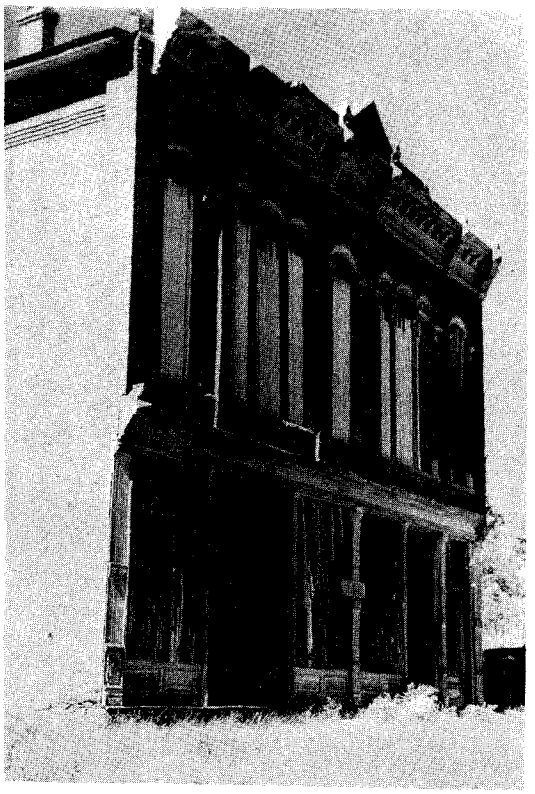
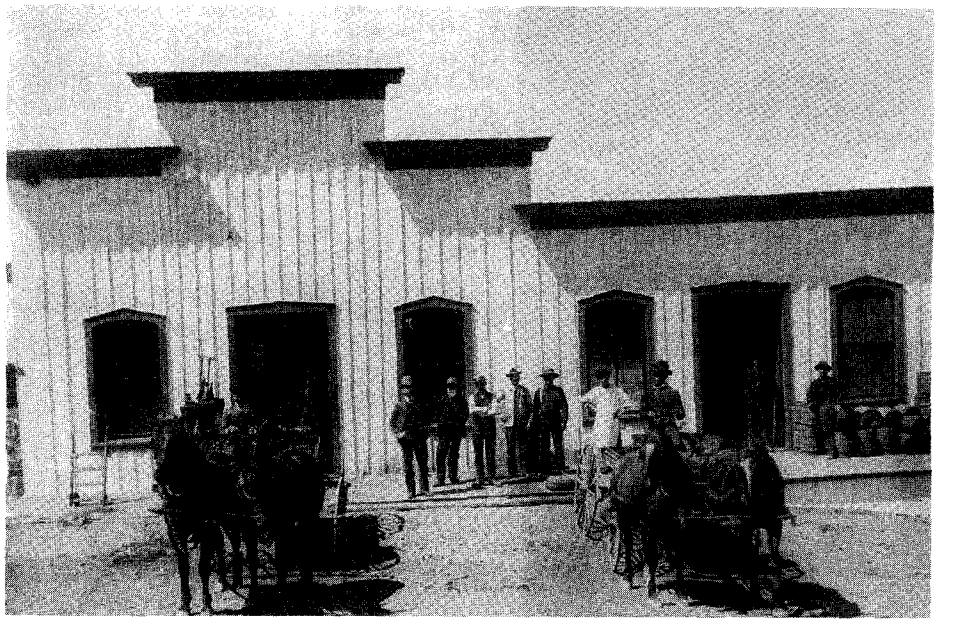
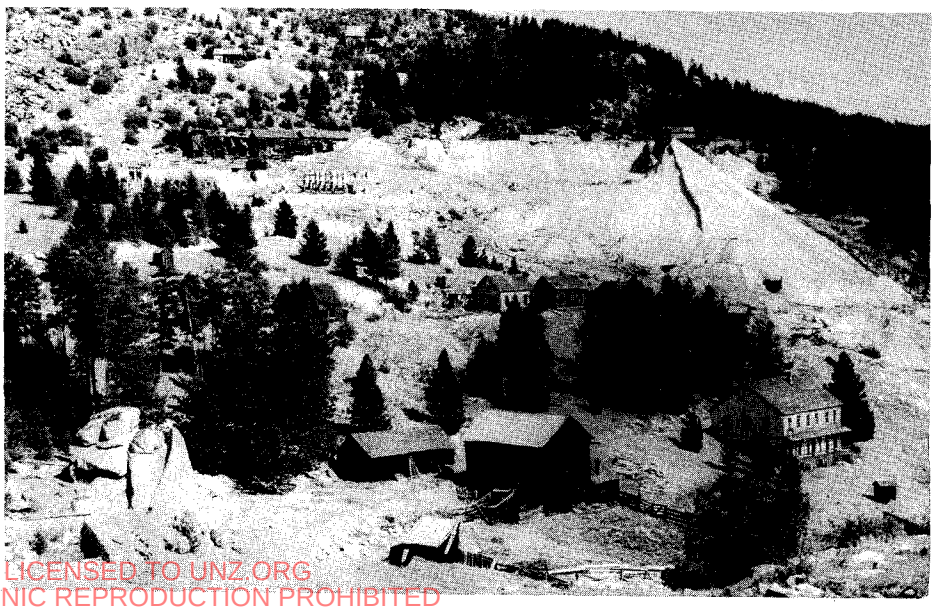


At left: Scene of Helena, taken in 1865, looking up Bridge Street. This is now called State St. Below: The Burkett Mercantile Company store in Granite, Montana, taken in 1888.







Above: The remains of the old opera house and union hall at Granite. At right: the ghost town of Granite. The town once had four churches and eleven saloons.

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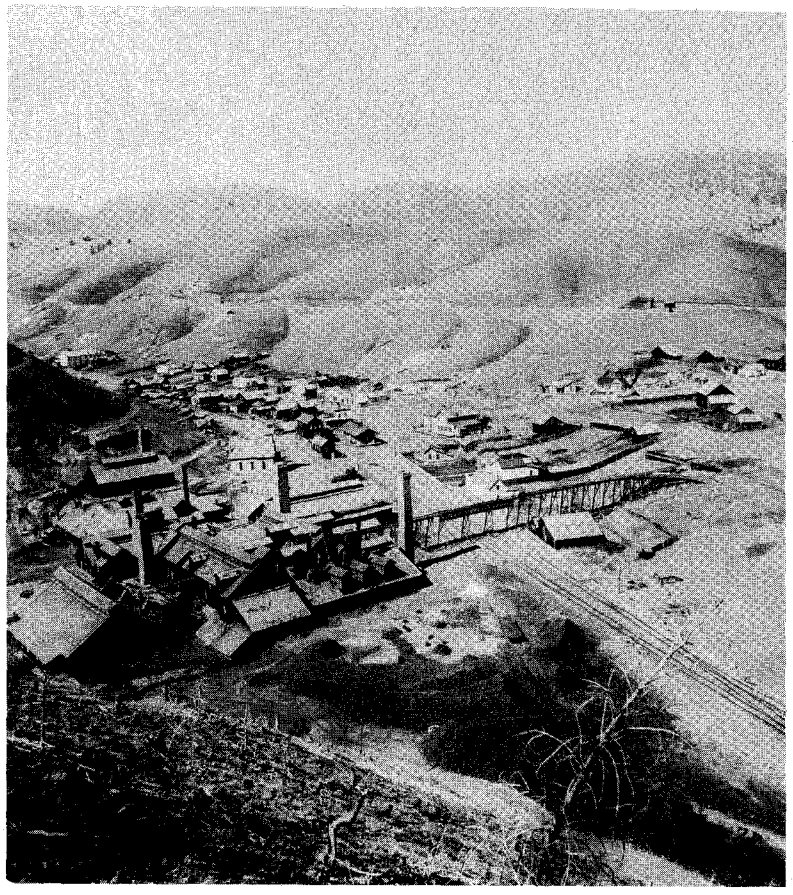
Above: An early picture of Diamond City, Montana.



At right: Wickes, Montana. The Wickes Smelter, operated by the Helena Mining and Reduction Company, was built about 1883 and closed about 1890 after completion of the East Helena smelter.

donment or transportation to more lucrative areas whenever that trade faltered.

Fort Benton, located at the navigation head of the Missouri River, was a notable exception. Built by the American Fur Company in 1846 as Fort Lewis, it was renamed Benton—or Benton City—in 1850, after the noted Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri. The fort itself served as a U. S. military post in 1847. Sold to the Northwest Fur Company in 1864, it was returned to the Army in 1869. Fort Benton became the transportation center of Montana, and the point of distribution for the whole inland northwest area. The first of the big paddle-wheeled steamers, the *Chippewa* and the *Key West*, landed in Benton, from down the Missouri, in 1860.

Three other towns can also claim honors for being among the first in Montana: Deer Lodge in 1855, Gold Creek in 1858, and Hellgate (Missoula) in 1860.

Deer Lodge originated about 1854, when Johnny Grant, a squawman, began to raise beef and vegetables to supply the trappers and drifters between Fort Owen and Fort Benton, and the itinerant would-be miners passing through the valley, headed for the new discoveries in the Canadian Caribou. Before 1854, Johnny had traded successfully with the Indians.

Grant's large ranch remained a main source of supply when discoveries were later made in the Gold Creek and Pioneer areas, not far west of his spread. In 1858, he, and several other squawmen, brought sizeable herds of cattle into the Deer Lodge Valley from the Oregon Trail. There were a number of Mexican trail hands in the party, and the resulting settlement south of Grant's ranch became known as Spanish Fork. During the period between 1860-62 it was sometimes called LaBarge City (after the Fort Benton organizer, Captain LaBarge). Later it was referred to as Cottonwood until, in the spring of 1864, it was officially named Deer Lodge City.

The State Penitentiary was established there in 1869, built and operated as a private venture by Frank Conley and Archie McTague. The first log structures were replaced by brick buildings in 1882. Conley and McTague operated the institution as a private business, paid by Montana Territory, until 1889 when Montana became a state. Then they were listed as state employees and paid officials, but the prison was still known as part of Conley's farm, and prison labor was used in the farming.

Deer Lodge is now a town of about 4,000 people, distinguished for the number of fine old Victorian homes that line its streets.

Gold Creek was called American Fork by Major John Owen in his *Journal* entry for February 3, 1862. It was the site of the first gold strike in Montana, when, in 1852, Francois Findlay washed a little color out of the head of Gold

This picture was taken in front of the H. A. Milot hotel and saloon in Sun River, Montana, about 1880.

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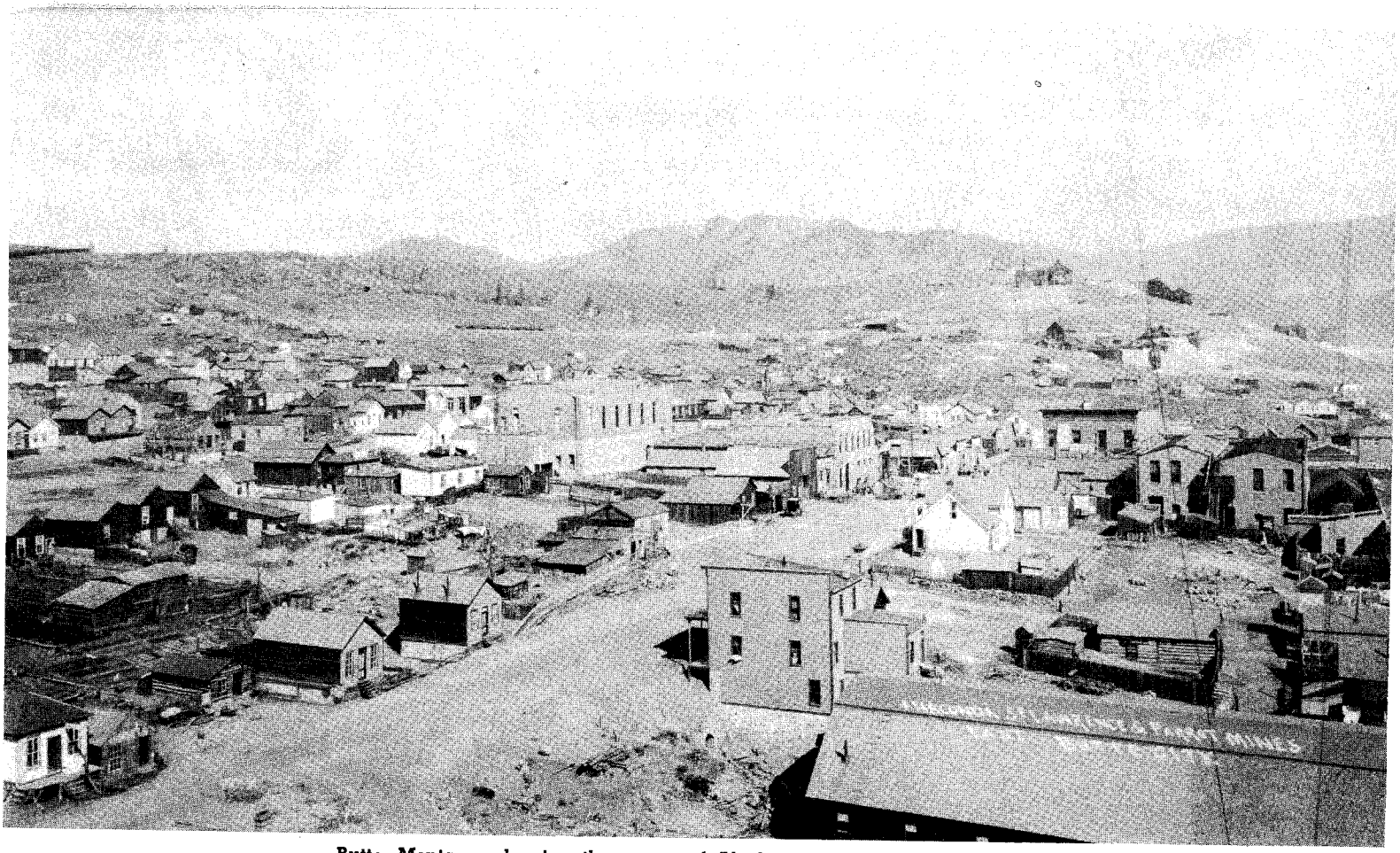


Butte, Montana, showing the corner of Alaska and Quartz Streets. The large building in the center was the old Miners' Union Building, built in 1885-86.

Creek and became scared and secretive. He had no proper equipment, no grub, and no realization of his significant find.

Gold Creek was visited by James and Granville Stuart in 1858. They, too, were poorly equipped, and the Blackfoot Indians were hostile. The Stuarts moved on, and Gold Creek lay inactive until Captain J. L. Fiske, with a party of a hundred men and thirty women and children arrived under military escort from Minnesota. Many of the party remained to develop the area around Pioneer Gulch, a few miles south of Gold Creek. The Stuart brothers returned to the area and set up their sluices.

Gold Creek boomed and faded and did not again come into national prominence until, in 1883, Henry Villard of the Northern Pacific Railroad, drove the golden spike joining the two sections of the railroad connecting St. Paul with Tacoma. In 1880 there were 30,000 people in Montana. In 1884, one year after the railroad was completed, the population was over 100,000.

The town is between Drummond and Garrison on U. S. Highway 10, but motorists have to turn south off the highway and cross the Clark Fork. Seven miles south on the same road lies the ghost town of Pioneer, with its deserted stone buildings, built in the sixties.

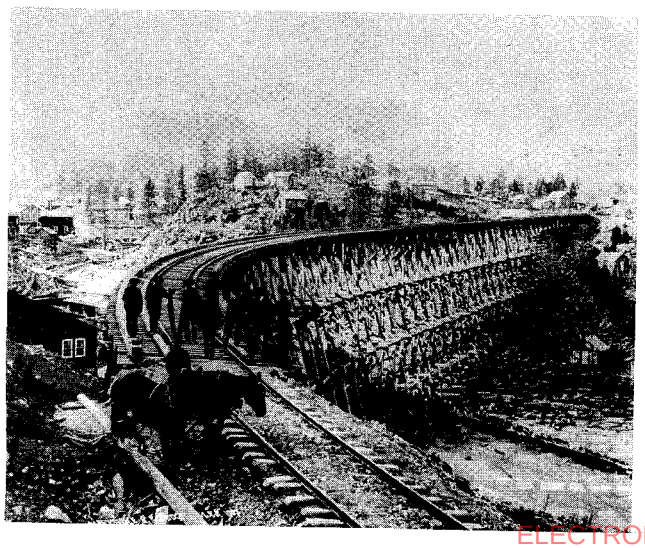
About 200 miles east of Spokane, on Highway 10, is the first large city of Montana. Missoula, with a present population of over 30,000, is an old town begun as an offshoot from the settlement known as Hellgate, two miles northwest of the town proper.

IN August, 1860, Frank L. Worden and Chris P. Higgins opened up the Worden and Company Store, the first store in Montana. The second building in town was P. J. Bolte's saloon, in 1861. It was later acquired by Cyrus Skinner, who was hung there by the Vigilantes in January of 1864. For good measure, they strung up three others along with Cy.

The saloon became a courtroom for the first legal case tried in Montana. It was actually only a miner's court and entirely extra-legal. Nonetheless, a verdict was rendered against "Baron" C. C. O'Keefe, and for "Tincup Joe" Dubrieul, a Frenchman who had been charged with mistreating O'Keefe's horse. At that time, Hellgate was in Washington Territory; the nearest district court was in Colville, 300 miles away. Understandably, the Baron did not appeal the verdict.

Tincup Joe was from a French settlement eighteen miles west of Hellgate. The settlement was established as Frenchtown in 1862, and in January of '64 the Vigilantes, having hung four men in Hellgate, made it an even five in Frenchtown.

Hellgate, in 1865, merged with the rival settlement of Missoula Mills to



At left: Marysville, Montana, taken in 1887. The fabulous Drummlummon mine is at the left in the picture, and the trestle of the Northern Pacific Railroad is in the foreground. At right: The Denver Meat Market in Nevada City, Montana. Picture was taken in 1864.

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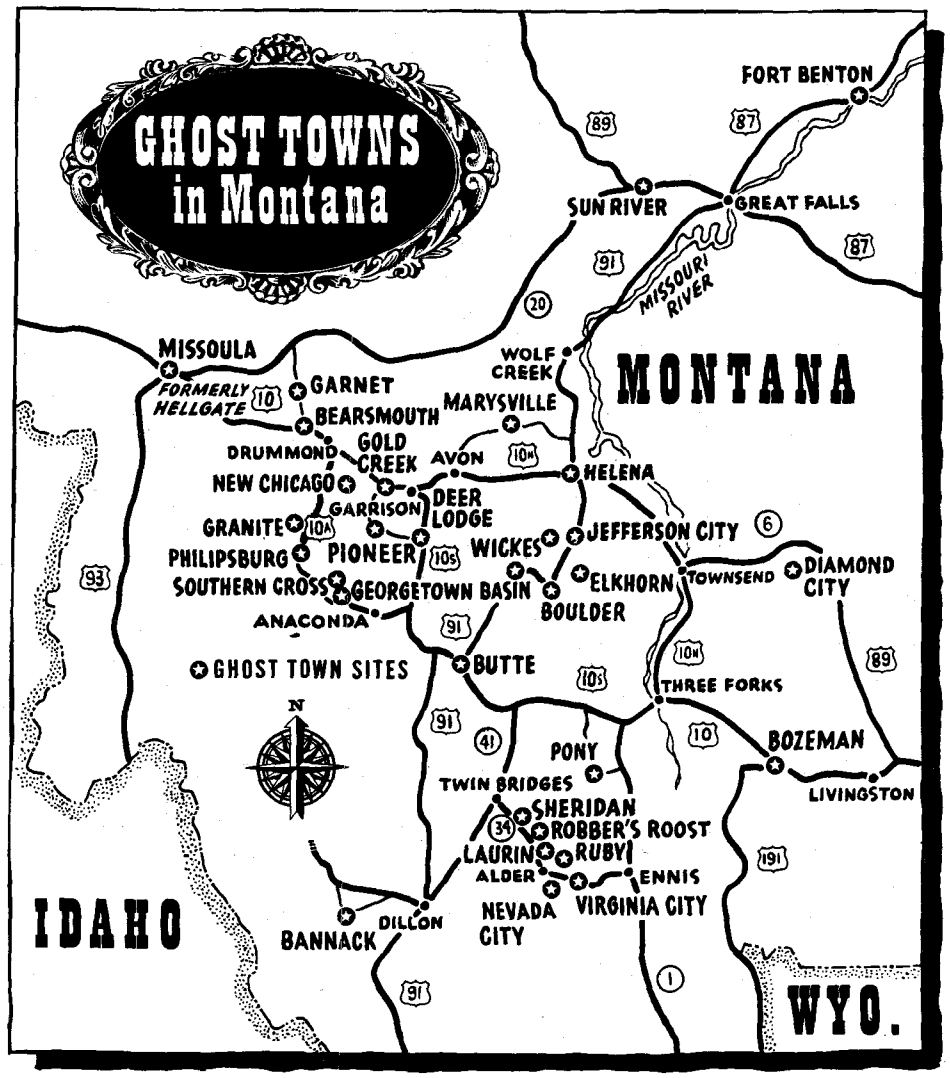

Map by Lowell Butler

become Missoula. Hellgate's maximum population was fourteen; average was twelve; died with their boots on, nine.

Chris Higgins' store and Cy Skinner's saloon are still standing—in somebody's back yard. The roofs of both buildings have long since fallen in, and there are some windows and doors missing. But the heavy logs that form the weatherbeaten walls are still in place.

At this point, having sketched the story of Montana's beginnings and that of her four oldest towns, the writer presents a catalog of twenty-seven old towns. Some are now nearly forgotten, some are ghost towns, and some have crumbled into dust. Here's an alphabetical list, with pertinent comment:

Bannack—Twenty-three miles west of Dillon—began when John White and William Eads found the first placer deposits on Grasshopper Creek, July 28, 1862. They had been part of a party of prospectors bound for the Idaho gold camps, but turned back into the Deer Lodge valley when they heard the Idaho diggings were already over-crowded. They had finally worked their way south into the Beaver Head. N. P. Langford, W. A. Clark and Conrad Kohrs (later Montana's cattle king) all had established claims by the end of the summer, and $600,000 was taken out by the end of the year.

Everybody was too busy mining to build any houses, and Bannack was a tent-and-cabin camp until the first house was built in October. A townsite company was formed and the town was laid out October 6, 1862; growing to 1,200 inhabitants by the spring of 1863. When Beaverhead County was formed, shortly after the territory was organized, Bannack became the county seat and held that title until Dillon took it over in 1881.

Basin—Near Boulder, halfway between Butte and Helena, on U. S. 91—has several old false-fronted buildings which date from the town's establishment in 1870. In the old days, the town was an important placer camp, dating back to 1864.

Bearmouth and **Beartown** are on Bear Creek, which runs down Bear Gulch into Clark's Fork. The turn-off is to the north, about eight miles west of Drummond, on U.S. 10. Bearmouth was, and still is, the railroad loading point for the ores from the Garnet range. Other than loading platforms, about all there is to be seen there today is the old hotel, now being used as a private residence. In the sixties, however, it was the lively entrance to the Bear Gulch and Elk Creek districts, which, in 1866, had a floating population of about 1,500. Beartown, three miles up the gulch, was the wildest mining camp in the Montana Rockies. Altogether, the narrow gulch yielded 30 million dollars, but most of this was during the first four years. Nothing now remains of Beartown but two or three unpainted and weather-beaten cabins or shacks, uninhabited and uninhabitable. During the middle eighties, the newly completed N.P. suffered a rash of train robberies at Bearmouth.

If you go on up to the top end of the gulch, about eight miles from the highway turnoff, you come upon the ghost town of Garnet. The winding mountain trail that serves as a road is impassable during certain times of the year; but, then nobody lives in Garnet except at certain times of the year. It has many deserted old buildings and its main street circles a hillside dotted with cabins and barns. There are three or four false-fronted stores, all deserted, on one side of the main street and, further on, a large three-story frame building with leaded glass doors. It is the old hotel, still rather elegant in an empty, broken-down sort of way. Placer mining in Garnet was going strong in 1867, and over three million dollars in gold was taken out of the area in the early seventies. There used to be almost a thousand men working the district, but only a couple of families live there now, and then only in the summertime. The town got its name from the garnet rocks and pebbles you can pick up by the handfuls there.

Blackfoot City—near Finn, about 15 miles north of Avon which is on U.S. 10—was located May 16, 1865 and hit its peak in '66 and '67 when it had a population of about 2,500. It was partially destroyed by fire in June of 1869

Montana City, Montana, taken in 1864.

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Main street of Elkhorn, Montana, taken just after the turn of the century.

and then started on the downgrade, and declined to a population of 82 in the 1880. Nothing identifiably significant remains now, but in the sixties a single nugget valued at $3,200 was taken from the district.

Boulder—halfway between Butte and Helena, on U. S. Highway 91—was incorporated in 1865, but was first settled in 1862 during the stampede to this area from Gold Creek. This district, including Elkhorn, produced a total of 30 million in gold and silver. After the rush declined the town dwindled to a population of 215 in 1880. It is now a lively town of over 1,000.

Bozeman had its townsite laid out in 1864. Near here, Nelson Story wintered the first herd of Texas cattle trailed into Montana in 1866. It was the beginning of the great cattle drives from Texas and Kansas, some 1,500 miles of desert, parched prairie, and snow-blocked mountain passes—with 3,000 rangewild longhorns. They followed the Bozeman trail from Fort Laramie to Virginia City, and this was not the easiest part of the drive. The town of Bozeman had a thousand people in 1880, and has a population exceeding 12,000 today.

Butte, about which much has been written elsewhere, got its start as overflow from the discoveries at nearby Silver Bow City, in 1864. The boom at Butte did not really begin until 1874, and it was silver—not gold—that started it. The flamboyant history, resulting from the tremendous copper strikes made later, has been well told, and often. Butte is the largest mining camp, on the richest hill, in the world. Well over four billion dollars in mineral wealth has been taken from under the fabulous hill.

Diamond City was located about 22 miles east of Townsend at the head of Confederate Gulch in the Big Belt Mountains. The gulch produced at least fifteen million in gold. The early prospectors were Confederate soldiers who had been captured by the Union Army and banished to the wilds of Montana. Three of the soldiers made the strike in the summer of 1864. It was fantastically rich—as high as $180 to the pan. But in 1865, "Montana bar" was discovered nearby, from which men washed $1,000 to the pan, from the bedrock. Diamond City hit a big peak population of about 10,000 late in 1866. But it was all over by 1870. There were 225 there in 1880; and by 1883, only 64. There is nothing to see there now; it has disappeared.

Elkhorn—situated on a high slope at the foot of Crow and Elkhorn peaks—is about 15 miles northeast of Boulder. It is utterly deserted—not a living soul there; a true ghost town. In the middle 1880's, at its peak, there were 2,500. Now, it is big and well preserved, but empty. Quartz locations were made prior to 1870 and some gold was taken out, but not until 1883, when the Elkhorn Mining Co. was formed, did it become a big producer. And this was silver, not gold. In 1884 Elkhorn was paying $5,000 daily into the First National Bank of Helena. A total of over $15,000,000 was shipped out in silver alone. By 1910 it had about petered out.

Georgetown and **Southern Cross:** If you turn east of U.S. 10A, at Georgetown Lake, between Philipsburg and Anaconda, you will make a steep winding ascent to an altitude of 7,000 feet. There, on the steep mountain side, are the vestiges of a town—a half-a-dozen tumbled-down shacks, a dilapidated hotel, a ruined false-front store building. This is

(Continued on page 49)

Deer Lodge, Montana, taken about 1870.

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ONE of the bloodiest acts of revenge in the turbulent history of the border country began on a hot, peaceful noon in 1855.

Dave Cunningham, a powerfully-built rancher, and his two tall sons, Adrian, 20, and John, 18, were taking a siesta in the shade-lined patio of their Southern Arizona ranch home. The boys' mother was cleaning up the luncheon dishes. Their sister, 15-year-old Mary, was visiting friends on a neighboring ranch. As soon as lunch was digested Dave would look to the cattle and the two boys would ride to the high country to search for some strays. It was a day like any other—and then, from the corral, came the roar of rifle fire.

All three men had the same thought: Apaches. They dove for their pistols and ran toward the corral, shooting as they went. They soon saw the cause of the trouble, not Apaches but a band of sombreroed Mexicans trying to drive the horses from the corral. Apparently the Mexicans had thought that nobody was home at the ranch house. Taken by surprise, they wheeled and raced southward, firing wildly. But all their shots had not missed. In the corral, the Cunninghams found the body of their Mexican herder with the old musket he used to shoot coyotes lying unfired by his side.

"It was Navarro's band," John Cunningham said. "He had twelve men with him. I counted them as they rode off."

Navarro was no stranger to Arizona settlers. A squat, pock-faced Mexican peon, with a jagged scar on his cheek and two gold teeth in the front of his mouth, Navarro had sprung up as one of the most ruthless of the outlaws operating from below the border out of Chihuahua. He had staged many raids on the area, stealing cattle, or whatever he could lay hands on, killing as he went. Nor was there any way the settlers could stop Navarro and his kind, except by keeping constantly on the alert.

Then the Cunninghams remembered Mary. She was due back at the ranch about noon, and the trail she would take was the same one the bandits had used to escape. On lathered horses the Cunninghams rode.

They galloped the way to the neighboring ranch and there they learned the worst. Mary had started for home, and the Cunninghams should have met her on the trail. They hadn't. Badly frightened now, they studied the bandits' trail. There, among the unshod hoofprints of the Mexican ponies, was the unmistakable print of a shod animal—Mary's.

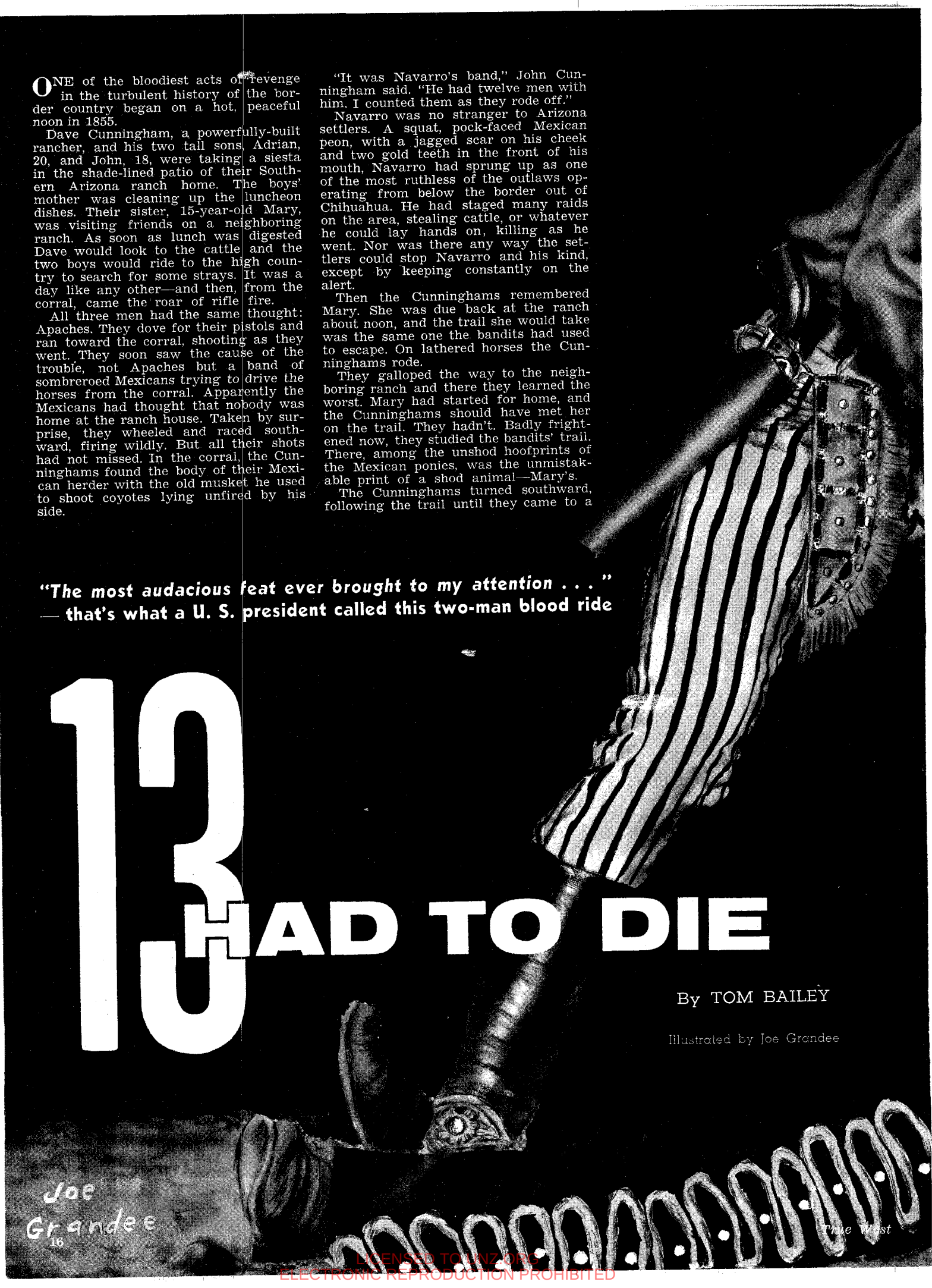
The Cunninghams turned southward, following the trail until they came to a

"The most audacious feat ever brought to my attention . . ." — that's what a U. S. president called this two-man blood ride

13 HAD TO DIE

By TOM BAILEY

Illustrated by Joe Grandee



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precipice overlooking a dry stream bed. Below was the body of a pinto pony, and beside it the corpse of a girl.

The Cunninghams—and the U.S. Dragoons who investigated the killing—had no trouble figuring out what had happened. Mary had been sexually assaulted by the outlaws, then her horse had been forced over the cliff. Rape in Mexico was punishable then by death before a firing squad. Strangely enough, the American authorities could complain of theft and murder to the Mexican officials and be politely ignored, but rape was another matter. The Mexican police were willing to go all out. But there was no possibility of the police going after Navarro, for Mary was dead and the Cunninghams would not be able to convince the Mexicans that she had been raped.

AT Mary's funeral the next morning, the Cunningham brothers took an oath over their sister's grave. They swore not to rest until her death had been avenged no matter how long it took or what the cost to them.

Some of the neighboring ranchers who attended the funeral volunteered to accompany them, but Adrian said it would be better if just he and John went. Two riders would attract less attention than a group. He even dissuaded his father

Just to make sure he was dead, Adrian drove his blade deep into the chest.

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from going, on the grounds that if all three were killed there would be no one to look after Mrs. Cunningham and the ranch.

Dave Cunningham was a durable Missourian who had brought his family into Arizona in 1850. He had faith in God Almighty and in his sons. "I will pray for you," he said and gave them permission to go.

And so, on August 11, 1855, a ride began that has no parallel in Western history.

Following the bandits' trail, the Cunningham brothers entered Mexico at the little town of Naco, inhabited by half a dozen peon families who were friendly to the Americans. They learned that Navarro and his band had spent the previous night there, drinking tequila and looking for trouble.

From Naco, the bandits headed east. Whether they would turn south to Chihuahua or pause on the border for more raids the Cunninghams could not know. Their only choice was to follow. "If anybody is going to kill him," John Cunningham told his brother, "it's going to be us, so let's go."

Both boys were excellent trackers. They rode hard that day and by nightfall reached a small settlement, Agua Prieta, just across the border from the present town of Douglas, Ariz. Leaving their horses in a public corral, with a boy to guard them, the brothers soon learned that Navarro and his men were in a cantina, drinking tequila.

Peering through the windows, the Cunninghams recognized Navarro's round, pock-marked face. They had no immediate plan of action, and were ready to slink away into the night if the whole band emerged at one time. John had the idea that one or two might leave the cantina and in that event they could act. To fire through the windows would expose the innocent bystanders to deadly fire from both sides. As John later said, "We were not murderers. We only wanted to kill those who deserved to be killed."

The brothers also had to reckon with the fact that they were equipped with Hawken-type rifles—muzzle loaders, slow in loading and firing. Their revolvers were also of the muzzle loaders, .44 Colt dragoon six-shooters, effective enough as long as they would shoot but useless when the charges in their cylinders were exhausted. Adrian had therefore decided to fall back on their razor-sharp skinning knives.

This bold plan paid off. In a few minutes, one of the bandits emerged alone from the cantina to relieve himself. While he was so doing, Adrian struck a knife through his heart. He died without uttering a sound. The Cunninghams dragged the body back to the cantina and heaved it into the brush.

"One down," Adrian whispered. "A dozen to go."

Another bandit left the cantina, and called for his friend. It was John's turn to strike—and the bandit died quickly and silently. No one inside had sensed that something was wrong.

That left 11 to go. John nudged his brother as two men and a woman came out of the cantina. They strolled down the street toward the corner behind which the brothers were concealed. As they turned the corner the Cunninghams sprang at them, knives in hand.

The woman screamed and fled.

The man John had tackled went down with his throat slit from ear to ear, but the one facing Adrian had drawn a long knife and was slashing wildly. John moved in like a shadow and sank his blade to the hilt between the fellow's ribs. And just to make sure he was dead, Adrian drove his blade deep into the chest.

"Let's get out of here!" John said as the cantina began erupting Mexicans. "That's four of the bastards."

They raced to their horses and barely got out of the corral before the Mexicans began firing at them. The bullets had missed but Adrian had a nasty gash on the forearm that was bleeding badly. John bandaged it as best he could.

They stopped on a high knoll overlooking the town and from there they could hear Navarro's angry, bewildered men futilely searching the town, firing their pistols and cursing.

Four of the outlaws were dead but nine remained, among them Navarro himself, the brothers' prime target.

After a couple of hours the band pulled out eastward and the Cunninghams fell in behind, like a pair of foxes trailing sheep. They rode 100 yards apart, so that, in case of an ambush, one might escape and live to finish the job.

As dawn broke, they saw the bandits climbing a long ridge a mile off.

ALL that day they trailed the bandits through the mountains. At nightfall, the Cunninghams made dry camp, ate rapidly and pushed on. By midnight they spotted a tiny fire a few miles away.

Traveling by moonlight, they rode on up the steep trails, skirting the jagged boulders and the sheer drops. John was to say later, "The way was rugged and dangerous and we were lucky not to have an accident. But somehow we made it."

Before dawn they had reached the bandits' camp. They scouted it on foot. There were no sentries. The boys decided that at dawn they would attack.

And then John made a startling discovery. His powder horn, which he had carried on his saddle, was torn at its base. The powder had run out.

The boys divided the powder in Adrian's horn and made ready for a surprise assault from cover, but the attack did not come off. The bandits were up before dawn and pulled out before there was light enough to look through a pair of sights.

The trail led into Cuidad Juarez, just across the border from El Paso, and here the boys ran into unexpected trouble. They were halted by Mexican rurales who had spotted blood on Adrian's trousers. They were held on suspicion and finally charged with transporting guns across the border, obviously a technical dodge so that they could be detained for further investigation.

It was customary for armed Americans to cross from El Paso to Juarez with no restrictions and an American lawyer soon had them out of jail. But their firearms had been confiscated and the Cunninghams had to purchase new guns in El Paso. They were back in business, but Navarro's gang had pulled out of town. They were headed, the brothers learned, for their home base at Chihuahua.

The Cunninghams, wary now of the Mexican police, slipped back into Mexico, west of El Paso and took up the trail. By now Navarro was far ahead, and they had little chance of catching him before he reached Chihuahua unless they rode at night.

They pushed themselves to the limit, stopping only to eat and catch a few hours' sleep. When they lost the trail at night they rode on in the direction Navarro was traveling, and then at dawn scoured the area for the hoof marks of the unshod ponies. After two days of solid riding, a dust cloud in the distance announced that they had once against overtaken their prey.

"This time we won't let them get away," Adrian said. "We'll attack at night if we have to."

When the Mexicans camped at dusk, the brothers were concealed in a juniper thicket only 200 yards away.

There was a good spring near the Mexican camp. The Cunninghams' horses could smell water and started to stir restlessly in the brush. To avoid being detected the brothers had to move the horses quietly away and return on foot. It was 4 a.m. before they were poised again at the edge of the bandit camp. The Mexicans were sleeping, in their blankets. But there were only eight men. The boys decided that the ninth man had dropped out along the way.

They went ahead with their plans. While Adrian stood guard, John crept to the outlaws' horses and silently cut their halters, one by one.

ADRIAN let out a low whistle, the signal of danger. He had seen the missing bandit on a rock near the campsite, apparently on sentry duty but fast asleep. If he awakened and spotted John creeping back they were in trouble. Not only would the brothers find themselves separated at this critical time, but the sentry would have John under his gun. Adrian trained his rifle on the sleeping form and prayed. If the man stirred, he would have to shoot him and this, of course, would arouse the others. But the critical moment passed. The bandit on the rock slept on as John returned through the brush.

They were ready now. Adrian would kill the sleeping sentry, while John opened fire on the others. "Start shooting," Adrian cried.

They fired with their rifles first, killing the sleeping lookout and a man near the fire. Then they poured a deadly barrage into the camp with their revolvers. The Mexicans, taken completely by surprise, were thrown into panic. In the confusion some ran straight toward the attackers and were cut down. Others rolled out of their blankets and took refuge behind rocks or plunged into the brush.

When their guns were empty, the brothers escaped into the darkness, not knowing how many bandits they had killed or wounded. They reclaimed their horses and retreated to a cluster of high rocks out of rifle range from where they could see what the Mexicans would do.

At daylight, after the Mexicans brought in their horses and rode off without bothering to bury their dead, the brother found five dead bandits. Navarro was not among them.

"Four to go," John said, "and Navarro is still alive."

Only a little more than a week had passed since the Cunninghams had taken the trail, and already over half the band was dead.

The trail to Chihuahua led straight south and there seemed little hope that the boys could again overtake the band. Navarro might even stage a surprise of

(Continued on page 41)

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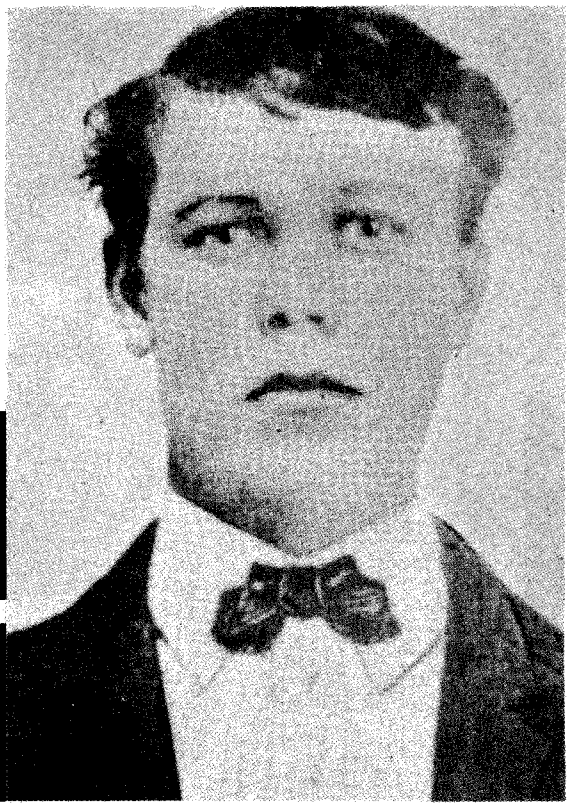
Well, Sir, you've read a number of versions of the death of this famous outlaw. Bet you never read

How Sam Houston Hill Killed Sam Bass



Sam Bass at the age of sixteen.

Through J. FRANK DOBIE by BILL KITTRELL

I HAVE heard my dear friend W. H. Kittrell, of Dallas, tell this story several times. Every time he tells it, it gets better. An artist in storytelling does a great deal more than repeat verbatim what he has heard. Bill Kittrell is an artist. I took no notes as I listened to him the other night. I have begged him fifteen times to write the story down. Now he will have to forgive my imperfect memory.

According to Bill Kittrell, Sam Houston Hill was a very modest, very unferocious looking and not at all a loquacious man, but at a certain stage of fortification by liquid brave-maker, he had to tell a story. He wore a handle-bar moustache that had once been jet black. At proper points throughout his narrative he would twirl first one side and then the other of that moustache like a het-up turkey gobbler swiping his bill right and left on the ground. Only Sam Houston Hill never got het up; he lived, drank and narrated as cool as a cloud sailing on an east wind. From here on is what he told, according to my imitation of Bill Kittrell. Quotation marks would be an impertinence.

SAM HOUSTON HILL'S STORY

WELL DO I remember the day I was born. But I'll have to go back a little before that. While Sam Houston was living with the Cherokees up in the Indian Territory, my Pa gallivanted around with him some. Pa got to Texas in time to smell some of the gunpowder Sam Houston set off. Then in time he married and settled on Brushy Creek in Williamson County, up from Round Rock, where, as the ballad goes, "Sam met his fate." I'll explain about Sam Bass later.

I was born about two o'clock in the morning, and about two o'clock that afternoon Sam Houston came riding through the country and turned off the main road, to see his old friend. Pa was proud of everything and brung him right into the room where Ma was lying comfortable with me by her side. Sam Houston said, "Let me see that boy," and Ma uncovered me and sort of handed me over.

"What's his name?" Sam Houston wanted to know.

"He ain't got no name yet," Pa said.

Sam Houston said, "A lot of razor-headed brats not likely to add to my honor have been named after me, but I wish you'd name this fine boy Sam Houston."

Ma was just as pleased as Pa over the idea, and Sam Houston Hill has been my name from that minute to this. I can't recollect exactly when the next valuable possession was added to my life. It was a rim-fire, copper-lined, thirty caliber English sporting rifle, and there was not another like in Williamson County, nor, for that matter, in any county joining Williamson.

I WOULDN'T say it myself, but they do say that by the time I was ten years old I was as sure a shot as ever drawed a bead between the Colorado River and the Brazos. There were lots of times in those days when food for folks was mostly meat, and wild meat at that. Meat for the Hill family got to coming through me and that rim-fire, copper-lined, thirty caliber English

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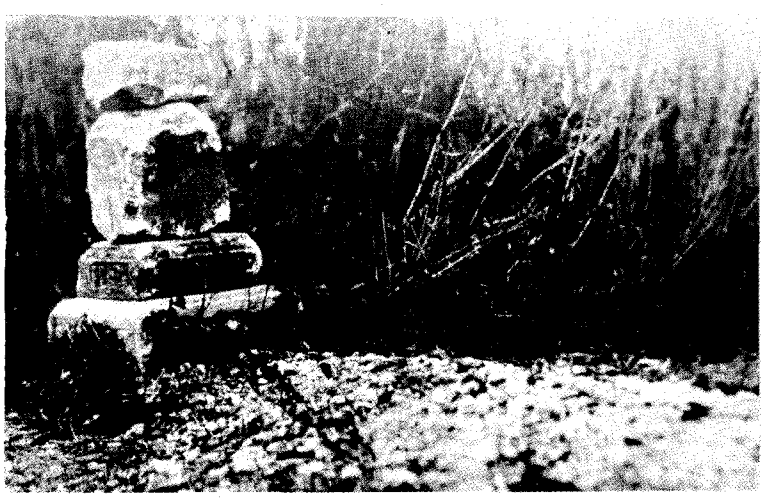

The grave of Sam Bass at Round Rock, Texas, as it appeared in 1926.

Frontier Pix

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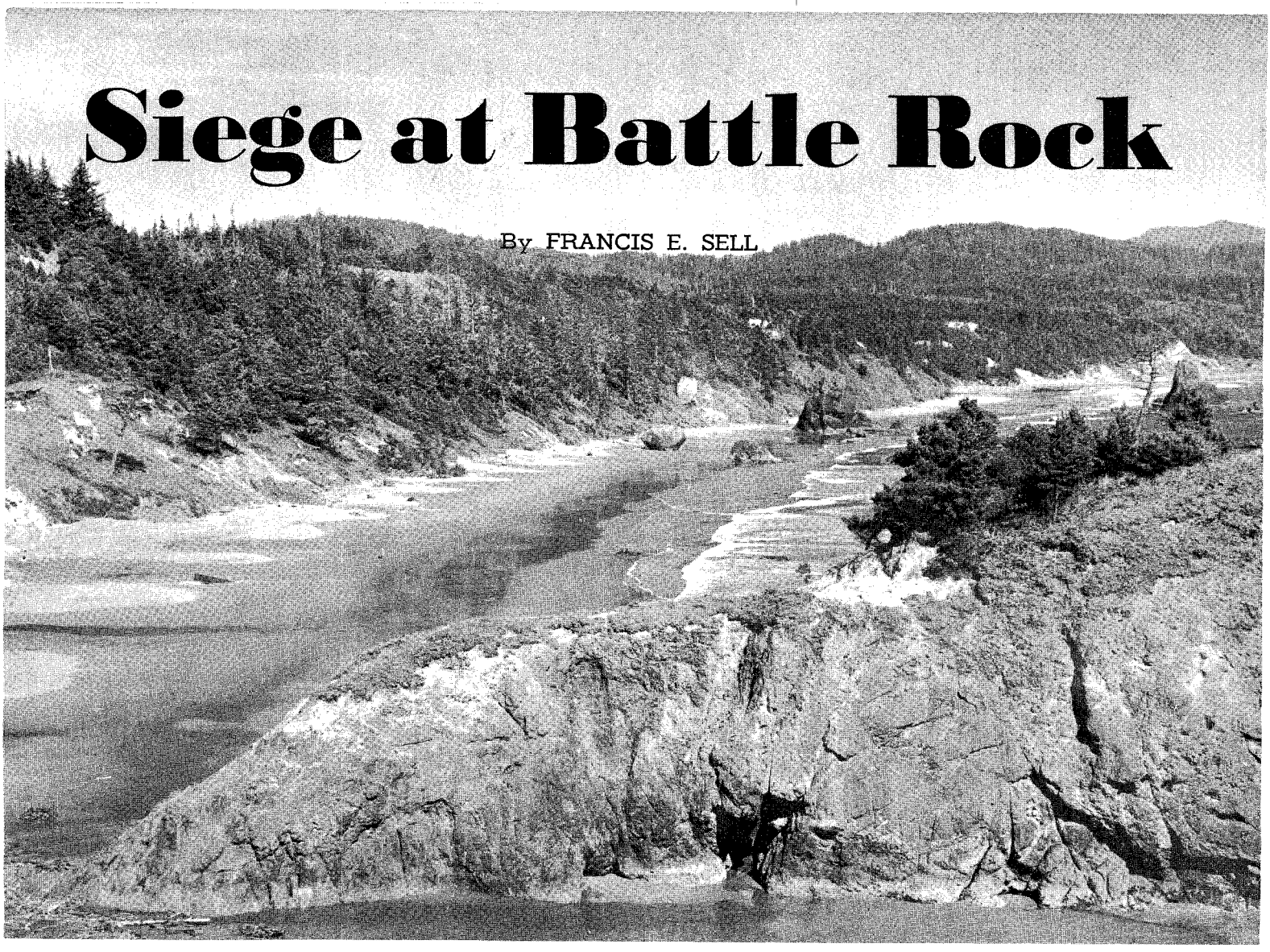
Siege at Battle Rock

By FRANCIS E. SELL



It was on this site that the pioneers took refuge when attacked by the Indians. Battle Rock is in immediate foreground.

CAPTAIN Kirkpatrick stood with the end of a tarred rope in a small fire on a rock ledge, near the present town of Port Orford, Oregon. He was about to touch off the most fantastic Indian battle that ever occurred during the settlement of the West. Eight men were with him, armed with old flintlock rifles; his only additional armament an ancient ship's cannon loaded with scrap lead. Four hundred painted, screaming braves were converging on his stronghold.

For anybody but a fighting Irishman like Kirkpatrick, the situation could have been considered desperate. The dauntless Captain had other ideas. "Bejasus," he grunted, "when I lay this burning rope to the priming of old Betsy here, them red heathens are going to think Hell laid an egg!"

It was the understatement of the century.

When Captain Kirkpatrick came ashore from the steam schooner *Sea Gull* to prepare a town site for Captain Tichenor's projected trading and lumber center, June 9, 1851, Port Orford seemed the most peaceful harbor in the world. Long blue rollers creamed against the rugged headlands. Green forests brooded behind the grey sand beaches.

Indians watched the unloading activities from the edge of the forest. While the harbor appeared peaceful, the Indians were sullen and uncommunicative. Runners were observed speeding along the beaches toward Rogue River. Others were seen leaving for the Coquille River to the north. Obviously, the tribal clans were being summoned. Captain Kirkpatrick, wise old frontier man, observed the actions of the Indians uneasily. When the ship sailed, he and his eight men would be on their own.

He asked for the old brass cannon aboard ship. But Captain Tichenor scoffed at the idea of Indian trouble.

"Either the cannon, or Bejasus we're not staying. I know Indians. If them red devils are not stinking for a fight, they have me completely fooled." Kirkpatrick waggled a finger under Captain Tichenor's nose, his Irish temper close to the surface.

"Alright! Alright! The cannon is yours. But when I drop anchor here on my return to Portland from San Francisco, two weeks from now, I will find you all lolling around those Indian campfires, or I miss my guess."

"More likely you will find our scalps drying in the smoke hole of some Indian lodge."

The cannon was sent ashore, however, along with three charges of powder and several pounds of scrap lead. Standing beside it and their other supplies, the little group of men watched the schooner *Sea Gull* stand out of the Port Orford roadstead. A puff of steam blossomed above the funnel, the echo dying in the silent firs behind the beach. A chill offshore breeze keened about the shoreline cliffs.

Captain Kirkpatrick studied the curving beach trending away to southwest. He looked north to where a rock ledge rose sheer from the pounding surf. On the beach side a narrow pathway connected it with the shore at low tide. "There is our camp site, boys. Let's get things in order before dark."

They hauled their cannon up the steep, narrow pathway and placed it on a small flat where it would command this only approach to their stronghold. They loaded it with two pounds of black powder, and as much scrap lead cut into pieces, from one to two inches long, as Captain Kirkpatrick could hold in his two hands. Rifles were carefully reprimed and made ready for any eventuality. Captain Kirkpatrick was methodical in his preparations for the Indian attack he thought was coming.

After attending to their firearms, they improvised a stockade of trees and brush to either side of their cannon. A fir slab about eight feet long, and some fifteen inches wide was placed at the breach to serve as a shield.

WHEN the Indians saw the schooner leaving without Kirkpatrick's little party, they shot a flight of arrows in the direction of the white encampment, then turned away to a series of campfires down the beach. Chanting could be

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One old brass cannon stood between the nine besieged white men and four hundred war-painted warriors

heard above the growl of the surf at dark. A big powwow apparently was in progress. Indians, passing between the campfires and the small band of anxious whites huddled on the cliff, cast long shadows across the dark water. The whites waited, fearing a night attack, but none came.

With the first light, however, arrows buzzed across the white encampment like angry bees. Some thudded into the brush stockade, others whispered overhead to drop into the sea.

The Indians were not pressing the attack, yet. They seemed to be waiting for someone. While they waited, those warriors not actively engaged in shooting arrows at the white encampment put on a war dance—whirling around in a circle just beyond rifle range. At intervals the chanting warriors twanged their bowstrings at the whites in unison. Their screaming sent the seabirds spiraling in white clouds from their nests in the shoreside cliffs.

Presently, a large canoe containing twelve warriors came up the coast from the direction of Rogue River. A tall painted warrior, wearing a red shirt, stepped out, and the other Indians ran the canoe upon the beach beyond the surf. Red Shirt drew his scalping knife, set the shoreside cliff to echoing with his war whoop. Then he started up the beach toward the rock promontory where the small band of whites stood to their guns.

"Easy, boys. Let the red devils come until I give the word." One of the men held the fir slab in front of Captain Kirkpatrick. Arrows thudded into it until thirty-seven had pincushioned its length, many of their points showing through the inch and a half of wood. The Indians began climbing the narrow ledge in a compact, howling mob. One of Kirkpatrick's men went down with an arrow through his neck. Another received one through his breast.

Captain Kirkpatrick still stood grimly behind the old brass cannon, the end of a tarred rope in a small fire of fir chips. Indians were in less than fifty feet of the cannon—thirty feet—twenty. "Now!" shouted the captain, touching the burning rope to the priming. Muskets roared. Grass and dust were caught up in the blast of the cannon. The entire ledge was a mass of wounded and dying Indians. Even the whites were appalled by the execution. Twenty Indians were killed outright. At least two score were wounded. Some dragged their way back down the ledge. Others inched to the side of the cliff and threw themselves into the ocean.

A half-dozen braves, surviving the cannon blast and the musket fire, rushed up the blood-slippery rocks to fight with scalping knife and war club. One, holding his guts in with one hand, and flourishing a scalping knife with the other, attacked Captain Kirkpatrick. The captain shot him through the head. The big painted warrior ran to the side of the cliff and threw himself into the ocean.

After a sharp hand-to-hand struggle, the rock was cleared of Indians. The two wounded whites had the arrows removed, and their wounds dressed. The old brass cannon was again made ready.

THE beaches were silent now. Sullen warriors stood on the seaward dunes, powwowing in guttural tones. Captain Kirkpatrick carefully studied the assembled braves. "We haven't seen the last of them devils yet," he warned. "If they're smart, they'll stage a night attack. That we can't beat off."

An Indian detached himself from the bunched warriors and walked along the beach toward Battle Rock. Just out of rifle range he paused, dropping his bow and arrow and scalping knife. "Me chief now," he yelled to the white men, pointing to Red Shirt, lying dead at the base of Battle Rock. "Me want to wawa (talk)."

Captain Kirkpatrick, his rifle in the crook of his arm, went down to meet him. "Well, what d'ye want to talk about?" demanded the Irishman.

"We want to carry off dead braves," replied the Indian. He motioned to the old brass cannon. "Hiyou Skookum Gun" (very strong gun) he said respectfully.

"Alright, me laddy-buck," agreed Kirkpatrick. "You can have one man to help carry off the dead. And remember this: In fourteen days, a boat is coming back to take us away. Until then the Hiyou Skookum Gun will be ready to blast the guts out of you again!"

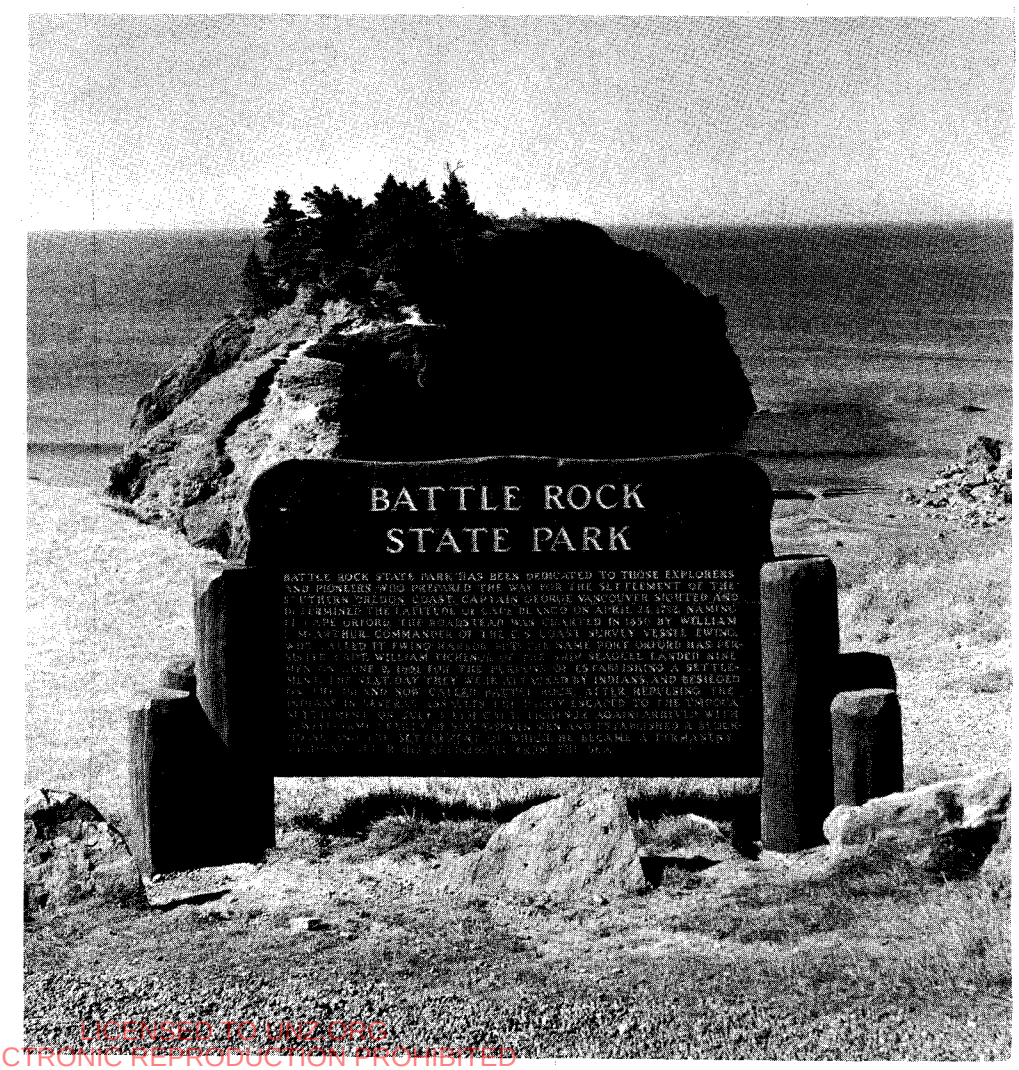
"We no fight for fourteen days. But ship better come then!" The new chief drew his finger across his throat significantly.

While the chief and one brave lugged off the dead, the other Indians busied themselves behind the dunes collecting driftwood and logs until they had a huge pile. As night crept across the coastal mountains and the sun dropped like a flaming ball into the Pacific, a keening wail went up from the warriors. Leaping flames flared against a backdrop of dark forest; the savages were burning their dead. All night the funeral pyre lit up the beach. All night the keening for the dead continued.

Just before dawn the fires died down. There was silence. When the morning fog lifted, not an Indian was to be seen by the lonely white garrison on Battle Rock. Captain Kirkpatrick's men made short forays to a shoreside spring for fresh water. They watched and waited. Days passed. The wounded men were

(Continued on page 55)

Battle Rock State Park, at Port Orford, Oregon. Each year the City re-enacts the battle that took place here and stages a celebration in June in memory of the pioneers who took part in the settlement of this area.



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Stubbornness played a large part in the winning of the West—the sheer, dogged refusal to quit of men confronting seeming disaster. Such a rugged character was

the perversest man

By ERIC THANE

TWELVE days and no food . . . starvation rations a month before . . . the half-score emaciated and discouraged men of the expedition made camp in the bitter wind of the Wyoming wasteland winter. Huddled together, the men debated—with animal hunger in their eyes—the grim proposition of choosing one among themselves for food.

Occasionally they glanced back across the prairie to a single figure huddled over his own smoky campfire several hundred yards away. For days he had done this, refusing to join the main party. He starved like the rest, although he packed with him the knife-whittled skeleton of a wolf from which he gained scanty nournishment. His name was Robert McLellan, and of all perverse and stubborn men, he was the champion. When he made up his Scotch mind, it was made up—and neither hell nor high water, Blackfeet Indians or starvation, thirst or physical torment could change it.

In fact, so perverse was he that his companions—if companions they could be called, since he had refused any type of communication with them for days—deliberately neglected to include him in the cannibalistic project.

Some years before, just after the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, German immigrant John Jacob Astor had landed in New York City. He gazed up Broadway, noted the opulence there, and declared: "Some day I'll build a greater house than any of these, on this very street."

He did. Astor was a shrewd man and there was much money to be made in this new country, in a variety of ways. One lucrative way was to trade in furs in the far west and the farther northwest. Astor accumulated a fortune rapidly, and in pursuit of further millions, organized the American Fur Company. He dispatched two expeditions to the Oregon country and the mouth of the Columbia River there. One went by ship, the *Tonquin,* around the tip of South America; the other overland across the then-designated Great American Desert where, it was reputed, mastodons still roamed at the headwaters of the Missouri River.

The saga of the *Tonquin* was stark and simple. The ship reached the mouth of the Columbia and there, overwhelmed by hostile Indians, was blown up—but not before a settlement named Astoria had been founded.

The overland expedition, under Wilson Price Hunt, had its difficulties also. A partner in this operation was Robert McLellan, who had been an Indian fighter under General Mad Anthony Wayne and had lifted his share of redskin scalps. His frame, they say, was "meager" but muscular; his eyes dark, deep-set, piercing. He was hot-tempered, impatient, perverse. Nothing was impossible to Robert McLellan if someone told him it was impossible. Perverse, that's what he was.

The Hunt overland expedition organized in St. Louis, jumping-off spot on the edge of the "Great American Desert." McLellan growled at each new recruit, including the master hunter from Kentucky, John Day. Past his prime, Day was a morose and brooding figure—he had "lived too fast," McLellan said. Later Day went insane. Another in this oddly assorted group was French-Canadian Pierre Dorion, who carried on a continuous feud with his father-in-law. Once, in a savage brawl, Pierre wrestled the older man to the ground and had begun to scalp him when the in-law declaimed: "Hold, my son, you are too brave, too honorable, to scalp your father!" Dorion, impressed by the logic of this, thereupon desisted.

THE expedition headed up the Missouri River. Men hauled the boats against the current by means of long ropes called cordelles. The chief laborers at this back-breaking work were French-Canadian voyageurs. The voyageurs, a timid lot, were deathly afraid of the Sioux, whose hunting grounds lay along the Big Muddy. Every shadow, every antelope, any sudden movement on the banks of the river, set them screaming "Voila les Sioux!" and rushing to the boats where they bellied themselves on

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Illustrated by Ben Smith

"Die, damn you," McLellan taunted as he gnawed the barren bones, "you ain't got the guts to live!"

the bottoms, while the hunters, such as Day, looked to firearms, and McLellan yelled "Pigs, cowards," until he was hoarse.

There were a few actual brushes with hostile Indians as the expedition continued up river, then marched over the prairie to the Teton Mountains of western Wyoming, across the mountains and on through the vast, terrible Snake River desert, down to the mouth of the Columbia River and Astoria. When the decision came to make camp at dusk each night, McLellan declared, "Plenty of daylight left!" When, long before dawn, the camp stirred, he cried out, "We're burning daylight! Come on—it's late!" When food supplies diminished to starvation proportions on the Snake River desert, he bawled, "Hunger's good for the bellies! Get moving!"

Somehow he kept them going. On the Snake River desert the expedition almost disintegrated, the starved men on the point of desertion, but McLellan's iron will and leadership held them together.

The next year the expedition, somewhat changed as to personnel, returned to St. Louis. A certain Robert Stuart took command. McLellan, twice the age of his companions, concurred in the choice of a leader. He seldom sought actual leadership; he was the ramrod of the expedition.

In late summer they set out. Their first travail came, as expected, on the Snake River desert. The vast, desolate region of flat country was cut through by that swift, wild stream appropriately named by the French "The Mad River." The desert supported little vegetation, no animal life at all. The river flows in a perpendicular-sided canyon, thousands of feet deep. All day the sun blazed in white-hot fury, and at night frost silvered the barren soil.

"The water's given out!" the cry went up, and McLellan snorted his disgust. "You're soft. Whiskey-drinking yellowbellies! Keep moving!"

Smoke signals appeared on the horizon, and the adventurers forgot their thirst. Blackfeet—scourge of the northwest! They traveled; warily, reddened eyes fixed on the skyline. In night camp they dared not make a fire for fear of being sighted by the Indians.

The horses began to weaken. When the men complained that the played out animals were no longer able to carry a rider, McLellan snarled, "Legs were made to walk on. Walk!"

Rations, first at half, then at quarter, then at one-tenth, gave out entirely. The hunters found no game; the bleak desert lay without life, except for the stricken men and those human wolves who lighted the signal fires and, somewhere out of sight, stalked the palefaces and waiting patiently for them to die. The men gnawed at bits of brush, and, when they complained, McLellan told them sardonically, "Wild creatures get fat on that stuff. What are you complaining about?"

Worst of all was thirst. The tormented men traveled along the canyon of the river, and there two thousand feet down, a sheer drop, they saw the water. Some of them broke and began to climb down, shouting incoherently. McLellan dragged them back, cursing: "You damned, stupid fools! You'll fall and smash yourselves to bits on the rocks!"

The time came when their only moisture was the urine from their own bodies. It kept them barely alive until they did find water.

ONE NIGHT, as they slept the sleep of exhaustion and their weary sentry dozed, Blackfeet crept close and took the horses. Before cold dawn they hit the trail afoot. One of the party became ill and had to be assisted forward. But now the hunters found game, and with the food strength flowed back into their emaciated bodies.

Mountains loomed ahead—the Tetons, whose uplifted peaks suggested the female breast, hence the French name of teton. The men, bellies full, jested. But now a crisis arose.

The leader, Stuart, suggested a route high in the rugged hills, where the Blackfeet disliked to travel. McLellan laughed his hard laugh. "I'm not afraid of redskins, I'll stick to the flat coun-

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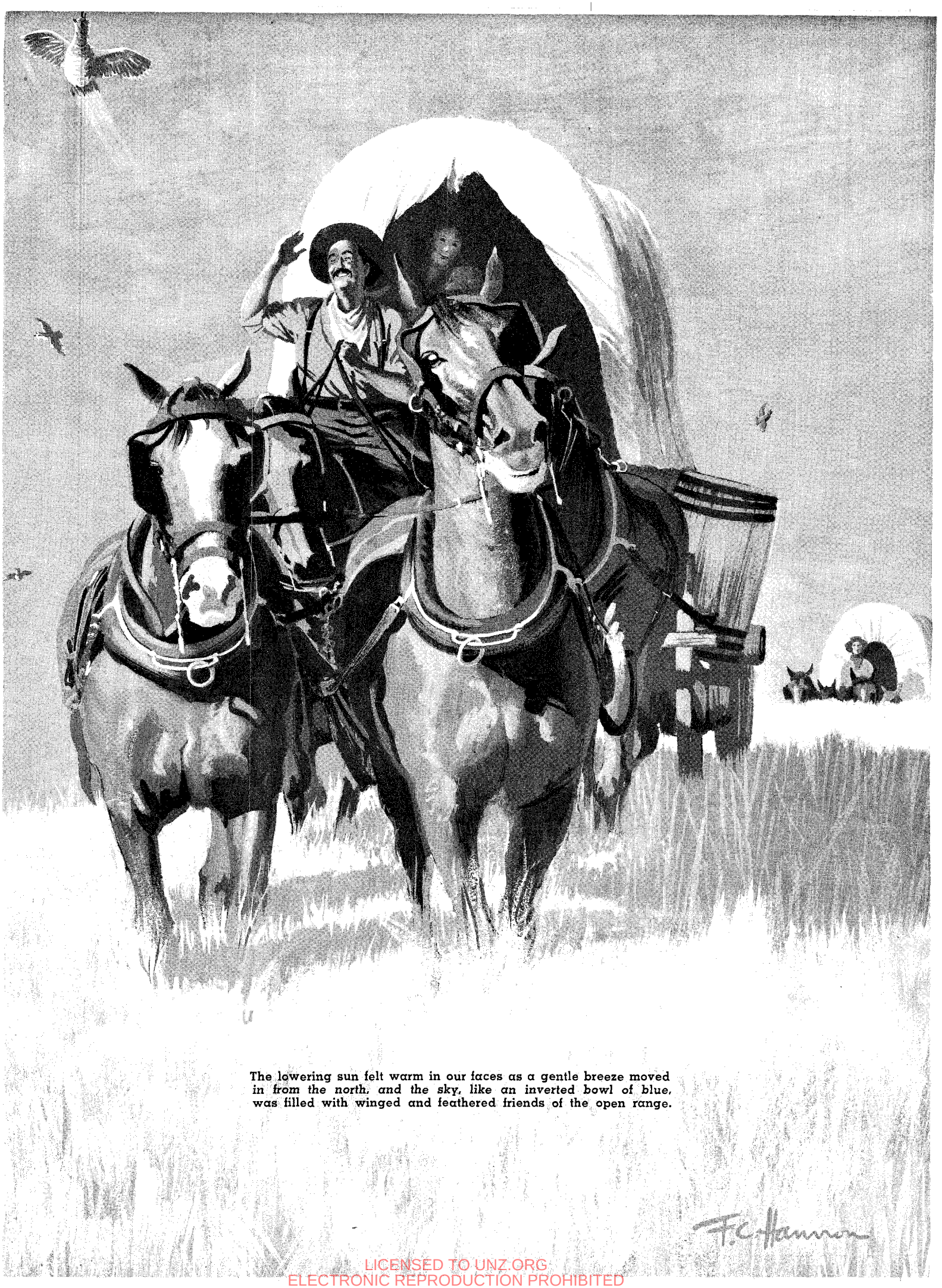

The lowering sun felt warm in our faces as a gentle breeze moved in from the north, and the sky, like an inverted bowl of blue, was filled with winged and feathered friends of the open range.

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When the wagons roll down that seemingly unending trail westward, you get the feeling that you're going to

Move On Forever!

By LILLIE CHRISTIE LANIER

Illustrated by Francis C. Hannon

IT WAS in late October of 1892 when Papa returned to our east Texas home from his trip west. He was covered with road dust and his weary eyes peered out from a stubble of black beard. Looking over the heads of we children who had rushed to greet him, he said to Mama, "Well, Piety, I've found what I was looking for. I've bought land and we are going to have a new home out west."

How often in my lifetime I was to hear those words!

Whenever Papa heard the west calling, as he did now, he lit out on a prospecting trip, and this time it looked as if he had found pay dirt.

It was a wild new country, he told us, where we'd have to live in tents while a house was being built. There would be no close neighbors and no school for perhaps a long time.

Many things would have to be done before bad weather set in, and there was so little time left to do them.

Yes, we were going west at last, to the land of Papa's dreams, but was it far enough west, our Uncle John wondered. Would Papa be satisfied with this move, or would there be land farther on whose siren call would beckon him? "Well," Mama said, "We can only wait and see. It's in his blood and always has been. Some day he will find that place, and then I hope we will settle down."

Poor Mama! She knew Papa only too well. He wanted to move on forever.

THE NEXT few weeks were busy ones. Our whole neighborhood of good friends pitched in to help us, and, after what seemed a very long time, a day was set for our departure. Three covered wagons stood loaded and ready. Two of them had slatted frames fitted over the lower side-boards. On these frames, mattresses were placed, making it possible, in case of bad weather, for the whole family to sleep inside the wagons. The third wagon was loaded with food for ourselves, and also with several sacks of shelled corn for the horses.

Two drivers were hired. Will Forrest, an eighteen-year-old son of a neighbor, would drive one of the wagons, and Mack Stewart, a fifteen-year-old Negro boy, would drive the other. Upon reaching our destination, he would remain with us to help clear the new land.

It was late afternoon, and the old house stood empty and swept clean, ready for its new occupants. It being too late for a start on our long journey, we decided to wait and get an early start the next day.

Papa, Mama, and five of us younger children went to spend the night with an uncle and aunt. The two older girls, Bertie and Fanny, spent the night with friends, at whose home we planned to pick them up by daylight of the next morning. That was our plan. Aunt Jennie, however, unwittingly planned it quite differently nine months before, for this was the night that she gave birth to her second child.

Long before daylight of the next morning, I awoke to see Uncle John hastily throwing logs on the fire. Then, rushing to the bed, he hauled the four of us out and had us standing on the hearth before we were fully awake.

In his effort to dress the four of us at the same time Uncle John got my dress on backward and left my high-top shoes unbuttoned. When he finally did get us dressed, he gathered three-year-old Ola in his arms, and, taking me by the hand, rushed us out into the night; Ernest and Willie, hand in hand, trotting along behind.

As we reached the front gate, we recognized Papa as he passed us, riding swiftly down the road. Sure that he was riding "out west" and leaving us behind, we sent up a concerned howl, and in trying to kick loose from Uncle John, I lost a shoe.

While down on his knees groping in the dark to find it, Uncle John tried to explain, "Aunt Jennie is sick," he was saying, "and we are going to Grandma Burns until morning."

Now, going to Grandma Burns, who was nobody's real grandmother but was "grandma" to the whole neighborhood, was always a pleasure, but this time we didn't want to go. Grandma must have sensed this, for later, while tucking us into her warm featherbed, she said, "Sleep tight, my little travelers, for tomorrow you'll be moving on and I'll see you no more," and her cheek felt wet when she kissed me.

The next morning seemed long and unending as we followed Grandma while she went about her daily chores. After doing the feeding, milking, and churning, she went to the smokehouse to cut a big slab of ham, then to her fattening pen to kill and dress three chickens. "People travel better on full stomachs," she said, as she wrung off their heads.

After we had grown tired of following Grandma, Ola and I went out to the front porch and saw the covered wagons coming up the road. Instantly we were off to meet them. The men, unaware of Ola's approach, threw a pine knot into the wood yard just in time to strike her, and she went down in a crumpled heap. Pandemonium broke loose, and the next thing I remember, Ola was lying limp and white in Mama's arms while Papa examined a bleeding gash over her ear. Grandma was bathing her face with cold water, and the two Negro men, hovering nearby, tears streaking down their black faces, kept mumbling over and over, "De Lawd knows we didn't see her."

The sumptuous dinner, ready on the table, went almost untouched as we made ready to get Ola to the nearest doctor. By the time the doctor had made his examination and assured us that Ola would soon be all right, it was too late to start that day, so we again spent the night with neighbors.

Early the next morning, after we all climbed into the wagons and waved a last goodbye to the neighbors, Papa lifted the reins and said, "A bad beginning makes a good ending—so be it, Lord." And we moved out, faces to the west.

We made slow progress the next few days as we pulled through the deep sandy roads, often stopping after long pulls to let the teams rest. We children were always happy at these times, for then we could climb from the wagons and fan out into the woods beside the road in search of huckleberries, hickory nuts, and chinquepins, all of which were ripening at this time of the year.

Sometimes Shep, our dog, would tree a squirrel and refuse to come in until someone went for him.

AFTER days of slow traveling and nights camping near farmhouses, when possible, we reached Bonner's Ferry on the Trinity River. A head rise was on and the rampaging water was filled with floating logs and other debris. The old ferryman was reluctant to carry us across, and it was only after Papa's insistence and his offer to double the regular fare that he would agree to try it.

The two young drivers gladly yielded their reins to Papa as he, in turn drove each wagon on the ferry. Each time they were coaxed and strong-reined on to the ferry, the frightened horses would rear up and sit back on their haunches, trying to back away from the raging waters. Then, after the wagon wheels were chained to the ferry banisters, they would stand snorting and trembling until the opposite bank was reached and the wheels unchained. With a surge of released strength, they would start the steep climb up the muddy bank.

It was not until the last snorting and frightened team was driven on and the

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wheels made secure that we children and Mama climbed on. Standing huddled together we watched the muddy water lapping through the floorboards at our feet.

As we reached mid-stream, a large tree top drifted against the ferry, swinging it half way around, while the cables creaked and groaned. The old ferryman seemingly unperturbed, stood bending to his wheel and chewing vigorously, his long white beard bobbing up and down.

When the tree top finally rolled loose and drifted downstream, he spat out a big cud of tobacco and, eyeing us, said, "I been running this contraption far nigh onto fifty year an' I hain't seen nobody drown yit."

This assurance helped some, but not enough to keep us from hastily leaving the "contraption" the second it touched land.

Standing beside the road, we waited while the wagon wheels were released and Papa started the long drive up. When half-way up—and it seemed as if the horses would never make it—I hid behind Mama's long skirts, never venturing a peep until I heard Mack's loud whoop, "Glory Hallelujah!" and looked up to see him standing silhouetted against the setting sun and wildly waving his old black hat for us to come on up.

By the time we reached the top, the wagons were lined up beside the road, ready to camp for the night.

By crossing the Trinity River, we had entered what was then considered "Out West." (All country east of the river was "Back East.") To celebrate the event, it was decided that we'd have fried chicken for supper, and with it, hot biscuits and roasted sweet potatoes.

While Will and Mack watered and fed the horses, the older children gathered wood for a campfire. Papa and Mama killed and dressed three chickens.

Soon the fire was going; and when it had burned down to a live bed of coals, the oven lids were laid on to preheat before being placed on the three-legged ovens.

While supper was cooking, Papa baited two large fish hooks and set out some lines.

Soon supper was ready, and we gathered to sit around a big oil-cloth spread on the ground for a table. With a glittering canopy of stars above, and with ebony walls of darkness closing us in, we gave thanks for the well-being of our own little world—eleven wayfaring souls in three covered wagons. While we were eating supper, as well as all through the night, we could hear the quacking geese as they flew over going south. "There's bad weather on the way," Papa said, "and we'd better be getting an early start tomorrow."

Long before daybreak of the next morning, I awoke to the smell of ham frying, and, looking out of the wagon, I could see Papa and Mama as they moved about the campfire preparing breakfast. Hanging from a tree limb nearby was a large yellow catfish.

After a hurried breakfast while the packing was being done, Papa dressed the fish and filled a big stone crock with the thick slices.

When we got on our way, we found the roads quite different from those over which we had been traveling. Now, being in blackland country, we bounced over hard clods and deeply cut ruts, while everything loose in the wagons rattled and banged. The teams, fretting at first, soon settled down and stepped briskly on.

In midafternoon, the expected norther struck, bringing a cold driving rain. The roads were soon muddy and slick, forcing us to an early stop for the night. With some difficulty a fire was finally started at the roots of a large tree. Then, while Will and Mack held a slicker over the pans, Papa and Mama fried fish for our supper, which we ate inside the wagons.

The rain stopped during the night and the morning broke clear and cold. After a late, but hearty, breakfast we were off again.

THE small towns and settlements were few and far between as we traveled westward. We were now entering the beautiful, rolling prairie lands, cut through at intervals by small, flowing creeks. The grassy uplands were dotted with mesquite and elm, and along the creeks were many different kinds of trees.

Touched by early frost, the fine feathery leaves of the mesquite rained down like slivers of gold, leaving the long yellow beans hanging in heavy clusters from the thorny limbs.

Along the creeks, we stopped to gather the big, plump blackhaws, and the wild persimmons, now mellow and honey-sweet in their frost-ripened goodness.

During the late afternoon of our last full day of travel, we were joined by two young men who were glad to stop with us for the night. Their destination, we learned, was not far from our own. They were riding out in search of a likely future location for a cotton gin. The tale which they told us as we sat around the campfire that night made we children crowd a little closer to Papa, and start at every movement in the dark.

We were up and on our way by sun-up next morning, and by noon-time had passed the last small settlement.

The roads now were little more than cowtrails as they wound through knee-deep grass, always following the high ground. The lowering sun felt warm on our faces as a gentle breeze moved in from the north, and the sky, like an inverted bowl of blue, was filled with winged and feathered friends of the open range.

A black cloud of buzzards rose from the carcass of some dead animal as we passed close by. And a herd of wild cattle pawing the earth and bellowing, moved in to look us over, while Shep, his tail between his legs, took refuge under a wagon and stayed there.

Now, nearing the end of our journey, we anxiously looked ahead and repeatedly asked Papa, "How much farther is it?"

At last, on an eminence overlooking a gentle slope to the west, the wagons were halted. For a long minute Papa sat in silence, looking over the land. Then he said, "This is it."

Instantly, we were all out of the wagons. Mama and Papa to walk about, planning for the future, while we children, like wild animals from a cage, romped and tumbled in the tall grass. The big jack rabbits would sometime startle us by leaping from the grass at our feet, and take off like a gray streak, their ears laying flat to their backs.

Soon we were called back to the wagons, and Papa said, "Children, your mama and I have decided to build right down there." As he spoke, he pointed to some large mesquite trees growing nearby. The wagons moved on toward the selected location, and before long, like a hive of busy bees, we were unloading the wagons at our new home.

First, we set up two tents, one for the family to sleep in and the other to serve as a kitchen and dining room. The early twilight was upon us long before we were ready to settle down for this first night in our new home-to-be.

After a late supper, we younger children were put to bed inside the tent. Outside, the others moved about in the firelight, casting shadows which took the form of monstrous animals marching across the darkened walls of our tent. Wide awake and hardly daring to breathe, we waited for what seemed a long time for the others to come in, bringing with them a lighted lantern.

With the lantern out, we settled down, quiet and still, in the pitch-black night. But not for long. From somewhere in the distance came a timid wail, like that of a hurt child. Then from the opposite direction came an answering call, then another, and still another, joining the chorus, coming closer and closer as the volume increased, until it seemed that the whole world was filled with starving and yelping coyotes.

Shep, sleeping just outside the tent, gave a few short barks and then made a wild leap through the tent door, knocking over the table and lantern. Then, in his haste to seek a hiding place, he got hung halfway under our trundle bed. Sure that the coyotes were close behind him, we children made a high dive onto the bed with Papa and Mama. Under our added weight the slats fell out, and we all went down in a scrambled heap.

Papa extricated himself and groping in the dark, finally found the lantern and got it lit. First, he pulled Shep from under the bed; then he and Mama got us all back in our own beds. When order was restored, he gave us a good lecture. "Coyotes are the most cowardly creatures on earth," he said, "They wouldn't dare come inside the tent." This assurance helped some, and we settled down once more, too tired and sleepy to stay awake for long.

EARLY THE next morning, Papa and Will left with two wagons for Grosbeck, the nearest town, to get lumber and building supplies. Mack was left to help set the camp in order, to cut wood and haul water from Indian Camp Creek nearby.

It was long past midnight when Papa and Will returned. Mack had stayed up to keep the campfire burning.

The next day the building of our house was started. While Papa laid the foundation, Will and Mack built a corral, and drove two wild cows with young calves in from the range to be tamed for milking. Through the next several weeks, the sound of hammer and saw could be heard all day and often far into the night as the building went on.

The week before Christmas, with only two rooms finished, we moved in; and never a queen in her castle was prouder than Mama, when she had us safe within four walls again.

It was the day before Christmas when we said goodbye to Will, and Papa drove him into town and bought him a railroad ticket home. All through this day, we were busy with preparations for our first Christmas in this new home. Mack

(Continued on page 38)

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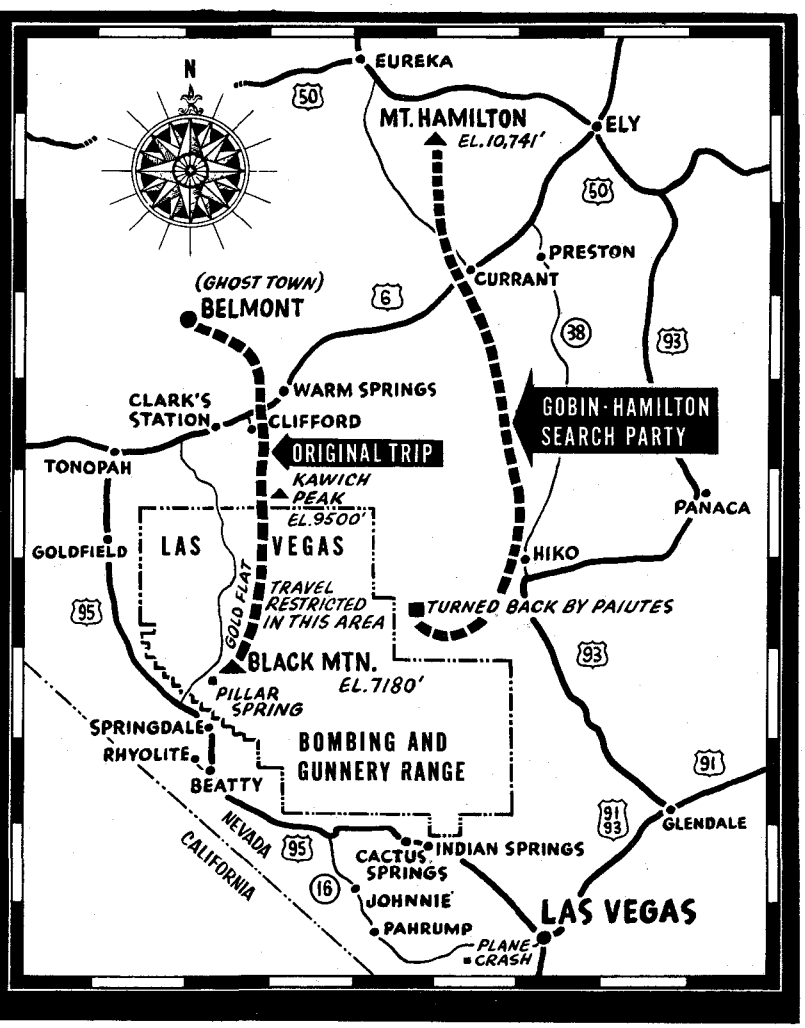
Anybody Want A Lost Mine?

By DON ASHBAUGH

Map by Lowell Butler

Better think twice before seeking this elusive prospect!



HEY, lost mine addicts, I know where there is a phantom strike that's a lollapallooza. Chunks of gold-streaked quartz brought back to Belmont by the discoverer assayed at $15,000 a ton. It is known in Nevada as the Lost Duckett Mine. Today, although a road goes right past it, nobody's found it.

I'm not a lost mine addict—I have had this tale in my notes for years and never written it. Early in my research on the ghost towns and history of the West, I learned that most of these mislaid Midas troves are about as phony as the stock George Graham Rice peddled to the suckers in Goldfield and Rawhide. But through the years I've collected data as it popped up.

When Doc Harrington blasted forth in the December *True West* that he was "Sick of Lost Mines," I recalled that I'd never seen much in print about the Lost Duckett. Meanwhile, editors continued buying and printing assorted versions about the Lost Dutchman, the Lost Gunsight, the Lost Breyfogle, the Lost Adams and others.

Well, by golly, the Lost Duckett has just as much right to its place in the literary sun. It has all the romantic trappings the others boast—peevish Paiutes who objected to white men chopping down their piñón pines for fuel and killing their game, a friendly Indian who led the parched prospector to a hidden spring and showed him the gold— even a map. It also had a TV-type fracas with a couple of the redskins, the prospector hiding most of the rich ore and high-tailing out of there.

The only difference between the Duckett and the others is that nobody ever seems to have peddled promiscuous maps to starry-eyed tenderfeet showing its exact location. I'll be glad to supply this deficiency—at a price.

IT all happened in 1871 when Belmont was a bustling, rowdy, mining town chockfull of daily gory happenings. It was the isolated county seat in those days of a huge uncharted, unsurveyed area of desert flats and raw, igneous and virtually unforested mountains. So immense was Nye County that even today, after large chunks have been carved from it to make new counties, it is still the third largest in the nation. You could put Massachusetts, Vermont, and Rhode Island into its 18,064 square miles and still have enough left to toss in Brooklyn's King's County and the Bronx with three square miles remaining. Or to put it another way, you could lose at least two-dozen titantic Texas counties inside Nye County borders.

It was from Belmont on a spring morning that a French-Canadian prospector, who went by the name of Duckett—maybe he didn't use his real name for personal reasons—set off on a prospecting trip southward toward the Colorado River, some two hundred and fifty miles or more away. It's inconsequential, but some sources say his first name was Ed, others that it was Charlie. He rode one horse and a second packed his supplies.

He traveled across the valley southwest from Belmont, crossed the Monitor range and went south through Stone Cabin Valley past Clifford's Ranch (about ten miles east of Clark's Station on U. S. Highway Six today).

Even Duckett never could tell anybody exactly the trail he took from there into the unknown and uncharted desert yonder, which Lt. Wheeler's 1871 map simply labeled "Lava Beds."

Since he said later that he camped on the third day at Black Mountain, a 7,180 foot high lava eminence, it seems highly probable that he plodded down Cactus Flat west of the Kawich Mountains, then across what now is known as Gold Flat. The latter got its name during the widening prospecting ripples which spread afar from the Goldfield strike. A number of little towns, now long-gone ghosts, sprung up at that time—Wellington, Gold Crater, Wilson's Camp, Trappman's, Sulphide and Kawich. This area, now labeled Pahute Mesa, was some 85 to 100 miles almost straight south of Belmont. Black Mountain lies at the head of Thirsty Canyon, which runs southwest to the Amargosa River Valley.

Today's maps show Pillar Spring near where Duckett said he camped.

A letter to Mrs. A. C. Cleveland of White Pine County sheds light on what actually happened at this camp. Duckett recalled, "I was very thirsty and so were my horses."

Effie O. Read reported the contents of this letter in the Ely *Daily Times,*

(Continued on page 52)

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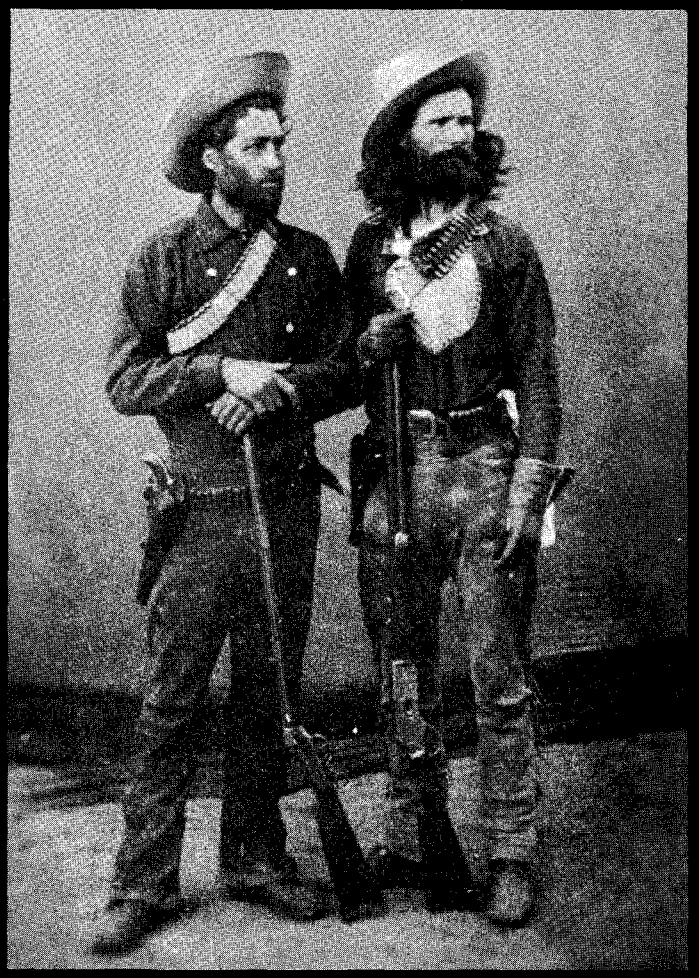

Captain James Blain at left and Captain Jack Crawford at right, as they appeared prior to the battle of 1879.

The two miners were in the worst spot of their lives. It was either

run or be scalped!

By MABEL PICKERING

Photos Courtesy the Author

IN THE summer of 1875, gold was discovered in the southeastern part of the Black Range in New Mexico—and the little boomtown of Hillsboro was born almost overnight.

This was in Apache territory, and the Indians looked upon the influx of whites as a breach of promise by the Government and a brazen invasion of their last stronghold by the gold-hungry White Eyes. Angrily they took to the warpath. Stripped and painted, they flitted along the lonely trails and through the barren draws until they spotted a prospector camp. Creeping close to their unsuspecting prey, they'd usually knife or tomahawk one white man first and then kill the other as he rushed to help his partner. Shooting was seldom resorted to, as firearms were scarce with the Apaches at that time. Later, as the war progressed, they acquired guns and became good marksmen.

At the time of the gold discovery, my father, James Blain, was living in El Paso, Texas. The gold fever hit him hard and he decided to try his hand at the game. He arrived at Hillsboro camp in the fall of that year and soon he and a friend, Dick Johnson, had staked out a claim and were all set to make a fortune. They did placer mining at first; later sank a shaft.

So far no Apaches had been sighted around Hillsboro. As the days passed, the miners became more careless. Perhaps the Indians would have continued to ignore this small group of men had not the government decided to move the Apaches to another location. Accordingly, the Army attempted to transfer the disgruntled red men from the Black Range to the San Carlos Reservation in Arizona. The Indians refused to leave their home country and broke for the San Mateo Mountains. For a time, things proceeded peacefully.

During this tense period, Captain Hooker was in charge of the Ojo Caliente (Warm Springs) trading post. The Captain commanded Company E of the Ninth Cavalry, composed of about seventy-five Negro soldiers led by white officers. Counting packers and scouts, Company E numbered about one hundred men.

Knowing that the Apaches had repeatedly refused to come in for a parley, Captain Hooker was constantly on the alert for an attack. A foresighted officer, Hooker trained his horses—when grazing—to rush for the corrals at the sound of a shot. One afternoon the Captain's fears materialized. Apaches crept up on his herders and killed them. When the well-trained horses started to stampede for the corrals, the Indians cleverly turned them into the hills.

There are many versions of the beginning of the Apache wars. My father was sure that he took part in the first battle.

On September 11, 1879, the small placer mining camp of Hillsboro was attacked by the Indians. Nobody had figured that the Apaches would strike that far north, so no guards had been put out. The miners had gone to work unarmed, leaving their guns in the large cabin where they all lived. Two men were killed in the rush to the house. Once inside, the others armed themselves and held the attackers off.

Further along the hill, my father and his friend Dick were working their shaft, unaware of the shooting a scant mile away. Dick was tamping in sticks of powder, preparing the last blast of the

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day's work. He was noted for using a short fuse, so my father Jim lost no time in climbing the ladder.

THE sight that met his eyes when he reached the surface was enough to make him forget the danger below. There, in a semicircle, astride Captain Hooker's horses, were fifty or more Apaches! The warriors were naked except for breechclouts and moccasins, their bodies glistening in the lowering sun and their faces so hideously painted as to scare the living daylights out of Jim. He took the quickest way back into the shaft; he simply let go the ladder and fell.

Dick hurriedly snuffed out the fuse and bawled, "What the hell's the matter with you? You gone loco?"

Hurriedly Jim told him of their predicament, and they sat down to try to figure a way out. Their guns were at the cabin, so they decided to bluff their way through. My father picked up a short-handled shovel and stuck it under his coat, leaving just a little of the handle protruding. He hoped that the hostiles might think it a gun until they could get close to the cabin and be covered by the rifles of their fellow miners. Not much of a chance, but the only one they had.

Jim preceded Dick up the ladder, and stood menacing the Apaches with the improvised "gun." The subterfuge didn't work; the warriors whooped with laughter at this feeble trick of the White Eyes. As Jim and Dick began to back away, the grinning Apaches moved with them. Each time Jim threatened them with that silly shovel handle, they whooped again in savage amusement.

My father could hear Dick stumbling backward and swearing under his breath, "Why don't the so-and-so's *shoot* us and get it over with?"

Presently the Apaches tired of the sport and began to move in faster. "Start running, Dick!" yelled Jim. "I don't want anything in my road when I start traveling!" Dick took off like an antelope.

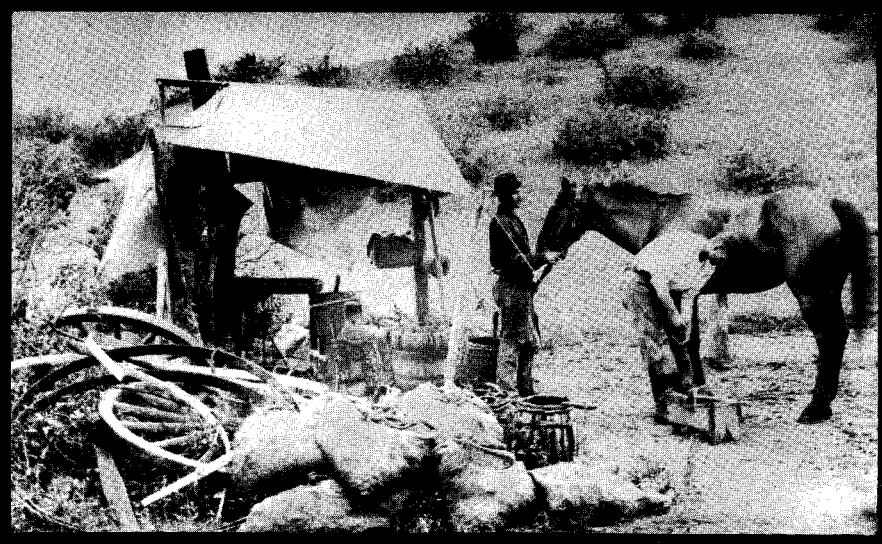
Giving Dick a chance to get a good head start, Jim jabbed the shovel at the oncoming Apaches once more; then threw it down and ran. By this time, Dick was nearly a hundred yards in the lead.

Only one shot was fired by the Indians as they raced for the cabin, probably fired into the air to spur them on to still greater speed.

Dick had always boasted of his prowess as a runner and had often challenged Jim to a race. He had his chance that day, as the men in the cabin witnessed the strangest and most exciting foot race they had ever seen; two men running for their lives. Afterward, they told of their amazement at Dick's fleetness, as with never a stumble he sped over the uneven ground as though it were a dance floor. They solemnly swore that Jim never touched ground after the first take-off, but simply flew past Dick to be acclaimed the winner. "And you know," my father would reminisce, "I never felt the ground either!"

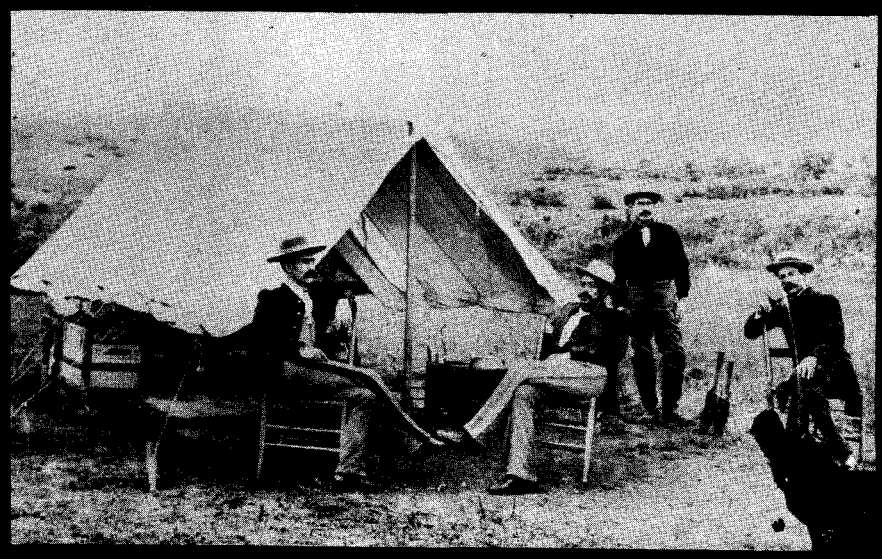
No one will ever know for certain why the Apaches let their two helpless victims escape, but probably it was more entertaining to watch the desperate race than to kill the racers. Afterward, they got down to business and attacked the cabin. The siege continued for several

(Continued on page 34)



Above: Living quarters were mostly makeshift during days of the Hillsboro gold strike. Here, an itinerant smithy shoes a miner's horse. Below: Percha City, about eight miles from Hillsboro, was outpost for military assigned to keep peace between western White-Eyes and Apaches.

Three soldiers and a civilian take it easy between Indian campaigns. Scout Blain was hired by Army for each uprising; discharged in quiet times.



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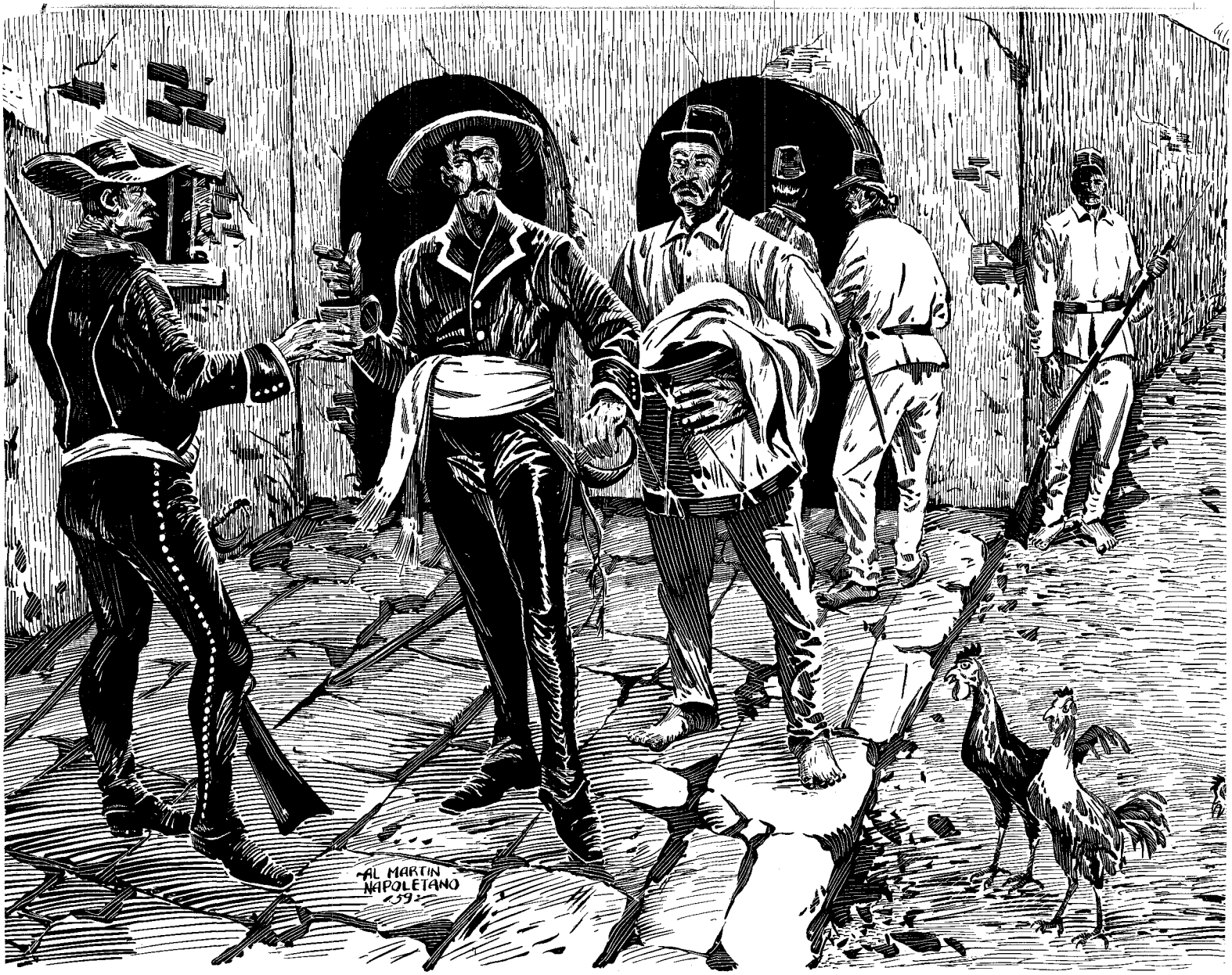
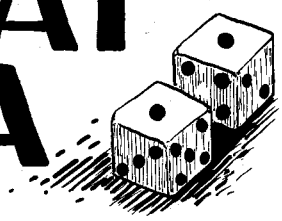


While the Mexican judge pondered the question of whether to let one-fifth of a man go unlawfully free or hang unlawfully four-fifths of another man, young Ellis Bean made a careful study of the beans to be drawn in the

DEATH-LOT AT CHIHUAHUA



By ALFRED POWERS

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

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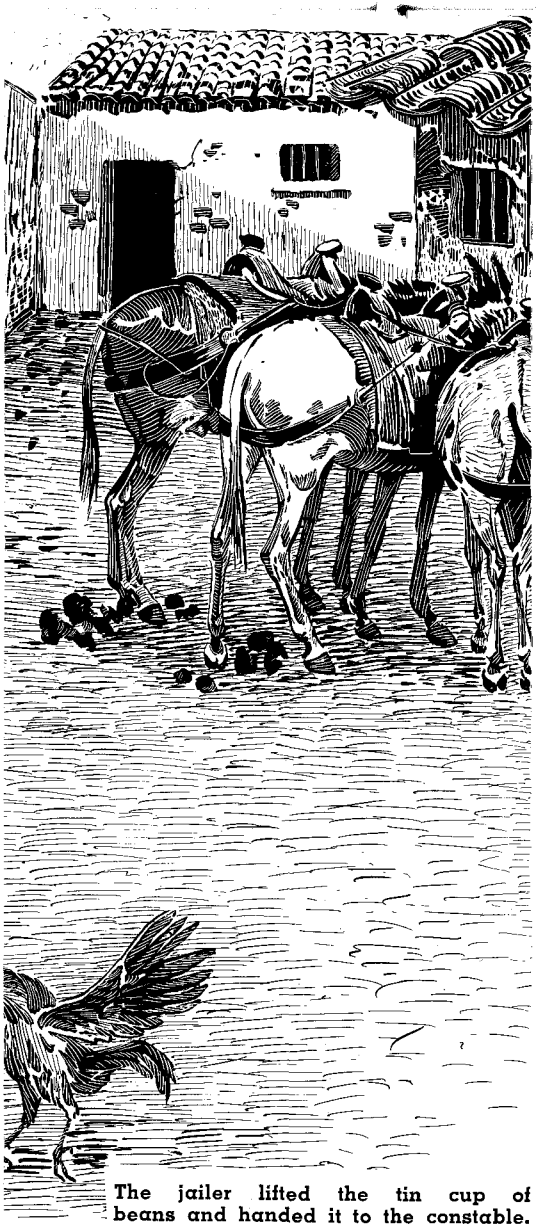

The jailer lifted the tin cup of beans and handed it to the constable.

THE ten Americanos, remnants of Philip Nolan's unlucky Texas filibusters of 1800, finally were given a trial at Chihuahua. They had been a month in the calabozo at Nacogdoches; a few weeks at San Antonio; sixteen months at San Luis Potosi. Now, at Chihuahua, they were led forth at last to the judgment hall.

Upon the judge's desk were two small objects, which seemed at first notice to be the dry, wrinkled halves of a peach. On closer observance, the objects were quickly identifiable as the two mummified ears of Philip Nolan—cut off before he was buried on Red River, to be sent to the Governor of Texas.

Black Caesar, who stood next to Ellis P. Bean, whispered the fearful question: "Do dat mean we-uns gits our'n sliced off thataway?"

"Keep still," Bean whispered back.

The judge politely asked why the Americanos had come as freebooters into Mexico, when they knew that all foreigners were prohibited—especially Texans.

As leader and spokesman of the ten prisoners, Ellis Bean answered: "To catch wild horses, honorable señor. We had three hundred when we were captured. Only a small herd of wild mustangs, señor, out of thousands roaming the prairies."

"Horses are contraband, señor. Also, was not Señor Nolan—whose unfortunate relics I have here—searching for the reputed gold fields of the Comanches? To steal Spanish gold would be worse than to take the horses."

"We were on Red River, honorable señor, where there is no gold."

The judge looked sternly down from his elevated desk. "More than anything else, was not your party stealing into Texas as spies for the Americanos; mapping out the land for many more invaders? This is a worse crime than stealing gold or horses, señores, a crime which is punishable by death. But we Spaniards are merciful."

"Like a suck-egg houn'!" whispered Caesar to Bean.

The judge leaned forward and asked sharply, "What did the black señor whisper?"

"Seenuh, Ah said us knows how good you Spanish gen'lemen treats jailed folks."

"We do, black señor—but justice is even greater than mercy. So I have been instructed that the military governor, the political governor, the ecclesiastical governor of Chihuahua cannot take the responsibility for your decree. The three governors in Mexico City cannot. Your case is being referred to the King in Madrid. You will be patient until the King says what will be done, you will behave well, you will work well, you will make sombreros well."

The ten Americans had been shoemakers in San Luis Potosi; now they made hats. They called themselves the Ten Mad Hatters, but they made the best headgear in Chihuahua. Their product was in demand by even the most discriminating caballeros.

THE Mexicans are never so prodigal of their mañanas as when they hold prisoners in their calabozos. The tomorrows come and go, and they are infinitely patient. The ten Americanos waited weeks, months, two years, almost through the third year. It took time for a report of their case to reach Mexico City, more time for it to reach Madrid. The King, being a busy man, did not get around to it right away, and his decision was slow in getting back to Chihuahua. The royal message finally arrived after the Americans had been in the Chihuahua prison nearly three years—a full five years after their capture.

It was 1800 then. John Adams was president. It was 1805 now, and they didn't know who was president. Had bilious old Adams been elected again, or had Aaron Burr, or Thomas Jefferson? Ellis Bean had been seventeen then; he was twenty-two now. And Benjamin Cooley had died, leaving only nine of them.

Cooley's death posed a mathematical problem for the judge. The King's decree was that every fifth man should die. That meant two of the ten referred to his royal justice. But now one prisoner was dead, and nine cannot be evenly divided by two. Ben Cooley had been very inconsiderate in dying and up-setting all possibilities for a proper division. The judge had to wrestle with the problem alone, as the decree was to be carried out at once. He could not further delay by getting an official opinion from Mexico City as to what he should do now, with a dividend and a divisor that left a fractional quotient where there could not be one.

The merciful judge pondered it. He sought local advice from leading citizens in Chihuahua, and got a number of opinions about evenly supported and opposed by logic as to what would please the King. The state could claim for death one and four-fifths of a man, but a fifth of a man would be unlawfully condemned. However, if only one of the prisoners were hanged, then four-fifths of a criminal would go unlawfully free. Surely it was a problem to test the wisdom of a Solomon—and the Spanish judge was no Solomon!

The constable politely informed the prisoners of the King's decree, and told them of the quandary the judge was in. "Señores," he said, "you will draw lots to see which two will hang from the scaffold."

"You think it will be two, then?" asked Bean.

"Señor," replied the constable, "the hangman has four times as much right to the second man's body as the man himself has!"

The jailer solemnly announced they would draw the lots on Monday; it was now Friday. They asked how the drawing would be done. The señores would draw kidney beans out of a hat, explained the jailer. Seven would be brownish-red, two would be black. The unfortunate señores who drew the black ones would hang. All would be blindfolded for the drawing; each man would have the same chance to pick up a brownish-red, two would be black. The could be more fair, more just. Did not the señores agree?

The Americans had been using kidney beans, both red and black, as chips for their card games and dice games. Now, struck with a dazzling idea, Ellis Bean began to study these seeds that seemed perfectly identical in form and symmetry.

SECRETIVELY, guiltily yet eagerly, Bean examined the kidney beans. Were the reds and blacks different in any way other than in color? Was there some slight yet regular variation in form? His eyes were on the beans steadily as he played cards, as he threw the dice. He furtively pocketed seven red beans and two black ones. Constantly he fingered them, and practiced pulling them out when nobody was looking to see how often he could tell it was a black one. He lay awake in his blankets at night, feeling the beans with his fingers. His touch grew sensitive, perceptive, like that of a blind man. In his study, he noted a tiny difference in the black beans. His eye could hardly distinguish it; a casual eye not at all. He became familiar with that minute difference. By Sunday morning, he was able to pull a black bean out of his pocket eight times out of ten.

Of course, when the fateful time of drawing came, he would reverse his action—he would feel the black bean and reject it. But how long would he be allowed to handle the beans there in the hat, between his sensitive thumb and index finger, before dropping it or taking it? Would the Spaniards object to the brief delay of such selection? And if the grim and watchful tribunal saw a blindfolded prisoner discard a black seed and draw the life-saving red, would they think that somehow his vision was piercing the blindfold to make a mockery of justice?

That was one worry Ellis Bean had; another was his guilty conscience. Though the youngest of the prisoners,

(Continued on page 53)

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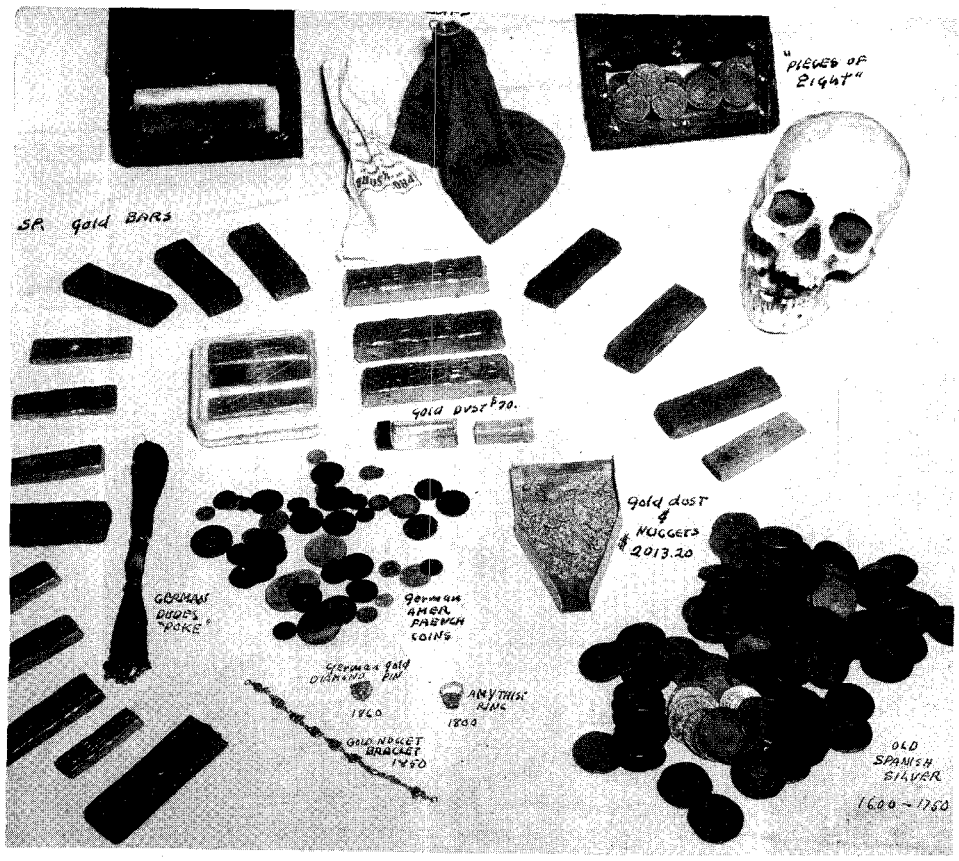

Treasure haul of Frank Fish ranges from skeleton to gold dust and nuggets worth $2,013.20, as well as gold bars, gold nugget bracelet, pieces of eight, German dude's poke, German gold and diamond pin, German, American and French coins, an amethyst ring circa 1800 and old Spanish silver, 1600-1750.

With a little luck, the persistence to make a careful survey of likely areas, the use of scientific metal locating instruments —

You, Too, Can Find B

THE desert sun blazed down on a dust-covered, four-wheel-drive jeep station wagon, loaded with many strange devices, crawling down the steep boulder-strewn remnant of an old stage trail. The road pitched sharply into the ruins of the old California gold camp sprawled along the bottom of a deep canyon below. The sun cast stark black shadows across the crumbling adobe and crude masonry walls lining the single street. Only the thin scream of a circling hawk broke the utter solitude.

The driver halted his station wagon in the sparse shade of an ancient oak near the end of the long street. He got out of the jeep slowly, surveying with obvious pleasure the lonely scene before him. Humming a tune, he began to prepare his noonday meal over a portable cooker. At intervals he glanced along the ghost town street, alert for unwanted spectators. For this lone treasure hunter was Frank Fish, expert on buried treasure, lost mines and ghost towns, and—though he possessed the written permission of the landowner to prospect this property—experience had shown him that hijacking, lawsuits and even murder can occur as an aftermath to such adventures. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety for men like Frank Fish.

Following his meal, Frank glanced over his notes on this particular location, and set about a careful study of the ruins. With the various landmarks and buildings identified, he charted a definite pattern of search to pinpoint the most likely spots for possible findings. Assured that he was the only visitor, Frank attached a small pick to his belt, assembled and tuned in his metal locator to the conductivity of the surroundings, and began a precise, methodical search, starting with the area about the old oak tree. (It should be noted here that old oak trees, unusual rock formations, or the rock and adobe walls close to these old ghost towns should be thoroughly investigated for possible caches.)

Soon, Frank's metal locator began to register. In rapid succession, several

At left: Fish demonstrates his metal detector in a ghost town building. Note the old gun and other results of his discoveries at that spot. At right: Frank Fish with a small part of his huge collection of ghost town memorabilia and buried treasure. He plans to organize museum.

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These objects, all Chinese, date from 1867 to 1890. Fish's findings include glass gambling counters, shotgun, coins, opium pipes.

uried Treasure!

By LT. HARRY E. RIESEBERG

rusty tin cans, pieces of scrap metal, and many square hand-forged nails were unearthed. Then a hand-wrought pick showed up. As the search coil of the locator swung into a zig-zag path over and around the old foundation, more and more metal objects were added to the now growing pile. Each separate piece of metal marked increase in the audible tone heard in the featherweight headphones. By moving the search coil from side to side and backward and forward, the detector located the exact center of the buried metal objects. When the audible tone reached its maximum volume, the objects were directly under the exact center of the search coil.

Following the detector's registering along one of the back walls revealed a part of a wood-burning stove at a depth of eighteen inches, along with a huge mass of broken Chinese crockery and glassware and numerous Chinese and American coins dating from 1820 through the years 1865. There were several ceramic opium pipe bowls—both broken and unbroken—and many glass gambling markers, used by the Chinese in their early-day gaming houses. These relics confirmed existing data on the maps that this spot had once been the Chinese center of the old mining camp.

A thorough search about the nearby stone fireplace, standing alone in its ruins, produced only a few rusted scraps of tin and some iron plates and bars supporting the masonry. However, in sweeping the vertical rock wall of the basement underground in one of the caved-in Chinese ruins, a strong signal indicated a deposit of metal in or behind the once plaster-coated wall. After first noting that the signal on the detector was not caused by some stray piece of iron-bearing ore or other metal, as is often the case in these old rock walls, Frank quickly removed a section of the wall.

A large recess built into the wall was thereby exposed. This compartment contained a ten-inch dagger blade, a complete opium pipe in excellent con-

(Continued on page 36)

At right: One cache included skull and bones (in box). Fish also exhumed dagger, what looks like old kettle, horseshoes, coins, gold bars.

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How Sam Houston Hill Killed Sam Bass

(Continued from page 19)

sporting rifle, and not another one like it in Williamson County. Pa's earmark for cattle was underbit in each ear, and I got so I'd aim a bullet to nick out an underbit in the ear of some sporting deer I didn't want to kill. A year or so later, when it grew into a prime buck, I'd take it for venison. That earmark sort of made it private property.

When I unsaddled my horse I never did unbuckle the buckskin scabbard that carried my rim-fire, copper-lined, thirty caliber English sporting rifle. Some horses never do get over flinching and spoiling the aim when a man draws a rifle to shoot from the saddle, but I had a horse that kept as steady when he heard the trigger cocked as that rifle itself. I wouldn't want you to get the notion he didn't have plenty fire power, too. I always rode him when I went to town, and the more people he saw looking at him, the more fire he seemed to get in his blood. His name was Lightning.

One day I saddled up Lightning and took out for Round Rock. I was just twelve years, five months and three days old. I never can forget that date. Something sorter like a magnet seemed to draw me to Round Rock that day. Of course I had my rim-fire, copper-lined, thirty caliber English sporting rifle in the scabbard.

As I rode around a motte of liveoaks overlooking Round Rock I beheld an excitement that that town never had before and hasn't had since. Men on horseback were chasing this way and that, like they were after something they couldn't see. Some seemed to be shooting at the sky. But I saw one man empty his rifle after a man running on horseback through a cornfield with corn growing in it head high. Something told me that fleeing man was a dangerous criminal and that it was my duty to stop him.

I drew my rim-fire, copper-lined, thirty caliber English sporting rifle out of its buckskin scabbard and setting there on Lightning while he seemed to quit breathing drew a bead on the criminal right where his suspenders crossed. He fell over into the corn out of sight. I didn't have to see him to know his travels had ended.

I rode on into Round Rock and asked what the excitement was all about. "Why, Sam Bass has robbed the bank and killed a man and got away scott free," they said.

"I don't believe he's got away, quite yet," I says.

About this time three rangers and a sheriff dashed up, yelling out to know which way Sam Bass was headed. I told 'em if they wanted to see where he'd stopped I'd show 'em. We rode down into the corn field. They got down to examine what was left of Sam Bass and pointed out to each other how a thirty caliber bullet had drilled into him exactly where his suspenders crossed. I never did make any noise about it, but everybody that knowed anything on such matters knowed that Sam Houston Hill had the only rim-fire, copper-lined, thirty caliber English sporting rifle anywhere in fifty miles of Round Rock that day.

Run or Be Scalped!

(Continued from page 29)

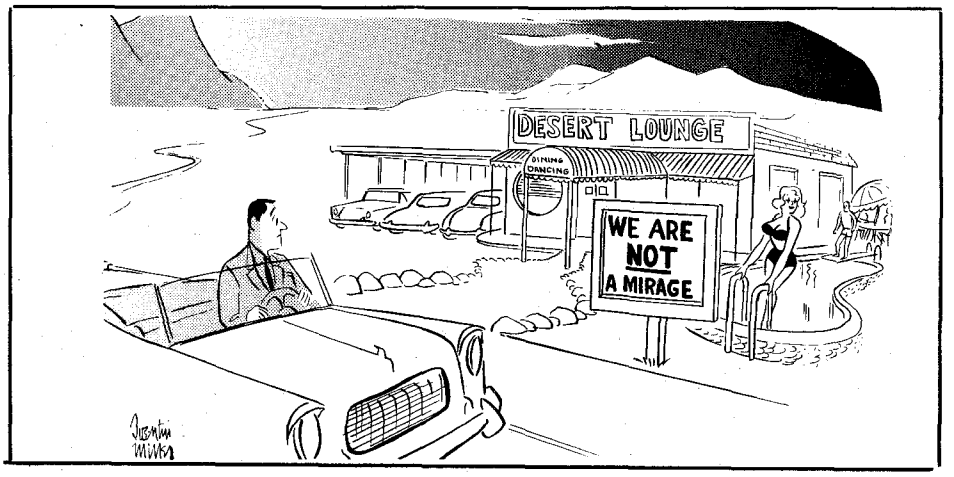
hours until the miners were rescued by Major Murrow and 600 Negro soldiers, who were trying to catch up with Geronimo's band.

During the bloody war that raged for the next six years, my father was employed as a citizen scout by Major Murrow. He also served under General Buell as a courier. His services were seldom required for more than a month a time, as after each campaign he would be dismissed and later recalled when needed. He also served as scout for Captain Jack Crawford, who succeeded Wild Bill Hickok as chief of government scouts in New Mexico and Texas.

Like many of the old-time scouts, my father had little use for the Apaches; in fact, Chief Victorio was the only Apache for whom he had a kind word. He said the old warrior was a fighter all the way through and as game as his fellow tribesmen were treacherous. Victorio was killed like a warrior, facing the enemy and defiant to the end.

In 1880, my father was chosen captain of Company E, First Regiment of New Mexico Mounted Infantry. In 1885 he was appointed Captain of Company A, of the Third Regiment of Mounted Infantry; being commissioned major a few months later. These appointments were in the New Mexico Militia, not the regular Army.

In 1924, the Major received his first pension check, in recognition of services as an Indian scout. He cherished it as a tangible token that the lonely nights on dim trails, the dangerous scouting in unknown territory against deadly hostiles, were not all in vain.



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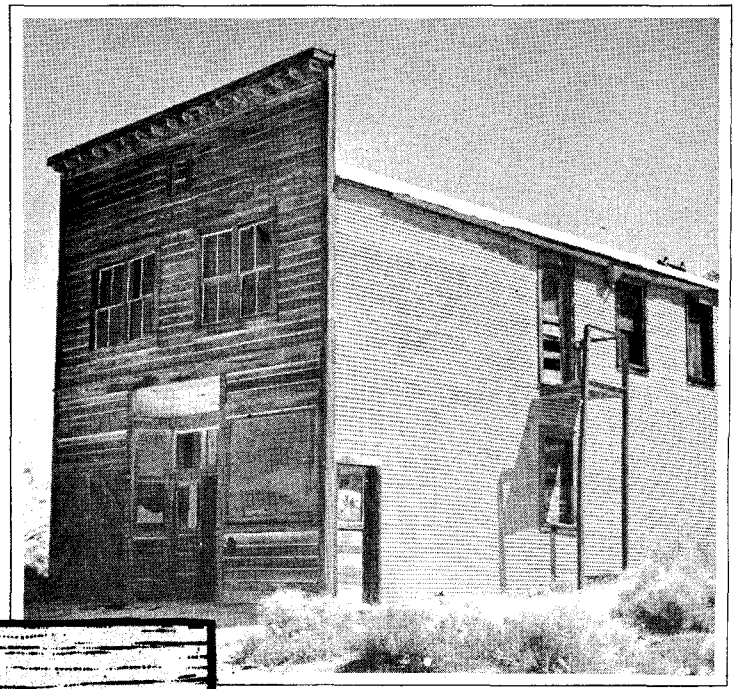
Great oratory was in its flower a half-century ago, but none excelled Herman Knickerbocker's



Fabulous gambler Riley Grannan was "laid out" in a back room of the Variety Show House, still standing at Rawhide, prior to his history-making funeral sermon preached by unfrocked sky-pilot Herman W. Knickerbocker, April, 1908.

Sagebrush Sermon

By NELL MURBARGER

WHEN ALL the gold in Rawhide's towering hills shall have been reduced to bullion and not even a post is left to guide the desert wayfarer to the spot where was witnessed the greatest stampede in Western mining history, posterity will remember Rawhide for the funeral oration that was pronounced over the bier of Riley Grannan, by H. W. Knickerbocker . . ."

George Graham Rice, notorious mining stock promoter and uninhibited opportunist of Nevada's boom days, never spoke truer words than in this brief tribute to the eloquence of Herman Knickerbocker, whose funeral sermon over the bier of Riley Grannan has been regarded, for over half a century, as a Western classic.

Grannan, world-famous gambler and plunger, whose wager of $275,000 on the outcome of a single horse race is said to have been the largest track bet ever laid in the United States, had followed the boom to Rawhide, where he contracted pneumonia and died, April 3, 1908.

Riley had been a man after Rawhide's own turbulent heart, and the desert boomcamp was determined to give him a 24-carat sendoff, with a fancy sky-pilot and all the trimmings. Preachers, however, were few and far between in the Rawhide of 1908; and with time for the obsequies at hand, the chagrined funeral committee was forced to admit that the nearest approach to a minister it had found was Herman Knickerbocker, a has-been preacher, assertedly ousted by a California church because of his increasingly liberal views.

Hustled into the backroom of the Variety Showhouse, where mourners were already gathering at Riley's makeshift bier, Knickerbocker delivered an extemporaneous sermon 2,000 words in length. Taken down in shorthand by "Rattlesnake Shorty", a down-and-out court reporter, the sermon later was published in Rawhide newspapers, whence it was seized upon by the world as a classic comparable to Robert G. Ingersoll's celebrated eulogy over the bier of his brother. Since that day, Knickerbocker's sermon has been published and quoted throughout the English-speaking world, and brochures containing it have been sold by tens of thousands of copies.

Condensed to one-third its original length, the Rawhide classic follows:

I FEEL THAT it is incumbent upon me. to state that in standing here I occupy no ministerial or prelate position," said the unfrocked man of God. "I am simply a prospector. I make no claims . . . to religion, except the religion of humanity, the brotherhood of man . . .

"Riley Grannan was born in Paris, Kentucky, about forty years ago . . . From the position of bellboy in a hotel, he rose rapidly to a celebrity of worldwide fame. He was one of the greatest plungers, probably, this continent has ever produced.

"He died day before yesterday in Rawhide.

"This is a very brief statement. You have the birth and the period of the grave. Who can fill the interim? Who can speak of his hopes and his fears? Who can solve the mystery of the quiet hours that only himself knew? I cannot.

"Sometimes, when I look over the circumstances of human life, a curse rises to my lips . . . When I see the ambitions of man defeated . . . when I see his aim and purpose frustrated . . . when I see the outstretched hand, just about to grasp the flag of victory, clutch instead the emblem of defeat, I ask, 'What is Life?' . . . Dreams, awakening and death; a pendulum 'twixt a smile and a tear; a momentary halt within the waste . . . a child-blown bubble that reflects light and shadow . . . and is gone. . .

" . . . Riley Grannan . . . accepted both defeat and victory with equanimity. He was a man whose exterior was as placid and gentle as I have ever seen, and yet . . . he was absolutely invincible in spirit . . . He was a dead-game sport . . . I believe that when you can say one is 'a dead-game sport' you have reached the climax of human philosophy . . .

"I know that there are those who will condemn him . . . who believe today that he is reaping the reward of a misspent life . . . They . . . fail to see the moral beauty of a character lived outside their puritanical ideas. His goodness was not of the type that reached its highest manifestations in any ceremonial piety . . . (but) of the type that finds expression in the handclasp . . . in a word of cheer to a discouraged

(Continued on following page)

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brother . . . in quiet deeds of charity . . . in friendship . . . in manhood.

" . . . I believe that the man who . . . is able to smooth one wrinkle from the brow of care, is able to change one moan or sob into a song, is able to wipe away one tear and in its place put a jewel of joy—this man is a public benefactor.

"I believe that some of Riley Grannan's money was 'wasted' in this way.

"We stand at last in the presence of the Great Mystery. I know nothing about it, nor do you . . . I do not know whether there be a future life or not . . . I have watched the wicket gate close behind many and many a pilgrim. No word has come back to me. The gate is closed . . .

"This may be infidelity; but if it is, I would like to know what faith means. I came into this universe without my volition—came and found a loving mother's arms to receive me. I had nothing to do with the preparation for my reception here. I have no power to change the environment of the future, but the same power which prepared the loving arms of a mother to receive me here, will make proper reception for me there. God knows better than I what is good for me, and I leave it with God.

" . . . As we stand in the presence of death we have no knowledge, but always . . . there gleams the star of hope. Let us hope, then, that it may be the morning star of eternal day . . . Did you ever pause to think that this old world of ours is constantly swinging into the dawn? . . . With every revolution, it is dawning somewhere . . . Let us believe, then, that in the development of the human soul, as it swings forward toward its destiny, it is constantly swinging nearer and nearer to the sun.

"And now the time has come to say . . . Goodbye, old man . . . Let these flowers, Riley, with their petaled lips and perfumed breath, speak in beauty and fragrance the sentiments that are too tender for words. . . "

THUS was sped along his Last Trail, the world-renowned plunger who had seen millions of dollars pass through his hands in the halcyon days of "come easy, go easy," but who died virtually broke. At time of his death, Riley Grannan had only $103 in cash and a gold watch and chain—which assets were delivered, intact, to his heirs. The $2000 necessary to meet costs of Riley's final illness, funeral, and subsequent transportation to his burial place at Paris, Kentucky, was supplied "on the house" by generous-hearted friends at Rawhide, Nevada—the rough little desert boom-camp which had taken Riley to her bosom and made him one of her own.

You, Too, Can Find Buried Treasure!

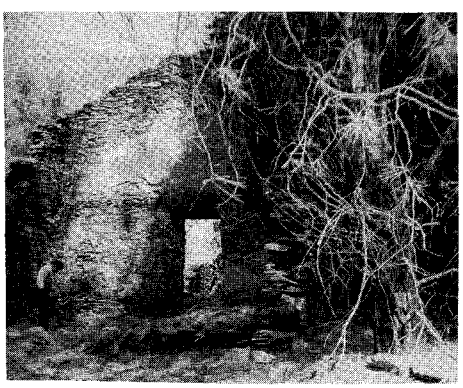
(Continued from page 33)

dition, many opium tins still containing dregs of the drug, a beautiful bracelet of matched but rough, heavy gold nuggets, an old gold hollow-ware pin set with three miners-cut diamonds, and a well-worn gold ring with an amethyst setting. It is believed that the gold bracelet, pin and ring may have been held in pawn for the miners by some Chinese who made it his business to loan funds in exchange, as was often the practice in those early mining camps.

The search continued. In the rear of one site, located only by a raised rectangular mound of earth which apparently marked where once a blacksmith shop had stood, Frank found numerous horseshoes, several ox shoes, a very old brass-framed pistol, and several hand-made locks and keys. Other pieces of odd-shaped iron were unearthed, among them a picket pin.

The position of the picket pin intrigued the treasure hunter; it had been driven in a vertical position well below the surface, with a round white quartz boulder placed over it. Meticulously, Frank swept the area with his search coil and picked up a heavy signal at a spot three paces from the resting place of the pin.

Digging down through several inches of black earth, Frank came upon bone fragments, a rotted, rusted Mexican dagger, and a human skull with a bullet hole in the back of the cranium. Beside the skull rested a cap-and-ball Colt revolver, fully loaded. A re-check of the excavation with the detector revealed the presence of still more metal below the ground. At a depth of approximately thirty inches, almost directly below the resting place of the punctured skull, was found a rusty iron kettle covered with a stove lid. This old kettle contained a blackened mass of silver coins with six small bars of the same metal.



Search for buried treasure with metal locator begins outside abandoned building at ghost town.

Patiently and carefully, Frank removed the patina of time and the encrustations of dirt from these finds and spread them out on a tarpaulin. Using a camera fixed on a tripod and operated by a self-timer, the treasure hunter photographed himself with his haul.

Stowing away the objects in boxes, Frank Fish piled them into his station wagon and headed back up the old rutted road toward home to add these latest finds to his already large and varied collection. So ended another fruitful expedition into the old ghost-town areas of the West.

This locality investigated by Frank Fish is but one of the many sites that still retain relics and treasure in this year of 1959. Treasure caches which can be found by nearly anyone with a little luck, the persistence to make a careful survey of these areas, and the use of scientific metal locating instruments. Many have already cashed in at this fascinating pastime. Your reward may be an antique weapon, a beanpot of silver or a moldy leather bag of gold dust and nuggets, hidden perhaps from outlaws. Or, perhaps, you might find treasure hidden centuries ago from the invading Spaniards.

One thing is sure—the treasure is there for the taking.

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Illustrated by Curtis Wingate

Right behind the miners and adventurers and gamblers they came—the old-time "Devil-fighting" preachers. Such a man was

The Remarkable Reverend Long

By DALE MOREY

IN rip-roaring California of the middle 1800's, the growth of towns and mining camps was little short of magical. Some excited gold seeker had only to hint of a fresh strike and the stampede to the new diggings was on—and another boomtown in the making.

First came the men aflame with gold fever; next the gamblers, saloon keepers and dance hall girls who would quickly take the treasure the miners dug from the earth. Right on the heels of the latter bunch came the circuit riding preachers, ready to fight the Devil tooth and nail. They were hardy men, these itinerant men of God. Armed only with courage and righteousness—backed sometimes by a shotgun—they rode boldly into the toughest mining camps and declared their holy mission in ringing tones that brooked no interference.

Such a dedicated soldier of the Lord was the Reverend Samuel Long, famous even among his hell-for-leather brethren as a sure-enough fire and brimstone preacher. To the miners the reverend was known as Long Sam, and in truth the nickname fitted him better than his long black coat. His long face was framed in long whiskers, and his legs were so long that when he sat his mule, he had to tie his spurs around his knees. But the remarkable thing about Sam was his fiery sermons. Even the worst sinners got to feeling uncomfortable when Sam fixed them with his piercing eyes and cut loose a flood of scorching oratory.

But the day came when Long Sam decided to settle down. He felt that it was time he did some preaching from a pulpit instead of from the back of a jackass. So he determined to build a church of his own in the whooping boomtown of Columbia, California.

From the beginning of his campaign, Reverend Long was faced with stiff competition. His first church—like most other buildings in Columbia—was a tent, strategically located between Carlson's Gaming Emporium and a Mexican fandango tent. The proprietors of those establishments were naturally perturbed with the reverend's presence in their midst and with his unorthodox and effective ways of gaining an audience.

Mr. Carlson, owner of the Gaming Emporium, was particularly upset when Long Sam stalked into his place of business one day and announced that free drinks could be had next door. The customers immediately headed for Sam's tent. No free whiskey was forthcoming, but the Reverend Long—with a Bible and a six-gun resting on his improvised pulpit—lashed them with an hour-long sermon on the evils of drink.

The businessmen of Columbia were quick to take a stand after this episode. They held a meeting and decided that the "Bible-totin' varmint" would have to go. If Long Sam continued to hold forth with his denunciatory sermons, they would break up his outfit and run him out of the diggings.

If the miners hadn't intervened, the lanky preacher might have delivered his last sermon at his next meeting. They weren't worried about being saved, but thought that Sam was a straight-shooting old gent and deserved a fair shake in his battle to rid the camp of the Devil. So, packing their shooting-irons, they all turned out for Long Sam's next meeting. There were no interruptions and the disgruntled gamblers and saloon keepers kicked in with the miners when Sam passed the collection plate.

Later, these civic-minded miners put up the gold dust to build Sam a real church. It was only a small clapboard structure and lacked a bell to summon the townsfolk to worship, but the tall preacher was delighted with it. It was considerable of a shock to him to realize that the very men who had contributed freely to the building of the church would be just as quick to wash

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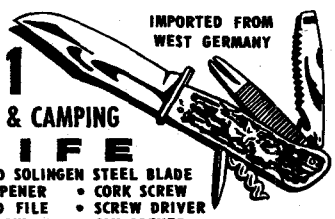

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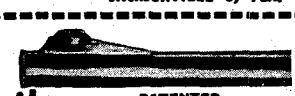

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the foundations from under it if they thought there was pay dirt there.

Buying real estate was a risky proposition in those days in California. A man might buy a piece of land one day and come back the next to find that he owned nothing but a hole in the ground. So it was with Sam. His little church rested upon a small hill adjacent to mining claims, and the miners kept digging and washing away more and more dirt until finally Reverend Long had to stand guard with a shotgun to protect his holy edifice from toppling into the yawning sluices.

As with ministers everywhere, in every time, the problem of church attendance also harried Sam. His church had only a few pews and the fact that he couldn't keep even these few filled for services troubled him as much as the fact that the building itself was literally being undermined. Sure enough, the Devil was getting in his licks and Sam determined to beat him at his own tricky game.

There was, for example, the time he spread the rumor to the gullible public that the Reverend Samuel Long would reveal the location of a new lode of gold at one of his Sunday meetings. And—in a way—he did. To the expectant crowd of gold-seekers who jammed the church, the Reverend addressed his sermon on the text, "There is a place for gold." For two hours he proceeded to expound that the place for gold was not on the dice tables or in the saloon tills, but in the collection plate to do the work of the Lord. The miners took the trick in good humor and heaped the collection plate with dust, but refused to be caught again when Sam tried to repeat the dodge a few weeks later.

IT was Long Sam's privilege to use the town fire bell to call his fast-dwindling flock to services. However, most of the townsfolk had become so inured to the slow, solemn call of the bell that they could sleep right through the sound. Late one Sunday morning, every man in camp was rudely awakened by the loud, imperative summons of the bell ringing the fire call.

Half clad, everybody headed for the town square. The fire chief hauled out the rickety contraption that passed for a hook-and-ladder truck, tossed a load of buckets in the back end, and followed the crowd. By the time he arrived at the scene, hundreds of volunteers had already gathered.

There was no sign of smoke anywhere, only Long Sam pulling on the bell rope like a man possessed.

"Sam!" the fire chief yelled. "Where in blazes is the fire?"

Old Sam couldn't have asked for a better straight man. He dropped the bell rope and turned to face the crowd.

"So you want to know where the fire is, do you?" he boomed. "I'll tell you where it is. I sure enough will!"

Sam drew himself to his full height on the bell platform to address the motley congregation he had gathered. His voice rang over the assemblage like the voice of doom.

"When I rang the call to church this morning, not a soul in this town of Sodom answered. But you've all come down to find out about the fire, haven't you? And I'll tell you where it is. That fire's in Hell—and if you don't come to church when I ring that call the next time, you'll wind up smack dab in the middle of it!"

The next Sunday the little church was full and the collection plate overflowing. But the revival didn't last, although for a few more years Long Sam jousted valiantly with the forces of evil in Columbia. When two new churches were built there, he decided it was time for him to move on. He heard the call to the raw frontier, where he would continue his never-ending battle to save souls.

On a bright morning in the late 1850's, the Reverend Samuel Long bought a new mule. He rode off into the mountains to spread the Word of God and to become another legend of the old West.

"I don't see why he can't play with his atomic chemistry set like other kids!"

Move On Forever!

(Continued from page 26)

went out for red berries and mistletoe, and all of us had a hand in the decorations. All day the house was filled with the spicy fragrance of sweet potato pie, poundcake, and ham being baked in the oven.

As night came on, a soft snow started falling, and soon the earth was covered with a blanket of white. Mama went often to the window to peer through the frosty pane. "Listen, children," she'd say, and we'd all be quiet and strain to hear the sound of Papa's coming. In the still of the night, we could hear only the singing of the tea kettle on the back of the stove where Papa's supper was kept warming, and sometimes the howls of a hungry coyote out on the prowl for an unwary fowl or rabbit.

When late bedtime came, Mama sent us children to bed. But not until we had hung seven long, black stockings in a row from the mantle. We never knew what time Papa came in that night, but, opening our eyes the next morning, we knew for sure that Santa Claus had paid us a visit. Every stocking was full and running over. Nor was Mack slighted. On the wall by the kitchen stove hung one of his big socks, generously filled with goodies, a pair of warm gloves and a Jew's harp.

The world outside, wrapped in a blanket of newly fallen snow, lay silent and cold, while within our four walls there was blessed warmth and a joyous sound of merry-making.

We were to know many days of forced indoor living in the weeks ahead. The

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winter, mild heretofore, now bore down with a vengeance, bringing sleet, snow and rain. Often, after supper on these long winter nights, when Papa and Mama had settled down by the fire to read or make plans for the future, we children would close the kitchen door. After shoving the table and chairs against the wall, we would play "blindman's bluff" or other games. Sometimes we'd pop corn and make candy from ribbon-cane syrup, vying with each other to see who could make it whitest by pulling.

Every day through the winter and the spring, weather permitting, Papa and Mack grubbed and cleared the land, while the children burned the brush. First we cleared several acres near the house; and when the fruit trees, which had been previously ordered arrived, a large orchard was set out and a garden was planted. By late spring fifty acres were ready and planted to corn.

Planting over, work on our house was resumed and the building of a barn was started. A nice comfortable room was built in the barn loft, where Mack was glad to move from the tent in which he had been sleeping.

By this time a few other settlers were coming in and buying land, and a small general store and grist mill were built within a few miles of our place. With the satisfaction of once more having neighbors, there also came the realization that there are all kinds of people, both good and bad. This we learned on an early morning when Ernest rushed into the house to hand Papa a board he had found nailed to a fence post nearby. On the board, drawn in red ink, was a skull and cross bones, and underneath this symbol, in crude lettering, this warning: "Nigger, don't let the sun go down on you here."

WITHOUT saying anything, Papa stood for a long time, looking down at the board in his hands, as if unable to understand its sinister meaning, "Cowardly beasts," he muttered, as he flung it into the open fire, while we all stood watching as it quickly burned to a coal.

After saying something to Mama in an undertone, Papa turned to us children and said, "Don't tell Mack about this." Then he strode from the room, and soon was riding off toward town.

Mama kept Mack working near the house all day, and when milking time came that afternoon, the boys were sent in his place to drive in the cows from the pasture.

We were waiting supper when Papa rode in. Before sitting down to the table, he took from his pocket a new box of shells and, lifting the rifle from its rack over the door, slipped the magazine full of cartridges turning to Mack, where he sat by the stove. Papa gave him a new padlock, saying, "This is for your door."

When bedtime came that night, Papa took the lantern and, without lighting it, went with Mack to his room. We never knew how much Mack was told that night, but when he came in for his breakfast the next morning, the broad ready smile was gone from his face, and in his eyes there was the mute, appealing look of a wounded and helpless animal.

When he sat without eating, Mama laid her hand gently on his shoulder and said, "Don't be afraid, Mack. God will take care of you."

"Yessum, I knows He will," said Mack,

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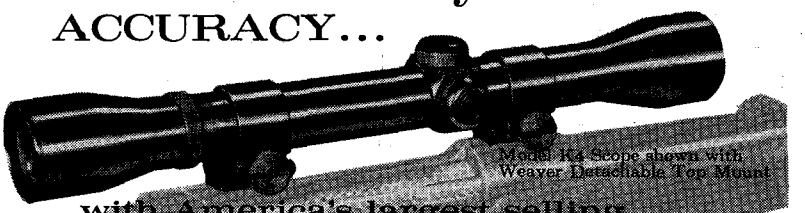

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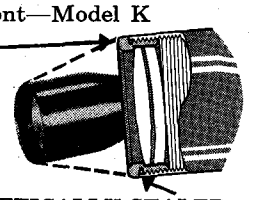

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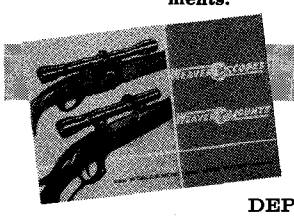

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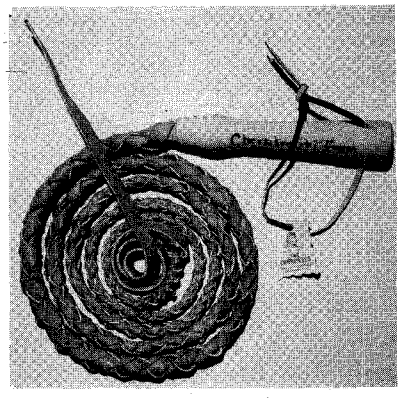

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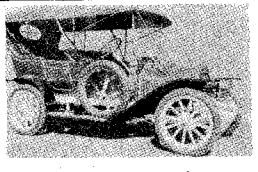

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"but dem whitecap folks nevah heard uv' no God."

In the days that followed, while out in the field, Papa always managed to work near Mack. When a week had passed without another visit from our nocturnal caller, we felt easier and somewhat relaxed. Then he called again. It was Mack who found the board this time, and, when he brought it to Papa, it was given the same treatment by fire as the first.

This was a Saturday and milling day. The sack of corn was thrown across the saddle, and the two boys went with it to the mill. On their return that afternoon, they told of having been questioned by several men who were loitering around the mill. "Is the Negro still there?" they had asked, and, "Where does he sleep?"

Willie, who was always ready to talk and never loath to brag a little, had answered, "Yes, Mack's still there, and that isn't all—he's going to stay. He sleeps in the barn, and if anyone wants him, just come on. Papa has a rifle that will shoot sixteen times, and he can get a man with every shot."

Ernest, recounting this conversation to Papa, expected him to scold Willie for his big talk, but he only smiled and said, "Mighty big talk for a seven-year-old." Weeks later, there having been no action taken or any additional threats made, Papa remarked, "Somebody must have done a little serious listening to some big talk that day." And indeed they must have, for we had no further trouble and Mack was never bothered.

It was at the end of our second year without a school, and the pressing need was met when Papa and two or three other men selected a site and built a one-room schoolhouse. A year later, with rapid influx of new settlers, the schoolhouse had to be enlarged to care for a two-teacher system.

A large number of these newcomers were from the old states. Some became discouraged, and went back to their old homes. Those who were determined to stay found it possible to do so only through the kind and generous help of good neighbors. Our own smokehouse, for instance, was not only a larder for ourselves, but for many others, as well. There was always enough corn in the crib, enough potatoes stored, and enough fruit and vegetables in season to share with the needy.

Our parents' philosophy, often expressed to us children was this: "If a thing needs doing, go out and do it; and if you can't do it, just leave it to the Lord." And this they were always doing to the end of their days.

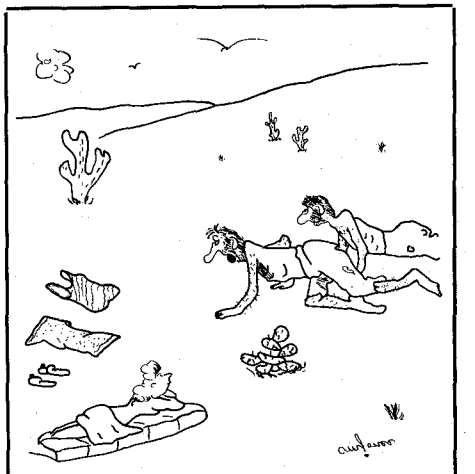
Many times we children stood watching our parents as they rode off down the muddy road. Sometimes, after an all-night vigil with the sick, Mama would ride in alone, Papa having stayed behind to help build a coffin and to dig a grave.

Finally the time came for Mack to leave us and to return to his own home and kind. With a shoebox filled with food for eating on the train, and his trunk loaded into the wagon, he and Papa drove away toward town. There was a feeling of loss and sadness as we waved a last goodbye to this faithful servant and trusted friend.

BY THE end of this third year, many more settlers were coming in and the land was fast being cleared and put to the plow. Smoke from burning brush could be seen in all directions, and the fresh, cool scent of newly plowed ground filled the air.

Papa had wanted to clear more land, but with Mack gone, he could find no one to help. Then early one morning, in answer to a knock at the door, he found what seemed to be an answer to this need. A young Mexican, dapper and well-dressed, stood at the door. Doffing his sombrero and speaking in perfect English, he introduced himself as Juan Lopez, and explained that he and four of his countrymen were seeking work. They had made camp nearby where they could get water from Indian Camp Creek.

Papa was glad to hire them, but it soon became apparent that clearing land was not their vocation. The mystery of their presence was heightened when often, in the late hours of night, we could see a dim light bobbing in and out among the trees, and on the next day, freshly dug holes could be found along the creek banks.



"Damned Mirages!"

We had often heard tales of buried treasure, left by the Indians who once lived there.

But after a few months the Mexicans departed as mysteriously as they had come. We never knew if they were successful in finding what they had sought.

Papa was growing restless again. We could all see it in his actions and in his growing lack of interest in the farm.

Then one day, a neighbor who had gone west returned to give a glowing account of the opportunities for new settlers farther on.

The west was calling Papa again and he could no more resist the call than a bear can resist honey. He was off at once, a new fire in his eyes. This time we children, like Mama, awaited his return more with apprehension than with happy anticipation. Our roots were too deep, and there were too many ties to be broken around this home which we had helped to build.

Soon Papa was back, and we were hearing again, "I've found just what I was looking for," only this time he had others than Mama to convince. "Its a wonderful country and land is cheap," he argued. "Out there we'll never be fenced in."

And so, we were off to another home, there to tame and till—and then move on again.

TODAY, as I look back to that first old home in the West, I see the land

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as it was—as it has been, and as it can never be again, and a sense of futility and sadness weighs my soul. Like an echo from the past, I hear again the words, "if a thing needs doing, go out and do it; and if you can't do it just leave it to the Lord." And with these words comes the blessed assurance that there will always be those who will never stay put, but will forever be reaching out, on land, on sea and in the air, to find a new and better way of life.

---

13 Had To Die

(Continued from page 18)

his own. The Cunninghams became extremely cautious, riding 100 yards apart, on the alert for any sign of danger.

"What fooled us," John said later, "was the trail Navarro left. The horses were still ahead of us, and this was very deceiving. What had happened was this: Navarro and two others got off and ambushed us while the fourth man went on with the horses."

The attack came suddenly, starting with a rattle of gunfire from off the hill side above the trail. Adrian's horse fell beneath him. He rolled from the saddle into the brush, drawing his gun and opening fire. John leaped from his horse and took shelter among the rocks. He found he commanded an excellent view of the hill side and had good cover. He saw a puff of smoke and the movement of a ducking sombrero. Training his sights on the spot he waited, and when the sombrero reappeared he fired. The rifle slid from the Mexican's hands and the arms hung limply over the face of the rock. One more dead.

Adrian decided to try to get back to where John lay. To do so, he had to go out in the open. Running toward the hill side, he took a bullet in the calf of his right leg. He made it back to John but the leg was bleeding profusely. Adrian told his brother he was going to withdraw into the ravine, out of range of the Mexican guns, and bandage his leg.

John laid down a covering barrage with his revolver until Adrian was safely out of range.

The next few minutes of this critical stage of the attack is told in John's own words, as reported to his granddaughter, Mrs. Mary Ann Clark, who wrote an account of the vendetta, *Vengeance In The Desert,* published in 1911:

"Before I realized it, that dragoon revolver was empty and there I was without a shooting iron until I'd reloaded.

"After Adrian was out of sight, I began recharging my rifle. While I was thus engaged, crouching behind a rock, I saw one of the Mexicans stand up to get a better view of the ravine. I was sure he hadn't spotted me.

"I never reloaded a rifle faster in my life. I was through in time to pick him off the rock. The way he fell, I knew he was dead.

"Then I saw another turn tail and run through the rocks. With but two of the original band left, I reasoned that this one was aiming to join the other remaining member of the gang, who I was sure had stayed with the horses, which had gone on ahead as a blind. I could not shoot for I had to reload first. He got away."

"I cleaned Adrian's wound with water from my canteen and applied a bandage torn from my undershirt. It was the best I could do under the circumstances for we had no cauterizing liquid with us.

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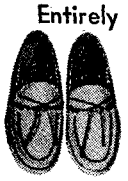

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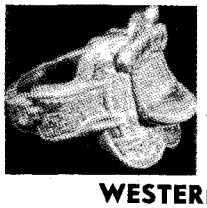

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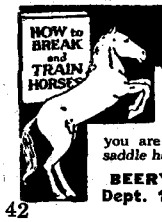

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"I went up the hill and found the two dead ones. Neither was Navarro.

"On one I found half a bottle of tequila and I poured it on the bandage around Adrian's leg and made him drink the rest of it."

Leaving Adrian to rest, John rode ahead to scout the trail and found a loose pony. It was still sweaty from a saddle that had been removed, which suggested to him that the remaining pair of bandits had freed the horses of the slain pair and ridden on.

John put the saddle from Adrian's dead mount on the Mexican pony and they were ready to ride again. With a little help, Adrian was able to mount.

At this point, John urged his brother to turn back. Adrian refused. "We will get Navarro or die in the attempt," he said. "We've come this far, and we will go on. Only two more to kill."

RIDING carefully for fear of another ambush, the brothers pushed on. In the late afternoon they encountered a violent electrical storm which drove them to cover under some rocks just off the trail.

As thunder crashed around the peaks above them and the first drops of rain fell, they heard the sound of horses. John went to where he could see the trail, and the sight that greeted him sent cold chills down his spine. A band of 30 Apache warriors, in full regalia and their faces painted were filing past.

But none of the war party noticed where the two horses had left the trail, and they went on by. "It's a good thing that storm came up and we pulled in when we did," John said. 'We might have lost our hair."

Darkness came on and the Cunninghams made camp. Adrian's wound was again bathed and bandaged. John suggested they turn back.

"With eleven of those devils dead and only two to go," Adrian said, "you ask me to go back because of a bum leg. Not on your life. My leg will be all right tomorrow."

The rain had washed out the trail and the Cunninghams had to travel by dead reckoning. Signs of range stock told them they were nearing an inhabited area and were not far from Chihuahua.

Adrian's leg became so painful he had to be helped from the saddle. He slept little that night, and the next morning they discovered gangrene had set in. They had to find a doctor immediately and Chihuahua was the only place within hundreds of miles where a doctor would be.

They arrived in Chihuahua that afternoon and Adrian was rushed to a nursing home where the gangrenous wound was opened and treated. But the doctor could give little hope that the leg would be saved, and the next morning the leg was amputated just below the knee. Now the brothers faced a long stay in Chihuahua before Adrian would be able to travel again.

"The folks will think we're dead," Adrian said. "You had better go back and return for me in three weeks."

"I'll do nothing of the sort, his brother said. "Don't you remember, this is Navarro's home and I'm going to find him and kill him."

"They'll hang you," Adrian said.

"I'll take that chance," John replied. "We've come a long way and I'll never feel we accomplished our mission until I see that devil's blood spilling on the ground."

The loss of a leg was a terrible blow to Adrian who was a good rider and a mountaineer as well. He loved tramping through the hills and now he faced a future on crutches or a wooden leg. He was so depressed that he cared little about what happened to him. "Find Navarro and let me kill him," he pleaded. "If they hang me it won't matter. I'll be no good anyway."

John tried to cheer up his brother, but Adrian wanted to kill Navarro himself. It was not uncommon to see men in Chihuahua with guns hanging from their belts, and John, having appropriated Adrian's Colt, went around with both holsters filled with shooting irons. Since he was an American, deep in Mexico, he was being cautious. Only eight years had passed since the Americans under Scott had taken Mexico City, and the feeling against gringos still ran high.

John soon learned all he needed to know about Navarro. The bandit was already recruiting a new gang. For his headquarters he was using El Chico, a cantina on Chihuahua's main street.

He was taking a deadly chance. If Navarro saw him he would shoot him on sight, so John decided on a stratagem. He invested almost all the money he had in a Gaucho costume—bell-bottom trousers split at the ankles, a tight-fitting, waist-length jacket and a wide brimmed Mexican-style hat, all in black. He let his mustache grow and cultivated sideburns, so that when he walked into El Chico his own parents would not have recognized him.

He did not encounter Navarro the first night he went looking for him. He drank with several of his recent acquaintances and spread the word around that he was a wealthy rancher's son from New Mexico. But on the second night Navarro and the other surviving bandit, Garcias, showed up. The place was packed. A gun fight would mean that innocent people would die.

FOR an hour or more Navarro and Garcias, who soon were joined by others, stood at the bar drinking while Cunningham lounged at the end of the bar, watching and waiting for his chance.

Once John saw the bandit looking at him, a curious stare on his face.

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"I was sure he didn't know who I was." John said later. "He hadn't had a good look at me that day in the canyon, but I could tell he was curious. Perhaps because of the loss of so many of his band he was suspicious of any American who showed up in Chihuahua. I was betting with myself that he would try to speak with me before the evening was over."

Navarro did manage to work his way around to the end of the bar presently. For a few minutes he seemed to be studying the half-familiar face.

"Have I not seen you some place before, yes?"

"You have," Cunningham replied coldly. "Several times."

"But where? I do not remember too well."

Cunningham looked around at the crowded room. He knew that a gringo shooting up a Mexican bar would have about as much chance of getting away with it as a coyote would have escaping from a pack of Russian wolf hounds. The twin six-shooters in his belt did not hold enough bullets to keep them off.

"You've seen me in strange places," Cunningham said at last. "And you'll be seeing me again some day." He turned and walked out, hoping Navarro would follow.

He did. Cunningham had just stepped through the batwing doors when Navarro's voice spoke behind him.

"Gringo, come back! When Navarro asks a question he expects an answer, no?"

Cunningham turned slowly, deliberately, as if he were coming back. Then he drew his guns.

Both Navarro and Garcias, who had followed his old chief out onto the sidewalk, went for their guns, but a burst of gunfire already had shaken the town. Both outlaws crumpled to the sidewalk.

John Cunningham stepped up and emptied one gun into Navarro, and then with the other he put a bullet squarely between Garcias' eyes.

His pledge over Mary's grave had been kept. Thirteen had died.

Within a few minutes he was surrounded by police and taken to jail. He gave a true account of what had happened, and told the officers why he had killed Navarro and Garcias.

If rape had been committed, the chief of the police said, the shooting would be called justified, but that remained to be seen. Meanwhile he would have to stay in jail.

That night a young Mexican whom John had befriended came to see the prisoner.

"Can you ride well?" John asked.

"*Si!*"

"Then take my horse and ride for the U.S. Dragoons camped near the Rio Grande just west of El Paso. Tell the captain there that the Cunninghams are in trouble and need his help."

Meanwhile, a detachment of U.S. Cavalry under Major Ben Hunt, which had been on a mission to Mexico City in connection with the delivery of the purchase money for the Mesilla Valley (present Arizona south of the Gila River) had arrived in town. Hunt heard of the affair and went to the jail to see Cunningham.

Later he told the Mexican colonel who was in charge of all police that he believed the shooting was justified. He demanded Cunningham's immediate release. The colonel was reluctant to act

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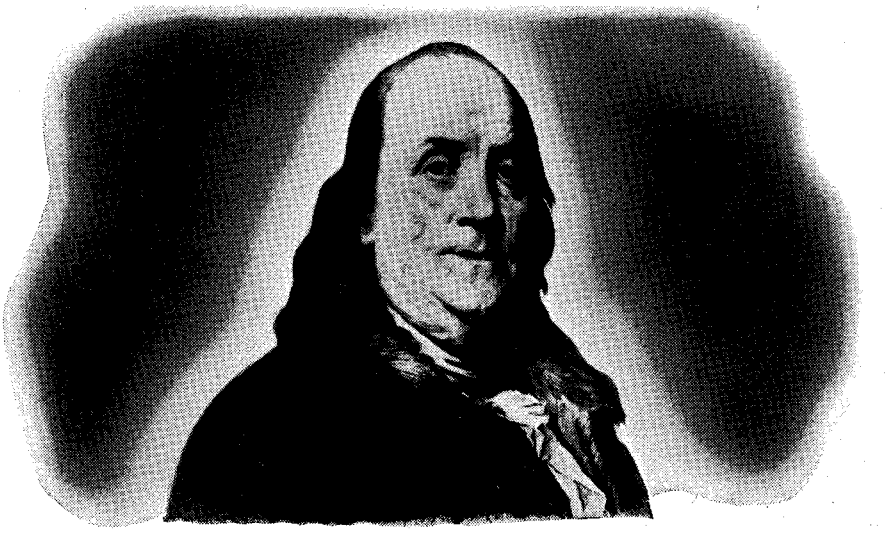

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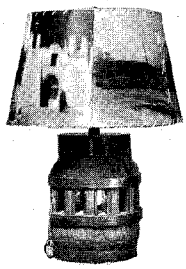

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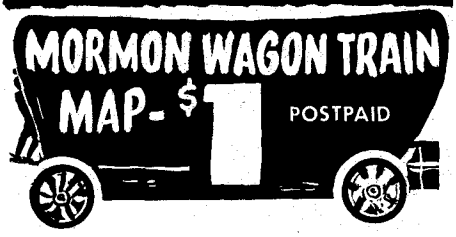

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without higher authority, but finally he gave in and Cunningham was released into the major's custody.

Adrian was put on a horse, and with his stump of a leg still needing medical attention, the brothers rode back to the United States under military escort.

Juan Alvarez, who had just become president of Mexico, filed a protest with the American counsel in Mexico City charging that the killings had been wanton and uncalled for and that the brothers had committed what amounted to an armed invasion of Mexico's sovereignty. President Franklin Pierce asked to see a report on it, and called it "The most audacious feat ever brought to my attention." Eventually, the Mexicans forgot about it.

Adrian Cunningham, in spite of his cork leg, later led raids against the Apaches and was killed in 1861 near Tubac. His brother John served as a captain in the Union Army during the Civil War and later returned to Arizona where he became a surveyor. He died in Tucson in 1919 at the ripe old age of 82. For all the touted gun fighters of the West, few men could boast of an adventure equal in courage and daring to the revenge of the Cunninghams..

Massai — Broncho Apache

(Continued from page 9)

deer came to water and killed one, taking all the meat they could carry and burying the rest. The stomach of the deer was cleaned for use as a water bag.

I do not know how long it took them to get back to the Rio Pecos, but it was a long time. Gray Lizard, who was carrying the water, fell against a prickly pear and tore a hole in the bag. Now they had no water, but they kept moving. They hoped to kill an antelope, but did not see any although they were in antelope country.

My father was making medicine, and so was Gray Lizard. And Yusen heard, for soon a heavy rain began to fall. They made a hole in the ground to catch it. After drinking all the water they could, they kept walking to the west. Their guide was the Dipper, for Indians know the stars and use them for directions.

Finally they came to the Pecos, recognizing it by the bad taste of the water. Now they were sure they were not far from the Mescalero country. Next morning they saw a dark cloud looming to the southwest, a cloud that gradually resolved into distant mountains. The Capitans! They were almost to Apache country. They were not Mescaleros, but all Apaches are brothers. They prayed to Yusen, thanking Him for giving them the strength and courage to reach their homeland. That is the Apache way. There are many who make medicine when they need help, but few who remember to thank Him later, even for saving their lives.

In the Capitans, they stopped for a day's badly needed rest, for they knew the White Eyes could not catch them there. Later they killed a deer and feasted. Some time later they crossed Capitan Gap and saw the beautiful White Mountain.

"It is not far now to Mescal Mountain," said Lizard. "We can make it easily."

"It is there that the soldiers will look for me," said my father. "I will stay on the White Mountain, at least until the search is ended."

"It will never end," answered Lizard. "Our people are there. You want to see your parents, don't you?"

"Yes, but I do not want to be captured and sent to Florida."

"Nor do I. But the scouts said that all but the Chiricahuas were to be turned loose. I am a Tonkawa and they will not take me."

"Go to your people, then, if you are so sure you will not be hunted. I will stay on White Mountain until the search is ended."

But Gray Lizard persisted. "The White Eyes will not know how you look. Your wife said that after our escape she would tell the guards that you are a big tall man like Naichi, when they called your name and you did not answer. Maybe that will keep the White Eyes from finding you."

"Perhaps," replied Massai wearily. "But I will stay here awhile. We will go to the north of the White Mountain, and around to the west side. There we will part. I hope that some day we may meet again and be as brothers, as we always have."

The next day they divided the food and ammunition, and filled their new deer stomach water bag for Lizard. They prayed to Yusen for their reunion and then, in the Apache custom, they embraced and parted.

Massai stood on the slope above Three Rivers and watched Gray Lizard walk away toward the White Sands. He would go, he knew, by the Malpais Spring and our sacred peak in the San Andreas. Then, since he was not a Chiricahua, Gray Lizard would be safe with our people at Mescal Mountain. But my father would be an exile hunted like an animal as long as he lived.

Heavy hearted, Massai climbed the ridge of the White Mountain and descended the slope into the Rinconada. It was well named, for it is so secluded that to this day few people have seen that beautiful valley, nestled high on the peak.

In the Rinconada there is a little stream, grass, pinions, mesquite and greasewood. Game abounded there. Difficult of access from any point, it was a good place for my father to hide. He found a cave near a little pool where the deer came to drink, and began preparing for winter. He knew that he was not out of danger even in this wild, lonely spot, for Fort Stanton was only a few miles away and the cavalrymen liked to hunt. The report of his rifle might disclose his hiding place to a wandering hunter, so he made a bow and arrows for killing deer. He dried meat and tanned hides until he had a good supply. He was free—but terribly lonely. He knew that he would never see his wife and children again, and also that his wife would think him dead and marry again.

So it was with great happiness that he saw the ripening of the pinions that fall. Pinions bear perhaps one year out of four or five, but that fall there was a big crop. Massai knew that the Mescaleros would come to harvest them. They were Apaches and his brothers. They would not betray his presence to the soldiers unless they happened to be scouts. He would recognize the scouts by the red head cords and ammunition belts they wore. Badly as he needed ammunition, he would not kill a scout unless attacked. Even if a scout were ambushed and killed silently with arrow or knife, his comrades would miss him and track down his slayer.

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ONE morning, from his lookout ledge, Massai saw Mescalero women and children riding up horseback to camp only a short distance from his cave. For three days he watched, but no men joined them. He had food, but the smell of their boiling coffee tantalized him. More than anything else, he craved association with his people. Finally, on an evening when he could stand his loneliness no longer, he slipped quietly toward the camp.

Two women sat by the fire. Little children, wrapped in their blankets, lay with their feet toward the warmth. One of the women was telling them the legend of their people. The scene was so sweet and homelike, Massai felt his eyes mist and a lump come into his throat. He called to the women. They stood in alarm, and the children sat up in their blankets.

"Do not be afraid," he said softly. "I will not harm you."

He arose and walked toward them. When they saw he was an Apache they were not afraid. The children smiled and the women stood with shyly downcast eyes.

"Will my brother sit and eat?" invited one of the women.

"I have eaten. I have not tasted coffee for a long time."

She poured the hot liquid into a gourd and handed it to him. He drank slowly, enjoying the delicious flavor.

"Enjuh!" he said. "I cannot say how good it tastes."

Then he sat across the fire from the women and visited with them. They were sisters who had come to gather pinions. There were no White Eyes in that place, so they had nothing to fear.

"You are brave women; don't you fear strange Apaches?"

One of the women, the wife of Big Mouth, smiled and shook her head. "Now that my brother is close, we feel very safe."

Nor was there reason for them to fear Apaches, even strange Apaches, for they did not molest women. Other bad things they sometimes did, but they did not molest women. Not even white women.

When Massai rose to leave, they gave him all the coffee they had brought. He thanked them and left. As he went back to his cave, he thought of the women and of his lonely life and tried to put the thought out of his mind. He knew too that they would not betray him to the White Eyes.

He did not come again to their camp, nor did he visit any of the others who came to harvest the pinion nuts. He did not hunt while they were there. But when he thought all had left the Rinconada, he took his rifle and concealed himself at the pool where the deer came to drink. He concealed himself and waited.

Massai may have slept, for a splash in the pool suddenly alerted him. Three young women were bathing in the pool. He did not move, for according to age-old tribal law spying upon women was punishable by death. Yet he watched fascinated as the girls bathed; then got out of the water, dressed, and took down their long hair and braided it. An idea possessed Massai. Already he had forfeited his life; he would take one of these young women. He jumped from his place of concealment and reached the startled girls.

"Come!" he ordered the first.

"Do not take me, my baby would die," she pleaded.

He turned to the next. She stood transfixed like a frightened deer, slender and beautiful, poised for flight. Her long braids swept the ground. Massai caught the end of one and motioned her to walk in front of him.

The others followed, pleading with him not to take her. He motioned them to leave. "Do not take her," one begged.

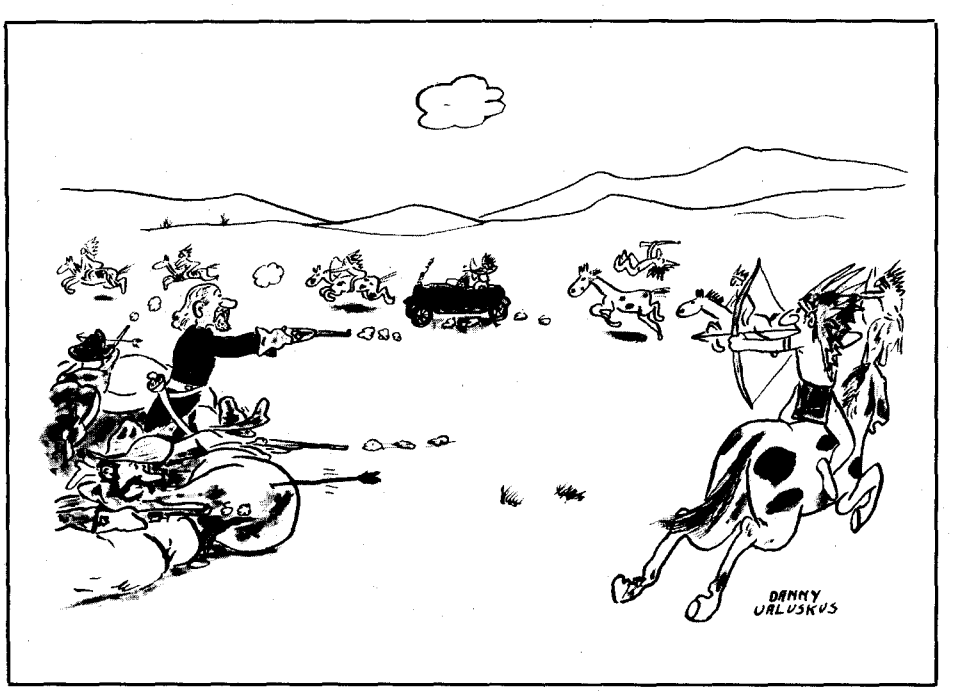
"Shall I take *you* instead?" he asked grimly.

They turned and fled.

With his rifle Massai motioned his captive on. They climbed to the mouth of the cave. He took the knife from her belt and tied her in the cave. Then he took food and water and placed them within reach of her.

"Here you will sleep tonight," he told her. "There are blankets to keep you warm."

He slept lying across the cave entrance that night. Awaking at sunrise, he lay for some time watching Holos brighten the east with his fiery glow and



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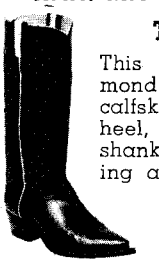

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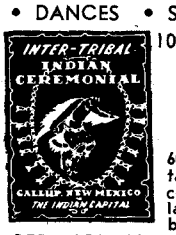

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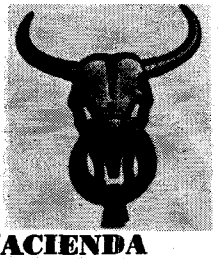

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thinking out his future plans. Finally he arose, his mind made up.

Working quickly, Massai packed his supplies on a wild horse he had tamed, then returned to the cave and motioned to the girl to make ready to travel. He freed her and waited outside the cave for her.

Both walked beside the laden packhorse, heading up the trail and crossing the ridge between the Rinconada and Three Rivers. All that day they walked. Massai wanted to get beyond reach of pursuit that he knew would come. He took the winding trail between the White Sands and the Malpais, walking on the rock as much as he could. He knew that trail and where to find water. Late that night he tied the girl, hobbled the horse, and they slept a few hours.

Before daylight they took the trail again. In the foothills of the San Andreas was water; there they camped and rested. Massai tied the girl to a tree while he hunted, telling her that if she escaped he would follow and kill her.

During the journey she spoke only in answer to questions, and then in monosyllables. After a week's traveling, Massai asked: "Have I mistreated you?"

She shook her head.

"Why, then, will you not talk to me?"

She raised her head to look him straight in the eyes. "You brought me by force. An Apache does not do that."

"Would you have come otherwise?"

"No!"

"Listen to me, then! It is true I took you, but I have respected you. Now, unless you continue the journey to my people willingly, I will give you the horse and food. You will be free to return to your home. If you go to my people, my mother will make the wedding feast for us. It is for you to decide."

My mother lowered her head.

"Which is it to be?" Massai's voice was stern, but my mother looked up into his eyes and saw what was in his heart.

"I will go with you," she murmured.

For the rest of the journey she rode the horse. She was happy, for—despite all—she knew that my father was a good man.

Massai's mother made the feast as she had promised, so that all the people of Mescal Mountain knew that this was a marriage. There were no vows to be broken, as White Eyes do. To Apaches, marriage is a sacred thing—not to be lightly undertaken nor ended. And though Massai had a wife, though he might never see her again, there was no obstacle to his marriage. Such was the custom of my people.

And so they were married.

THE years passed and my father and mother were very happy together; happier still when we children came. But still my father had to dodge the White Eyes, for the danger of discovery always threatened him. One dark day we fled Mescal Mountain to seek safety in the back country. Food was scarce on the trail; I remember clearly my father coming back to camp one day empty-handed.

He carefully placed his bow and arrows beside the rifle he had left with my mother; then seated himself with his back against a pine. I ran to him and nestled against his chest. He cuddled me in his strong arms and bent his head over mine.

"My little daughter, I brought no food. The deer have gone to the high mountains."

"You brought yourself; that is better."

"She speaks true, Massai," said Zan-a-go-li-che, my mother. "When you are with us we can endure hunger."

My father smiled tenderly at her. "You are a good wife, and my children are good. I am sorry you must share my danger."

My mother's face was beautiful to see. "Danger, like happiness, is to be shared, my husband."

As she spoke, she slipped the tsach from her back and took the baby from it. My little brother was old enough to walk and he liked to be free of his cradle. Zan-a-go-li-che reached for the buckskin food bag and gave each of us one handful of pulverized, dried venison, and mesquite bean meal. We dared not build a fire, but this is a good food raw and very nourishing. Though the portion did not satisfy our hunger, nobody asked for more. Each knew that when food was available there was no need to ask, for our mother fed us when she could.

My older brother, who was later named Albert, had brought a wicker jug of water from the spring. (Apaches did not use much pottery because they moved constantly and it was easily broken. They coated the reed jugs inside and out with pinion gum. The mouth was narrow and could be closed with a handful of the fine grass which they also used for packing the babies in the tsachs).

After we had drunk and lain on the ground, my father spoke:

"I should have left Mescal Mountain when the warnings first came. When Yusen speaks, the Apache should obey. He warned me first by the twitching of the eyelid that always means one is to see danger. But I knew that old Santos (a Mexican friend of the family) could not live long, and I would not leave him."

He was silent, staring, into the darkness. We waited.

"Now the White Eyes are on our trail," he went on. "Two mornings past, when I went to the place where I had hidden the horses, a man tried to ambush me. Not till he raised his rifle was I sure that he had seen me. Then I had no choice—I had to kill him. You heard the shots and asked why I wasted bullets on a deer. There was no deer, but a man."

My mother spoke. "His horse?"

"It got away."

"It will go home and there will be soldiers on our trail from his place."

"Yes; sheriffs too, perhaps. Cowboys maybe—and those I dread more than any soldiers."

There was silence again for a long moment. "They cannot know who fired the shot," ventured my mother.

My father's laugh was short and bitter. "When has there been a White Eye killed west of the Rio Bravo that his death has not been charged to Massai? When have I not been hunted like an animal?"

"But soldiers and Chiricahua scouts, too, came into our rancheria and did not find you, even though you were present when they inquired."

"They were looking for a tall man—one like Naichi—not for a short thin one like me."

"Why?"

"My friends, who were left on the train after my escape, must have told

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them I was very large to protect me from being caught."

My mother said no more. After a time my father spoke again: "I must tell you that Yusen has again warned me. This time He has spoken clearly so that there can be no mistake. I am not to reach Mescalero; I may not reach the Rio Bravo with you. But we are only one day's journey from the village of which I have told you."

He turned to Albert.

"My son, you are young to become the protector of your mother and the younger children. But you are well trained. Always I have forseen the need and have made a brave of you, boy

Mescalero woman and baby.

though you are. You are skillful with both bow and rifle. Bullets are swift and far-reaching, but arrows are silent and sure. Remember to use the rifle only when attacked by White Eyes. For game—the bow. It will obtain food for you."

"My father, I hear," replied Albert.

"I may not return in the morning. If I do not, take your mother and the children to the Mexican village on the Rio. Stay hidden in the brush until dark, for there may be White Eyes at that town. Watch for a house where there is no man, no big boy. Then, after dark, tap on the door and in the language of Santos, ask for help.

"I have talked with those who know the place. The railroad crosses the river there on a trail built of logs. You too can cross that trail, no matter if the river is high. Hide by day and travel by night toward the Rising Sun till you reach the spring at the foot of the mountains. Your mother knows that place. Stay by the water until you can kill game. Then head for the White Mountain and skirt it to the south. There you will find a trail into the Rinconada. Your mother knows that place also."

I saw my mother's sad face light in a smile of happy memory.

"From there she will guide you to her family. Stay on the Mescalero Reservation. It is my order."

"It will be obeyed, my father. But the horses?"

"You may not have the horses. The White Eyes cannot trail us, but they may be able to follow horses. I am telling you what to do if that happens."

My mother pulled the blanket over her face. My father went on, speaking quietly. "In the early morning I will go to the place where we hid the horses. You are to remain here. It is my order."

My brother bowed his head.

"If I do not return, my son, you are not to wait—you are to leave at once. It is safe to travel by day because of the dense undergrowth. Now we must sleep. I have spoken."

When I awoke it was still dark, but my mother was sitting up, listening.

"My brother?" I whispered.

She laid her finger on my lips. "He followed your father. Hush. . . ."

I huddled close to her in fear and she drew me under her blanket. The others slept. Just as the first gray light stole into the east I heard a shot, then another, crashing loud in the stillness. My mother hugged me to her. She made no noise, but her body shook.

It was daylight when I heard the light patter of moccasins. I touched my mother in the darkness. Soon my brother crept through the dense brush and joined us.

"They killed him?"

"I think so. The White Eyes had trailed the horses and were waiting for us. As he reached to untie his bay, there was a shot and he fell. Even as he did so he called to me to run. I did. I crossed the little hill and slid down the high, steep bluff. Then I circled widely, walking on the rock ledge so that they might not be able to follow. Let us start now, as he commanded."

My mother shook her head. "He may not be dead. I cannot go till I know."

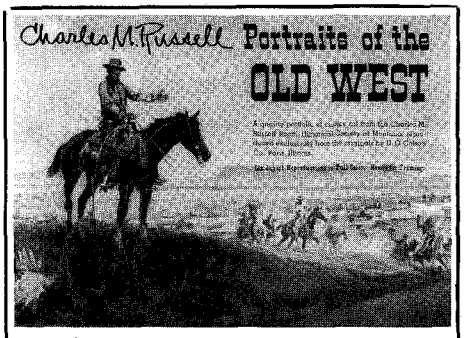
"They will be hunting for us. We must go!"

"Not even to save you children can I leave now. Take them and I will stay. Go to my people, as he told you. I do not fear death."

"But the baby! My sisters!"

"We will all stay. What does death mean now, that Massai is gone? I hope he is dead. Death is better than being a captive of the White Eyes."

We lay in the thick brush at the edge of the mesa and watched. There was a camp in the canyon, with many men and horses. Scouts left the camp, fanning out in all directions; some horseback and some walking. Toward evening they came straggling back.



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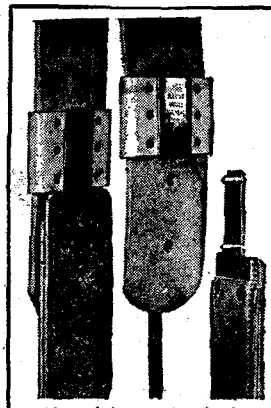

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My mother again gave each of us a handful of our emergency rations. We drank from the jug; and with the remaining water mother bathed the baby, warming the water in her mouth and letting it trickle over his little body. Then she wiped him dry with soft, clean grass and packed him again in the tsach. He wore no clothing, but she covered him with the soft skin of a lynx before lacing the buckskin straps across him.

The White Eyes were building a big fire—a much bigger fire than was needed for cooking. It burned far into the night, and must have been frequently replenished. Not even White Eyes kept a big fire going all night. I wondered why these were so foolish. Twice I awakened to find my mother still sitting, still watching.

Next morning we could see nothing, for the canyon was filled with fog. When it lifted there were no White Eyes, no horses, and only a little smoke.

My mother spoke. "I will go down and see if I can find his body. It must have burial. No Apaches would leave a relative or even a friend to the coyotes and vultures."

"But they may be waiting to ambush us," my brother objected.

"True. We must wait, keep careful watch all day. If we see nothing, we will risk going tomorrow."

"We are almost out of food," said my brother.

"Keep watch. I will try to find something."

"Let me try to kill a rabbit, mother?"

"Are we animals to eat raw meat? You know that we cannot cook it. No Apache would eat raw meat. There is still enough food for each to have a small bit. I will try to find some roots."

"Do not leave us, mother. On the way tomorrow we may find cactus food."

She sat down beside us and covered her head.

That night we went to bed without eating; the food must be saved for morning so that we would have strength for the walk. We had water—and with that alone an Apache can endure much hunger.

My brother spoke again before we slept. "My father was a good man. Why did the White Eyes hate him, hunt him like a mad wolf, and finally kill him?"

"It is a hard thing to understand, my son. We cannot know why they want to kill all Apaches. Already they have robbed us of everything we had; our game, our land, our freedom. It was not enough. They want our lives also. That is all I can tell you."

"May I go with you to the camp, mother?"

"Yes, my son. Very early in the morning. Try to sleep now . . ."

I think my oldest sister was about twelve. (We kept no records, of course.) She kept the baby and we three younger girls while my mother and brother were gone. We did not ask to go, we did not cry. Apache children do not disobey, they do not argue.

We huddled under the blankets until they returned. My mother carried a sack of meal and she gave each of us some of the food before she spoke. We ate it very slowly and when we had finished she gave us more.

"There is some for morning," she said.

We wanted to know about our father, but she did not tell us till long after. They had approached the camp cautiously, even after they felt sure there was no one there. They crept to the still-smoldering fire.

My mother took a long stick and stirred the ashes. There were partially burned sticks among them—and something else. Bones—charred bones. She raked them out of the ashes, laying them aside in a little heap. She tried to get every fragment. With them she found a small, blackened object—the buckle of an ammunition belt. She recognized the buckle by a dent made by a deflected bullet. She held it in her hands and talked to it:

"This is all I have left of you, my husband. All these years you took care of me and the children, and were kind to us. Now you are nothing but bones and ashes.

"The White Eyes thought you a bad man and hunted you like an animal. They shot you down like a wild beast. They burned you, so that in Yusen's land you would have no body. But Yusen knows all things and He can make you another body. To Apaches, the man who bravely defends his family, his home, and his people is a good man. He will not walk in darkness. To Yusen you are a good man. To me you are a good man, for I am an Apache. And I call to Yusen to avenge your death.

"I have nothing but this buckle and your memory. That is a good memory; one for your children to cherish. I have nothing to give your children but that memory, but it is enough. It will always give them courage. It will give them respect for the memory of their father.

"Right now your spirit may be here, listening. I cannot go with it on its journey, but always we will be with your memory."

She fastened the buckle to her belt with her knife and fire sticks. Then she wrapped the bones carefully in her shawl, and she and Albert scooped out a hole with their hands and a sharp stone and buried what was left of my father there. They heaped stones upon the grave, and left him to make The Journey. No horse. No weapons. Not even a body. But Yusen would know that an Apache and a brave warrior came. Yusen would understand.

We started toward the Rio. My mother carried the baby on her back and the rifle in her hands. Albert went ahead with his bow and spear. My oldest sister had one blanket; the rest we had to leave for we had no way to transport them. Cora had the water jug, and the third girl the food bag. I walked till I was exhausted, and then they took turns carrying me for short distances. We kept on the ridge as long as we could, and then stole from one clump of vegetation to another until we got near the village. We hid in a big clump of underbrush near San Marcial while my brother crept close and scouted the place.

He was gone about an hour; it was dark when he returned.

"There is one White Eye family at the tepee where the train stops," he reported. "The rest are Mexican. There are men at every house but one—that of an old woman at this edge of the rancheria."

"We go to that tepee," said my mother, "and ask for help."

When we tapped on the door a voice asked, "Quien es?"

In Spanish, mother replied: "A woman and children, cold and hungry."

The door opened.

"Pasen," said the old woman.

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Bannack—the first territorial capitol of Montana.

Ghosts and Near Ghosts

(Continued from page 15)

Southern Cross. Further downhill and in about the same worn-out condition, are the remains of Georgetown. Discoveries in the area began in 1867. Southern Cross was a lively gold camp in the seventies and had about 500 people in 1880. But only three or four of the little houses are occupied now. In one of these, living alone, is a retired miner and prospector whose name is John Ruskin. And when the snow is deep around his cabin, during the winter that goes into May, he sits by the stove and reads Schopenhauer and Immanuel Kant, Thomas Carlyle—and John Ruskin.

Helena and **Montana City:** As you drive north to Helena on U.S. 91, you pass by what was Montana City. There are only weed-covered mounds of gravel and tailings to see there now, but one Hurlburt had found colors there on Prickly Pear Creek in 1862. The town boomed after the big strike of August 18, 1864, helped when the discoveries at nearby Last Chance Gulch also came into fruition. Then, the swarming Last Chance Gulch stampede shaded it, and it began sliding down hill. The post office was moved to Clancy in 1872, and by 1880 only 50 people remained.

THE discovery in Last Chance Gulch, by John Cowan and company, was made July 21, 1864. In the spring of the year, twenty-five adventurers had left over-crowded Virginia City, hoping to find something better in the Kootenai Country. When they got a little west of Prickly Pear Valley, they met up with hostile Indians, and were turned back into the valley. Tired, broke and low on supplies, they resolved to take a last chance in a gulch they had passed up. As a result about 20 million dollars in gold has been added to the wealth of the country. Two years later, a more dignified name had been given the place, and Helena (named after a Minnesota town) had a population of 7500. However, photographs of the town, taken in the hectic spring of '65, picture excited confusion; miners were housed in log cabins, "wickiups", shacks and tents; narrow streets were blocked with men, ox trains, mule teams and pack trains. Wild cayuses plunged through the streets, every saloon was crowded, and carpenters sweated and pounded as they built store buildings, log cabins, sluice boxes—and coffins.

Jefferson City—on U.S. 91 halfway between Boulder and Helena—was settled in 1864 by the men stampeded from Alder Gulch en route to the new diggings at Last Chance Gulch (Helena). There were 200 people listed in the census of 1880; less than half that many are there today.

Laurin—on State Highway 34, between Twin Bridges and Virginia City—was established by J. B. Laurin, a Frenchman, who began operating his general merchandise store there July 15, 1863. The local residents call it "Loray", and Dimsdale refers to the place as "Lorraine's ranch" when he describes the hanging of G. W. Brown and "Red" Yeager. These two, among the first of Plummer's gang of road agents executed by the Vigilantes, were hung from a cottonwood tree on the Ruby River, about a quarter of a mile west of the store, January 4, 1864. The store is still standing, and so is the tree.

If you go to Laurin, you will also be duly impressed by an imposing red stone church called "St. Mary of the Assumption." The interior has beautifully carved woodwork and gilt work. The edifice seems incongruous among the weather-beaten sheds and vacant buildings around it. But they were there first.

Marysville—is 20 miles northwest of Helena. It began in 1876 when Tom Cruse, an illiterate Irish immigrant, discovered, or at least claimed, a strike he afterwards named the Drumlummon—after his birthplace in Ireland. It contained silver and gold in quantities, and, in 1880, he erected a five-stamp mill. Two years later, he sold out to a British company for one and one-half million dollars. He moved to Helena, founded a bank, rode around the city in an elegant carriage driven by a liveried coachman, and religiously attended every board meeting, although he had only recently learned to write his name. The British Company eventually went broke.

Marysville hit its peak about 1887, when it had a population of 2,000. The 1950 census showed 150. Most people doubted it.

Nevada City—about three miles west of Virginia City on State Highway 34—was one of the several smaller mining camps that sprung up along Alder Gulch after Bill Fairweather's big strike near Virginia City in May of 1863. The others were Centerville, Adobe Town, Junction, and Ruby. Hardly a trace now remains

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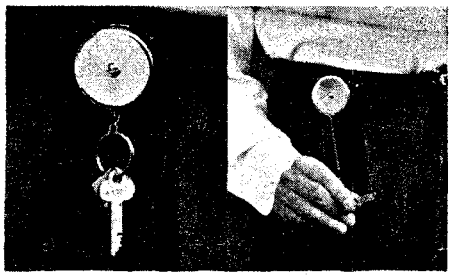

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of any of these, except Ruby. And at Nevada (for some reason, pronounced Nevayda by the local citizenry) only a few original buildings are left. You may see an old ore-wagon, posed prominently in front of a rather well preserved house still occupied as a residence. There are plans to restore the place. But that would take some doing—if restoration, rather than improvement is the object.

The town was incorporated February 9, 1865. There were once several thousand people there, but it fell below 300 by 1880. The first victim of vigilante justice, George Ives, was hung there December 21, 1863.

New Chicago—is reached by a turn-off, two miles south of Drummond, on U.S. 10A. It is about a mile and a half east of 10A on a good road.

In 1872, John A. Featherman, who had come to the territory in '64, established a general store in the community. It was on the old stagecoach line from Deer Lodge to Missoula, and the town flourished, until August, 1883, when the N.P. railroad was completed and the stageline was discontinued. At one time the population in the immediate vicinity reached about 550, but dwindled away toward the end of the eighties. Mrs. Linda Meyers, of Drummond, now in her middle seventies, was born here. She is the grandniece of John Featherman.

Several of the old structures, including several cabins and residences, the stage station and the school—built in the eighteen-sixties and seventies—are still standing.

Philipsburg, also on U.S. 10A, was founded in 1864, rose to a population of 800 in '67, fell back to 600 in 1880 and is back up to about 1000 now. Up in the hills nearby, was the town of Granite. At one time, it supported 3,000 people from the wealth of the Hope mine, which, between 1885 and 1892, produced $20,000,000 in gold and silver. There is nothing much to see there now.

THE old ghost town of **Pioneer** is not far north of Philipsburg, but is reached by driving south from Gold Creek, about seven miles. It was founded by some from the party of Captain J. L. Fiske who arrived from Minnesota on September 26, 1862. However at about the same time, there were many prospectors drifting in from the Pike's Peak district and the Cherry Creek diggings, near Denver. The miners considered these areas about played out and the strikes in the Deer Lodge country looked better. Pioneer hit its peak in '66 and '67 when the population was up to 800 or 1,000. But in 1885 there were only 300.

Francis "Slim" Slaughtner who was born in Pioneer about 65 years ago, still lives there in one of the cabins. But there are few neighbors, and he is one of a handful that remains. Several of the old houses are still standing. And there are three old stone commercial buildings which have stood since the 1860's; one was a store, one was a saloon, and the other was a postoffice.

Pony—six miles west of Harrison which is on State Highway One—was established in 1876 after a gold discovery the previous year. In 1877, W. W. Morris and Henry Elling, who were most instrumental in Pony's development, came to the camp from Virginia City, where Elling had established "California House", a men's clothing store, in 1863. By 1880, they owned the Clipper and Boss Tweed mines, the bonanzas of the camp, which, during their operations produced $5,000,000 in gold. At least $10,000,000 more was taken out from other sources.

Pony must have been quite a town in its day. In the residential district, there are several old Victorian two-and-three-story mansions still standing—much like those in Deer Lodge. Many old houses and outbuildings stand unused and vacant, and the business district is, for the most part, deserted. However, there is one lively business establishment, functioning in a brisk and efficient manner. It is located in a big old brick building and is an interesting composite of a hotel, general store, museum, curio shop, restaurant and saloon. One of the attendants behind the bar is Jim Flint, probably the oldest working bartender in the Northwest. He is ninety-five. His companion bartender in this multifarious establishment, named "Pony Club", is Bert Smith, who is also the owner. "Bert" is a woman.

Ruby, north of the highway between Laurin and Virginia City, is reached by following a side road diagonally southeast from Laurin. It was named for the ruby-colored garnet gravel, on the ground surface, which glints and glistens after a rain. During the rush into Alder Creek in '64, it became one of the satellite camps at the edge of the main Alder Gulch Development. It was never a large town, but it experienced a revival in the 1890's when a huge dredge was put into operation under the sponsorship of Harvard University.

There are several miners' cabins and larger residences, some built in the sixties, still standing there. Some are still used as dwellings and are now occupied.

Sun River, is located 20 miles west of Great Falls, a mile south of the highway (U.S. 89) on the stream of the same name. A gold strike of relatively small proportions was made here in 1866. But it caused a tragic rush which stampeded some 3,000 people into the district, where they congregated, without provisions or shelter, in mid-winter. Many were frozen in seven feet of snow and were not found until spring.

Sun River was established in 1867, but the first house had been built in '65. It never was much of a town; by 1883 there were only 150 people there. Fort Shaw was established nearby and Gibbon marched from there, in 1876, to join Custer, on the Little Big Horn. Nothing much of historical interest remains in Sun River now. And, Charley Bovey has removed some of the old buildings to his Great Falls museum, which he calls "Old Town".

Wickes—is south of Corbin, about five miles southwest of Jefferson City, which is on U.S. 91. The town was settled in 1877. The biggest mine was the Alta, and three hundred miners were once employed there. There are thirty-nine miles of tunnels underneath it, and the total yield in lead, gold and silver was over $32,000,000. In 1886, when the N.P. completed a branch line into the town, there was a population of 1500, with five dance halls and 22 saloons. After disastrous fires in 1900 and 1902, there was not much left of the town. Even less remains now—but the smelter stacks are still standing.

Sheridan—nine miles south of Twin Bridges, is on State Highway 34, on the way into Alder Gulch. It is not historically important, but it became a town when nearby Bivins' Gulch was developing, during the rush of 1864, as part of the Alder district.

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As we go through the Ruby area, and into the Gulch, we come to "Robbers' Roost", only a few yards off the road, and about fifteen miles northwest of Virginia City.

Robbers' Roost—between Sheridan and Laurin, was Pete Daly's place, stage station and roadhouse. It became a hangout for a cutthroat gang of criminal "road agents" that intriguing bunch of social cast-offs which drifted in from the Idaho camps of Florence, Elk City and Lewiston. During 1862 and '63, it became the headquarters for Henry Plummer and company. This big two-story building is still well-preserved, with porch and veranda.

IF you stop there, and are met by the caretaker, who may be a gentleman of disagreeable appearance, you may have just cause to regard him with sceptic appraisal. He may possibly be somebody's hired lackey, who recites memorized portions of Dimsdale's account of the Vigilante activities, while selling his sleazy store of curios. He may turn out to be a relative newcomer in Alder Gulch, from North Dakota.

Bill Fairweather, age 39, died here August 25, 1875. His strike set off the explosion of Alder Gulch.

Virginia City—(Sometimes called "the Williamsburg of the West"), on State Highway 34, has been so widely publicized that not much more should be added here. That will give us space for the sort of comment which follows:

To begin with, Virginia City was founded by Bill Fairweather's strike May 26, 1863. The town was incorporated December 30, 1863, by an act of the United States Congress; Montana was not yet a state or territory. That action was unique. It never happened before—or since—and can't happen again. The Second Legislative Assembly voted Virginia City the capital of Montana Territory February 2, 1865. At its peak there were about 6,000 people in the city proper, and twelve to fifteen thousand in the Alder district. On November 2, 1866, the telegraph line from Salt Lake City to Virginia City was completed, and the first telegram was sent to President Andrew Johnson. Postal deliveries began shortly after Fairweather's strike. But, since there were no post offices in Montana Territory in '63, letters were brought in from Salt Lake at a cost of $2.50 each—later the charge was dropped to one dollar. By 1869, there were thirty-eight post offices in Montana, and mail was delivered three times weekly.

Virginia City is still the county seat of Madison County; but the Court House, which was erected in 1876, was optimistically built as a State Capitol. The last desperado hung, by Vigilante action, was on the grounds of this building, in 1878. During 1863, 198 murders, justifiable or not, took place. That was in six months—about one a day. During January 1864—the Plummer gang was wiped out by the Vigilantes and thirty desperadoes were hung—about one a day.

The upstairs portion of "Bob's Place", a saloon which used to be called "Content Corner", was Montana's first capitol building. It is directly across the street from the Fairweather Inn, a hotel which used to be the "Anaconda Saloon", but is now a composite building whose front porch and veranda were attached after being taken and transported from the old Goodrich Hotel in Bannack. In the earlier years, Tom Farrell operated the "Madison House", called the "Five-story Hotel", established in the '60's, of single story construction, but descending downhill the equivalent depth of five stories. Tom was a prominent horseman, auctioneer and Confederate soldier.

The first name given Virginia City was Varina, often mispelled and written Verona. This was the name of Jefferson Davis' wife; but the name of the town was speedily changed by an influential judge of strong Union sympathy. Professor Thomas J. Dimsdale, English and eccentric, wrote a complete history of the "Vigilantes of Montana". The "Montana Post", the first territorial newspaper, established August 21, 1864, serialized this work from August 26, 1865 to March 14, 1866. Dimsdale died shortly thereafter. But, he had established himself as the first teacher in the first school in Montana, August 22, 1864.

The present population of Virginia City is about 350—but you now see it as a restored "ghost town". It is fortunate that, through the efforts of Charles A. Bovey, the old town has been restored. He spent a good deal of his own personal fortune in the process. It may be somewhat unfortunate for his-

"Old Robbie" Robinson, last remaining resident of Diamond City, Montana. Original building before which he is standing was once a stage station, and burned down in December, 1958.

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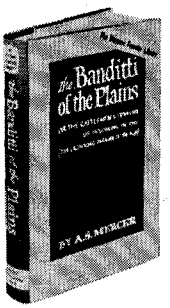

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torical authenticity that some of the restoration should be labeled "improvements".

If you go to this old place, look up the Town Marshall, Harold Gohn. He was born here, and his grandfather, who came from Colorado to Virginia City in 1863, was a prominent citizen, in the wild old days.

Before we conclude this directory, let us once again mention old Bannack, a town originally named East Bannack to distinguish it from Bannack City, in Idaho. When they named Bannack City, "Idaho City", East Bannack became just "Bannack". Major John Owen's *Journal* of May 22, 1863, reports that "Between two and three thousand emigrants from Pike's Peak, the States, and Salt Lake have already arrived in this country, this spring—and the road from Bannack is lined with them and their wagons".

A highway marker near Bannack reads: "Henry Plummer, Sheriff and secret chief of the road agents was hanged at Bannack in '64 by the Vigilantes. It tamed him down considerably".

Now, if, at this point of conclusion, some disputatious gentleman should care to remark about the many ghost towns not included here in comment or report, let him have his way. He's right.

Not all of the dead towns are accessible. Not all are very old, or very interesting or colorful. And not all of them have much historical significance.

The mere fact that a town—sometimes only a station is deserted, with some portion still standing, is only *prima facie* evidence that it should be considered among the great old places herein reported.

I have picked a few—probably most of the important ones—in the region of the Montana Rockies where the first gold discoveries, and the resulting mining camps, were located. And I have tried to give greater emphasis to those settlements which have been less known and not so much publicized.

Some of them are not yet asleep—not by a long shot.

Some have crumbled to ruin. Dead and gone. But vivid memories linger, to thrill the casual traveler or the earnest student of Western history.

Anybody Want a Lost Mine?

(Continued from page 27)

October 29, 1956. She quoted Duckett as relating that he followed a faint trail about three-fourths of a mile up the hill among the dwarf junipers and piñon pines and suddenly met an Indian. By signs, he made the Paiute understand that he needed water. The Indian led him along a trail until they came to a large ravine. They followed it downhill about a quarter of a mile where the Indian uncovered a hole in the rocks containing water.

Duckett dipped out the fluid in a can to refuel himself and his horses.

Then he asked the Paiute if he knew the location of any gold. Reluctantly at first, the Indian finally admitted he knew the location of some rich ore. He showed Duckett two or three specimens of picture rock to prove his statement. Duckett knew real high-grade when he saw it and he wanted some. He dickered with the Indian, who finally agreed to show him the location in exchange for the prospector's pack horse. They made the deal and the Paiute led him over the hills a couple of miles to an outcropping that was so rich Duckett's eyes bulged with surprise, he later declared.

The Indian, who didn't need the gold, rode away happily on his new nag, probably figuring that white men were crazy to trade a well-broken horse for a pile of rock.

Duckett gathered up a sackful of the rich ore weighing about fifteen pounds and returned to his camp.

Then he began to get scared and thought to himself, "The best thing I can do is get the hell out of here before those Indians come after me and my other horse." He quickly filled his canteens at the spring, cached most of the ore nearby and hurried north.

THE next morning he spotted two Indians on his trail. They caught up with him after awhile. One had a pistol, the other a bow and arrow. The latter jumped off and reached for the reins of the prosecutor's horse.

"He mine—gimme," the Indian grunted.

"No," Duckett snorted, at the same time pouring a load of buckshot into the Paiute's belly.

"That's funny. The map says three paces forward, then it ends!"

The gun shot made the other Indian's horse rear and the prospector swung, taking a shot at his second attacker. He later said he thought he had killed him, too, but didn't stay to see, "heading home in a hell of a hurry."

He made the return trip in less than two days and was back in Belmont on the fifth day after he left; evidence that he hadn't wasted any time.

Anyway, that's the story Duckett told and the four pounds of ore he did bring back which netted him thirty dollars.

Three years later Ed Gobin and Frank Hamilton, the latter being the fellow for whom the stupendous White Pine silver strike metropolis of the late sixties was named, furnished an outfit and with Duckett headed south to locate the rich outcrop. This time the group went south from Hamilton, down the White River Valley to Hiko, proposing to cross the Irish Mountains and enter the Pahute Plateau country from the east. Indians, more irate than ever at the continued influx of white men into their hunting lands and forests, halted them, threatening death if they continued into the Paiute country. They turned back.

Mrs. Read wrote that Duckett tried several times later to find his treasure trove but never located it and finally departed for the Cripple Creek strike. Before going he turned over a map to a friend, an Ely man named Pierce. The latter passed it on to his sister, Mrs. Clara Dunwoody, who is said to have sought to chase down Duckett's hidden pot of gold for fifteen years without finding it.

Old-timers are pretty certain that Duckett's rich outcrop lies on the flank of the Black Mountains and that the Indian's waterhole probably was Pillar Spring. Anybody can find these on a good Nevada map, about twenty five miles north of Beatty, the old Amargosa Valley mining town one hundred fourteen miles northwest of Las Vegas. A desert road swings north from U. S. 95 about ten miles northwest of Springdale and goes right over a flank of Black Mountain and across Gold Flat.

There seems little doubt that Duckett had four pounds of $15,000 a ton ore he'd found someplace and apparently nobody has yet located that spot, since no subsequent mine ever was located in that section of the desert. So you see, this may be really a rich lost mine yet to be rediscovered.

But it appears doubtful that anybody will ever get Duckett's lost gold because Black Mountain today is inside the U.S. Government's gunnery and atom bombing range and travel is entirely restricted to those having official business in that region. It is only fair to warn any overly-enthusiastic lost mine addicts that the least that can happen if they get caught out there, hunting the Lost Duckett, probably will be a stretch in the federal pokey. There is a possibility they might become a target for a big bomb and become even more "lost" than Duckett's mine ever was.

So, don't buy any maps showing the Lost Duckett unless you want to use them to paper the den wall or start a fire. That's all they're good for.

Death-Lot at Chihuahua

(Continued from page 31)

he had become their leader. He was now taking a base advantage of his comrades. The old jailer had proved incorruptible. The judge had not wavered from his stand of stern and impartial justice, though it meant the possible loss of the best hatmaker in Chihuahua —Ellis Bean. Blind chance was the executioner—an executioner he could, if he would, escape.

He did not want to die. Life was infinitely precious—and wasn't he the most worthy to live. He was the youngest—and wouldn't the six survivors of the fatal drawing need him to lead them back to Natchez on the Mississippi? His brain whirled with conflicting emotions, he could not rest in his bunk or carry on a conversation with his unsuspecting mates.

On Sunday afternoon, the old jailer brought a tin cup half-filled with kidney beans. Outside the prisoners' barred window, the old man sat down beside an up-ended box and sorted out seven brownish-red and two black beans, all exactly of a size. He threw the rest into the dust of the jail yard, where scrawny chickens gobbled them up. He left the tin cup on the window ledge, out of reach of the fowls; ready for use the next morning. The prisoners could see the nine fateful beans sprinkling the bottom of the cup.

Ellis Bean went time and again to the window to stare at the beans, until his comrades warned him, "You'll go plumb loco, Ellis, if you don't stay away

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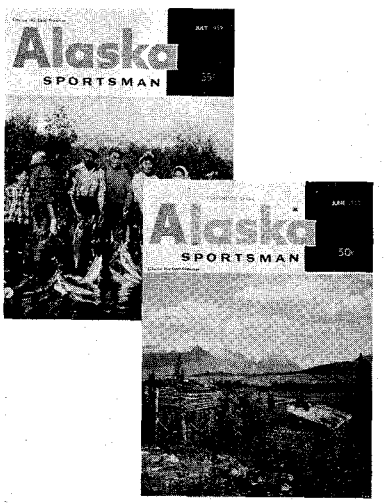

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from that window. Get your mind off'n the beans."

Their unsuspecting concern and their greater calm made him feel inferior in manhood, and all the guiltier for the secret advantage he possessed over them. His keen eyes noticed that the two black beans did not fail to have the minute differentiation in form which he had come to recognize. But what if it rained during the night, and the beans swelled irregularly?

PUNCTUALLY at ten o'clock on Monday morning, the constable came with two assistants—the tribunal of the death-lot. One assistant had a pencil and a tablet of paper. The other carried a drum, upon which rested a bundle of scarfs.

The jailer lifted the tin cup of beans and handed it to the constable. The constable threw the beans out upon the ground and the frowsy chickens came running.

Inside the jail, the constable said, "Señores, you have played *mucho* dice. you play now for the big stake. Each of you will throw a pair of dice at once upon the drumhead. The added two numbers will represent each man's score; the lowest and next to the lowest totals will be the ones to satisfy the King's decree. Do you understand, señores?"

Ellis Bean felt almost faint with relief—with release from the terrible burden of treachery on his conscience. Then, illogically, he felt a flash of anger at the sudden twist of destiny. He was a poor hand at throwing dice, it seemed hardly fair to force him to gamble his life on a single cast of the devilish cubes . . . After all his study and practice with the beans, he felt somehow that the crafty Spaniards were cheating him out of all chance for his life. Had they suspected his treachery?

"Scarf them, Pedro," commanded the constable. "Cover their eyes with double folds."

Pedro first tested the blindfold on himself. Then, satisfied, went swiftly about the job of blindfolding the prisoners. The other assistant stood ready with his pencil and tablet. When the eyes of the nine Americans were covered, he began inquiring their ages and listing them in downward order from Ephraim Blackburn, the oldest, to Ellis Bean. "You will throw the dice in that order," declared the constable.

They stood in a circle around the drum. Blackburn, quickly and without a word, knelt and made his throw.

The rattle of the dice upon the drumhead, the movements of the thrower, and the pencilling of the clerk were the only sounds to break the tense stillness until the clerk called out the name of the next man to shoot.

The third man, Tony Waters, asked. "Señor Constable, can't we remove the blindfold after we've shot?"

"Señor, consider the unreasonableness of your request. You would be freed of suspense the moment you saw two lower totals than your own—and how great would be your agony until you saw them! No, Señor, I must deny your request."

Seven men had cast, each hoping that his dice had not been the lowest. None spoke; only their heavy breathing betrayed their tension.

"Caesar," called the clerk.

"Yessuh," replied the Negro, extending a yellow palm for the dice. He lifted them to his lips, kissed them, and cried fervently, "Ol' Lady Luck, you shore ain't gwine leave me now!"

Caesar knelt, whispering "Seben come eleben," and limbered up his arm with a few circular swings. The other could hear the faint clicking of the bones in his palm—but they did not hear the two dice fall upon the drumhead.

"Cast!" ordered the constable impatiently.

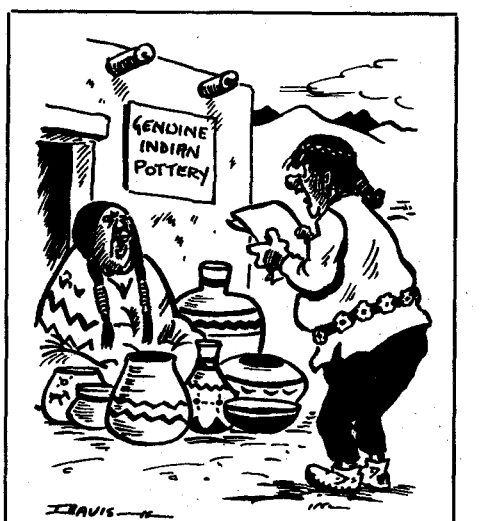
"Jest a minute, seenuh, suh. Ah's a little nerv'us."

"Cast, I say!" commanded the constable.

"You makin' me *mo'* nerv'us, suh, when you holler like dat."

The taut drum gave out a little rumble at the simultaneous impact of the two cubes. Bean's sharp ears caught no after-sound of their rolling; they lay still where they had fallen. Bean suspected that the cunning Caesar, in the time he had played for, had felt the big numbers before he threw.

As Bean's name was called, a messenger came pounding at the jail door. "I come from the judge, señor," he said to the constable. "Only one must die. The judge talked to the padre, and the padre said if he killed a fifth of a man unlawfully it would be murder enternally upon his soul."



"It's from Washington. They want to know how soon we can re-tool and start making bombsights."

There were eight breathings-out in a concerted sigh. The chance of escape for each prisoner had been doubled. Caesar was the sighless one. "Seenuh, suh," he asked concernedly, "us don't got to shoot all over again, do us? Not ev'ry bit?"

"No," said the constable, "it alters nothing except that now only the lowest one is condemned instead of the lowest two."

CAST, Señor Bean," said the clerk.

Immediately after Ellis had cast, the blindfolds were removed from all the prisoners. The clerk began to read off the scores, but not in the same order the throws had been made.

"Caesar," he called out.

"Yessuh."

"Don't you have a last name?"

"Nosuh, jes' Caesah."

"Are you a freeman?"

"Befo' bein' in de calabozo, Ah was Cap'n Nolan's man, seenuh, suh. Dese white genle'men bosses me a heap, but Ah reckon Ah'm a freeman now, suh."

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"By the bald-headed Elijah, señor!" cried out Tony Waters, "don't keep us waitin' forever. Give us the scores!"

The clerk ignored Waters' outburst. "Señor Caesar, will you hold out your open right hand?"

He laid a dice in the Negro's palm. Caesar cuddled the cube tenderly.

"What is the number? The number next to your sensitive skin?"

"Ah reckons it's a five, suh."

The clerk permitted himself a slight smile. "Your score, Señor Caesar, was the highest of all—six and six."

"All right—it ain't goin' to be him," half-shouted Tony Waters, "but who is it goin' to be? The other scores, señor, in the name of mercy!"

"No," agreed the unruffled constable, "Señor Caesar is not for the hangman. He has won his life, and señores, it is not to be the life of a slave. There was once a black señor, Estevanico by name, whom we very much honor. He came to Chihuahua two hundred and sixty-nine years ago, all the way across the continent with Cabeza de Vaca in 1536. Then he guided Friar Marcos to the neighborhood of the Seven Cities of Cibola. And this led to the great expedition of Coronado—"

"Señor!" cried Tony Waters, "do you enjoy dragging out our agony?"

The constable bowed from the waist. "Indeed, señores, I lack consideration to forget your great interest in the other scores. The clerk will give them without further interruption on my part."

"Joseph Reed," read the clerk, and paused to glance at Reed's blanched face, "six and five, a total of eleven."

He went on rapidly and without interruption through five others to Ephraim Blackburn, two and one.

Then the clerk paused again. Ellis Bean was the only one left. "I reckon I'm it," he said hoarsely, drawing a deep breath.

"You were, Señor Bean, a quarter of an hour ago," corrected the constable. "But the padre's last-minute counsel to the judge has saved you from execution, though four-fifths of your body belongs lawfully to the hangman. Your score was four and one."

All looked at Ephraim Blackburn. The constable ceremoniously shook hands with him. "I am sorry, señor," he said gravely. "Your execution will take place at ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

"That padre," murmured Ellis Bean, "that blessed, blessed padre!"

Siege at Battle Rock

(Continued from page 21)

recovering nicely. On the fourteenth day all eyes were on the blue Port Orford roadstead. Would the ship return? Morning spilled over into afternoon. Night came, but there was no sign of the ship.

Before dawn on the fifteenth day they could hear the war chant of Indians down the beach. When the sun broke through the morning mist they saw at least four hundred warriors. Again, they were doing their war dance—round and round, screaming and chanting, turning to twang their bow strings at Battle Rock.

The chief who conducted the "wawa" with Captain Kirkpatrick was their leader now. The war dance ceased. The whites could hear his war talk above the angry growl of the surf. Then they came on for the attack; the chief well out in front of his painted warriors.

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Captain Kirkpatrick and his few men watched silently, gripping their rifles, the tarred end of the rope in the fire again.

"B'Jasus, let's try that chief with our rifles. Take him at a hundred yards, and we will still have time to reload before the red devils get on the rock. I'll give the word to fire."

Kirkpatrick and his riflemen took careful aim. "Fire!" The reports of the rifles blended into one. The chief pitched forward on the beach, rolled over on his back and lay still. It stopped his warriors in mid-stride. They stood staring at his body. There was silence, save for the pound of the surf and the raucous cries of the startled seabirds along the cliffs. They carried their chief down the beach.

More warriors appeared from the direction of Rogue River. They were led by another chief. He soon collected additional warriors about him and started another charge. Again, Captain Kirkpatrick and his men dropped the chief of the attacking warriors, stopping the attack dead in its tracks. The Indians drew back to the dunes for another "wawa". More warriors came up the coast to join them.

After a long talk, a small detachment of Indians were left to watch the whites. The others withdrew a mile down the beach, where a number of campfires were built.

"They have decided on a night attack, boys. No chance for us to slip away, either. They have left that bunch to watch us until dark. If we could get into the wood, we might make the settlements up the coast."

THE schooner *Sea Gull,* which was supposed to call within fourteen days, lay in San Francisco harbor, a writ of attachment for debt preventing her from sailing. Captain Tichenor prevailed on the steamer *Columbia* to touch at Port Orford on its way north to Portland, Oregon.

When the steamer *Columbia* stood in for the Port Orford roadstead, there wasn't a sign of life on the beaches. The Indians were gone; the whites had disappeared. The ship moved inshore as close as the Captain dared bring it before dropping anchor. The commander personally led the shore detail. Standing in the stern sheets of the small boat, the Captain studied the shore through his spyglass and shook his head. "I don't like the looks of this. It's too quiet."

Beaching their boat, the men fanned out cautiously along the shore. Suddenly a sailor called out, "Captain! Here's a dead white man behind this pile of seaweed!"

The sailor had made the discovery near the foot of Battle Rock. The battered corpse was that of a white man, wearing a red shirt.

Another sailor, spotting the deserted cannon atop Battle Rock, walked up the narrow ledge. "There's blood all over the ledge!" he yelled. "The rocks are scarred with shot."

The shore detail, led by the Captain of the *Columbia,* made its way up the steep trail to the scene of the terrific struggle.

Penciled on a stump of a tree was a cryptic sign, "LOOK BENEATH." Digging below the sign they found a sheet of paper. The Captain read the message aloud: "We are surrounded by four hundred Indians hungry for our scalps, on the one side; by thousands of miles of water on the other. We are at least a hundred fifty miles from the nearest settlement. We have little grub, and are nearly out of ammunition. If the Indians make a night attack and rush us, we certainly cannot defend ourselves against so many . . ."

By the time the Captain finished reading the message, all hats were off, heads bowed.

After further investigation, the little group returned to the beach. They scouted along the sand dunes until they came to the spot where the Indians had made their funeral pyre. Charred bits of human bones and teeth in the ashes convinced them that the little garrison had died to a man.

But they hadn't considered the resourcefulness of Captain Kirkpatrick. When the Indians became convinced that the whites indeed planned to stay on Battle Rock, they withdrew their sentinels down the beach. Kirkpatrick took advantage of this unguarded interval to get his men into the woods.

They abandoned everything except their rifles and what little ball and powder remained. For rations the men had three sea biscuits each. Traveling light, they headed up the coast toward the settlement on Oregon's Umpqua River. They moved at a dog-trot until nightfall—rested until moonrise, then resumed their flight. Eventually, Captain Kirkpatrick guided his party to safety in the Umpqua River settlement. Other whites awaited their coming, having been informed by a friendly Indian that some Boston men with a "Hiyou Skookum Gun" had killed many Indians at Port Orford, then escaped up the coast.

The white man, which the party from the *Columbia* found dead on the beach was Red Shirt, the chieftain who led the first attack. Later investigation indicated he was saved from the wreck of a Russian trading vessel which came ashore on the southwestern coast of Oregon. He had lived with the Indians since he was fourteen years old. Being white, the Indians refused to cremate him with their own dead. Captain Kirkpatrick's men buried him on the beach, but an exceptionally high tide had washed him out of his shallow grave.

This fight at Battle Rock was the first time the Rogue River Indians and allied tribes had lost a battle to the whites. Usually they inflicted more casualties than they received in their engagements with the explorers and settlers, which fact probably accounted for their foolhardy tactics in the Battle Rock fight. Fearless, red-headed Captain Kirkpatrick and his "Hiyou Skookum Gun" became a legend among them. They called that battle bad medicine, but Captain Kirkpatrick called it the luck of the Irish.

The Perversest Man

(Continued from page 23)

try. I'll fight my way on foot, right through the pesky Blackfeet. Damned if I'll climb over rocks and wade through snow!"

The party voted to take the mountain route. McLellan looked at the priming of his rifle and swung his pack to his shoulder. "The hell with you then," he growled, "I go alone!"

Go alone he did. The mountain party encountered deep snow, although the season was now only early October. Men fought their way waist-deep through drifts; they climbed cliffs half a thou-

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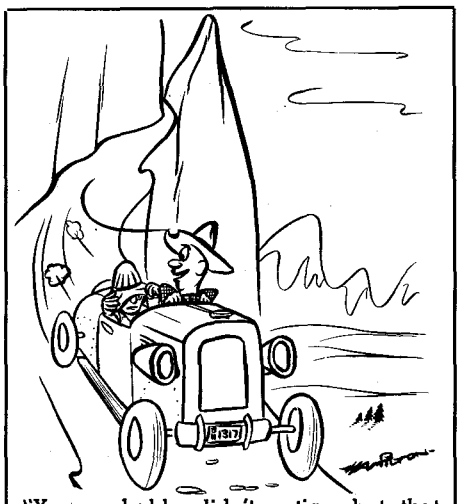
sand feet tall. And when they came again to the flat prairie of Wyoming, there was McLellan! They hailed him. He did not reply. When they made camp that night, he made his own a few hundred yards distant. His tiny campfire blinked against the darkness, defying man, beast or devil.

The sick man hindered the party. Game had now vanished once more and the men were close to starving. The last scraps of bear and elk meat were devoured, and the men talked constantly of food. McLellan killed a wolf, from whose gaunt carcass he ate. The time came when nothing was left except the skeleton. He carried the bones with him, occasionally gnawing upon them.

One evening the party spotted beaver signs near a stream, and set a trap. Next morning they rushed to the set. A beaver had been in the trap, sure enough, but had gnawed his way free leaving a paw behind. The men boiled the paw and drank the water. Then, in black despair, they sat with heads bowed.



"You probably didn't notice, but that pass isn't wide enough for a car with fenders to get through."

From a distance, McLellan hailed them with biting scorn. "Cowards!" he shouted hoarsely. "Die, damn you, you ain't got the guts to live! I'm going on!"

Stung and ashamed, they lurched to their feet and stumbled wearily along in the zero-cold wind. For the following twelve days they had nothing at all to eat. The twelfth night, more dead than alive, they discussed the gruesome subject that had been on all their minds—cannibalism. They would throw lots to determine the victim; Stuart to be exempt, the lone wolf McLellan also to be exempt.

Stuart, hunkered before the fire, reeled to his feet. He lifted his rifle, clubbing it, and smashed the butt into the face of the man who had first made the grisly suggestion. The other members of the party huddled back, eyes gleaming wildly in the last stage of desperation.

"No, by God!" gritted Stuart between clenched teeth. "If he can be a man, so can we!"

Maybe their starvation-crazed minds bred fantasies, but it seemed to them that McLellan's harsh voice cried out from his solitary camp, "Cowards, Call yourselves men, do you? Cowards!"

The bestial gleam went out of their eyes, and they dropped panting beside the fire, awaiting another day.

TOWARD mid-morning they came across an old buffalo bull on the point of death from age. They scarcely waited to kill it before they slashed strips of meat from the carcass and crammed them down their throats. Hunger appeased, they looked around. McLellan had not come into sight. When he failed to appear, they sought him, and found him at last collapsed.

"I'm not ready to die—just resting," his wasted lips muttered. They did not urge him to join the main party, but join them he did, eating buffalo meat as tough as sagebrush and just about as nutritious. But to these starving men, the meat was more delicious than the finest steaks.

The buffalo meat didn't last long. Day after day the men plodded on, hunger twisting their bellies once more. They were out of Blackfeet country now, into the land of the Sioux. No game appeared anywhere. Miraculously, the stricken member of the party had improved and was able to walk without aid.

Again starvation set in. The men stumbled on dazedly—emaciated, dirty, bearded, ragged automatons. On the skyline appeared an abandoned Indian village. The men scrounged around, but everything of value had been removed by the nomadic tribesmen, except for three dead warriors, buried as was the Sioux custom, above ground. The starving men stared at the bodies and hunger surged in them. Only the wail of the wind across the prairie sliced into the deathly silence.

Stuart turned away, his bloodless lips tightly compressed. He staggered eastward, away from the three bodies.

Nobody moved to follow him. A man laughed, high-pitched. McLellan drew himself upright and cried, "Think your animal thoughts, turn into beasts if you want! But, as for me, I eat no man's flesh—white or red!"

He followed Stuart, and the rest of the party, one by one, dragged after him.

Luck now turned. Presently the gaunt wanderers came upon a camp of friendly Indians, short of rations, but with enough food to spare to alleviate the white men's starvation.

Prospects were still dark, however. A man grumbled, "We'll never find food again. There's no game anywhere in this section of hell. We'll starve to death in this damned wilderness!"

McLellan glared at him. "For the love of God, man, stop whining! There's game somewhere. We'll find it."

He got up painfully from his blanket, loaded and primed his rifle. Nobody offered to accompany him; he went out alone. An hour passed—and then, from a distance, came the boom of McLellan's heavy rifle. The men crawled to their feet and moved toward the spot whence the shot had sounded.

McLellan had killed a fat, fully grown buffalo. Plenty of meat now. Enough food to give the men strength to reach Fort Osage on the eastern edge of the Great American Desert; St. Louis was only a relatively short distance beyond. Here would be beefsteak and whiskey and women. Later the party would go to New York City and report to John Jacob Astor the situation of his fur trading post on the Oregon coast.

Robert McLellan? He was the perversest man. Although history does not record it, he probably spent the rest of his life being perverse.

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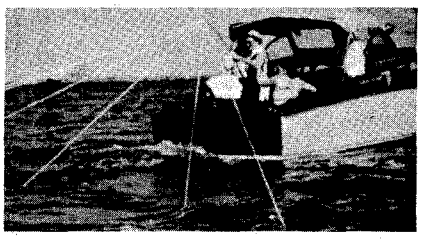

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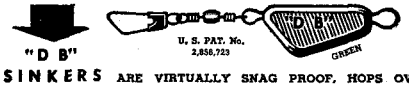

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 5)

his knee; dropping an empty cartridge box from his waist and drawing and hitting it with the wad and muzzle blast of his shot before it hit the floor, etc. All in all, we had a bang-up good time. The silver dollar exhibition was particularly interesting to me, since I knew the old-timers used that stunt to determine their speed. Dee showed with the timer that it takes a silver dollar, dropped from a height of four feet, 40/100ths of a second to hit the ground. Figuring from that standard, a crack modern gunslinger like Dee is better than three times faster than the storied gunmen of the Old West. Incidentally, he rates Keno Henderson as the fastest draw on TV.

Now that the gunsmoke has cleared out of the office a bit, I think this whole "fast gun" craze can best be evaluated in relation to the man-killers of the Old West in the words of the following writer—a gent who is getting a bit fed up with all the modern day gunslingers.

Dee Woolem in Joe's office.

Dear Editor:

Your magazines are OK, so I'm not going to tell you how to run them. You know more about that than I do.

There seems to be a lot of argument and confusion about this fast draw craze. People think that all that is necessary to win a gun-fight is to be quick on the draw. This is childish conversation for 10-year-old boys. Let me illustrate the fallacy of this idea.

Jesse James was quick on the draw; Charlie Ford didn't mind that.

Ford was quick on the draw; Kelly didn't mind that.

Bill Hickok was quick on the draw; Jack McCall didn't mind that.

Charley Ricker, sheriff at Casper, Wyoming, was quick on the draw; Woodard didn't mind that.

Woodard was quick on the draw, but ranchman Owens didn't mind that. Owens just knocked Woodard on the head with a clawhammer. Woodard's six-shooter was still in its holster on his belt when they lugged him off.

I was tending bar in different places in Wyoming fifty years ago and saw two men killed. I carried out both of them. One was a construction gang worker, the other was Mike Kennedy, killed by Jack Heffron at Laramie.

To sum it all up: If a man wants to kill you and thinks you are quick on the draw, he'll just be more careful doing the trick and that will help him to get the job done. Being quick on the draw is entertainment for children, either at the movies or in TV shows. Being a quick draw artist don't mean a damn thing in a fight. Good luck to all of you. —Frank J. Casey, Casey's Gun Shop, Albion, Nebraska.

You're so right, Frank. Back in the depression days I saw a man gun down a foreman on a woodcutting crew. We all stood there, wondering what to do, when a lumberjack called Frenchy solved the problem by heaving his double-bit axe and bring the murderer down like a dead duck. No fast draw artist he!

Critical Letters on TW Articles

Gentlemen:

I enjoy both your magazines. Of course, the more certain you are that all articles in your magazine are actually true, the more valuable my collection of your magazines will become, historically speaking. I know you strive toward this end, as I have read your statements indicating your screening of all true articles.

Therefore, the Groesbeck version of the "Mountain Meadows Massacre" leaves me a little confused. Of course, none of us alive today has any way of knowing the complete truth of that black episode. We can only do research and then try to reason out the most logical answers to the things research does not explain, by use of common sense.

I quote the fourth sentence in Mrs. Groesbeck's presentation: "The massacre was not only a crime against the Arkansas emigrants . . . but a crime against the Latter Day Saints (Mormons) who have borne for years the odium of a deed for which they were in no way responsible."

Immediately the story leaves the subject at hand and delves into much prior history in an effort to justify the Mormon attitude that led to the massacre. This may be true—but why go into that if the Mormons were in no way responsible? If author Groesbeck means to imply that the Latter Day Saints are still bearing the odium of this crime, I cannot accept her reasoning. It would be just as sensible to say you and I are still bearing the odium of Cain slaying Abel. Certainly the Mormons of that time should bear the stain of the massacre, for they did it. It is equally true that later generations of Latter Day Saints did deplore the terrible deed and were in no way responsible for it.

Further in the article, when the Mormons learned of the coming of the U.S. troops (before the massacre had been committed) for the avowed purpose to give new civil officials a "posse comitatus" to secure . . . the offices to which they had been appointed (which Mrs. Groesbeck says "we are constrained to allow on the part of some of its representatives was sincere"), I find this is also grasped as an excuse of the Mormon act.

Now, considering the fact that history proved this Mormon accusation of U.S. troop intentions to be false, considering the lack of any precedent to justify such a base belief on the part of the U. S. military forces, and bearing in mind that there were no phones or telegraph for the dissemination of information preceding the arrival of the troops, and noting that this was all dug up after

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the massacre, I believe it is quite apparent to any thinking mind that it constitutes more desperate searching for justification of the vile massacre. I certainly don't think anyone has any reason to say things about our military purposes, before or since.

Regarding John D. Lee: The author states he was placed in charge of Mountain Meadows (Massacre). She further states that he regretted his role, but "he, as all Saints, believed in the doctrine of his church not to question the authority of its leaders," so he made plans for the murder of the Gentiles.

To me, this seems to clearly indicate the leaders of the Mormon church premeditated and planned the wholesale slaughter of the Fancher party. The statement that the men of the Fancher party had threatened to return and wipe out the Mormons as soon as they got their women and children to safety, is another reason, apparently, for the Mormon act. They had to protect themselves from this danger! However, there were only fifty-seven men in the Fancher party. More scraping of the alibi barrel.

I also note that Lee later stated that he would have given anything to have avoided the massacre. (Perhaps this was shortly before he knew he was to be executed.) But he assigned himself the duty, as his part in the massacre, of helping the wagon drivers kill the sick and the wounded. Was Lee so afraid of the healthy men, even though they were unarmed and he wasn't, that he chose to help kill those helpless ones?

Statement was made in the story that "he (Lee) had agreed with the other leaders to place the blame on the Indians, and that is the report he gave to Brigham Young."

Do you begin to see why Mrs. Groesbeck's statement confuses me . . . that the "Latter Day Saints . . . have borne for years the odium of a deed for which they were in no way responsible."

I quote another questionable statement from the article: "It would seem that Lee was a martyr whose life was sacrificed to justice and given to save the good name of the Church." (This sentence refers to Lee's abandonment by his church to the fate of death by a firing squad.) I think the sentence would be better put as follows: "It would seem that Lee was a murderer, to whom the death penalty was justly assessed by proper legal procedure and endorsed by his church in a desperate effort to improve upon the bad name the dark stain of this massacre had given it."

No stigma for this crime today attaches to anyone who may be descended from the Mormons of that day nor to anyone who may belong to the present day Church of Latter Day Saints. There is now no reason to try to present the facts as they were. It is true that the Fancher party hit Utah at a very bad time, it is true that they were a cocky and even arrogant group at times (mainly to keep up their own morale), and it is true that they could have done more to try to get along peacefully with the Mormons. BUT it is also true that the Mormons commited a heinous crime with insufficient justification.

But who is qualified to judge the people of another time and era? We, of this generation of so-called civilization and culture, can recall the far greater horrors of German concentration camps in World War Two, of Russian mass murders, of the frightful Japanese rape of Nanking. Oh, the world is still far from attaining the peaceful ideals taught in our churches today. Let us try to improve the present rather than fruitlessly attempt to justify the dark past.—Tom B. Nicholson, 2006 Schley Avenue, San Antonio, Texas.

Your letter brings out some profound truths, Tom. No one now living can know the facts of this terrible tragedy; neither does any stigma attach to any descendant of those responsible. But, in my estimation, the most significant sentence in your letter is the last. What a world this could be if we all did just that.

Dear Norm:

Your story on Almighty Voice (April, 1959, TW) was fine but you left out some interesting details. You barely mentioned the Saskatchewan Rebellion ten years before, for which about a dozen of Almighty Voice's tribesmen were hanged. That is probably one reason he sought to escape when captured and told he was going to be hanged for killing the steer.

It would also explain his killing the Duck Lake postmaster, who was not shot down charging the Indians but was killed under a flag of truce when he went up to them and tried to get them to surrender. He was well known to all of them and he did it against the advice of the Mounties, who realized how desperate the Indians were.

All three Indians had English names, but the only one I remember is that of Going-up-to-Sky, who was called Dublin. When the three were attacked by the Mounties, they took cover in what is called a "bluff" in Saskatchewan. These are dense clumps of willows and poplars and are almost impenetrable to men on horseback, which explains how three men armed with old single-shot rifles were able to turn back a charge by a dozen well-armed police.

When the Mounties charged, Sergeant Raven and Inspector Allen fell badly wounded in the open near the bluff where Almighty Voice lay hid. Corporal Hockin and Constable Kerr jumped from their horses and charged into the brush. Both were killed almost at once and their bodies were not recovered until after the battle. The two wounded officers were rescued by two Mounties who borrowed a democrat from a rancher who had driven up to watch the battle. They drove up to the wounded Inspector at a gallop, jumped to the ground and loaded him in the bed of the democrat. They then drove over to the Sergeant, loaded him in the back, jumped back on their seats and galloped their horses out of range. Almighty Voice and Dublin fired on them several times but missed. (A democrat in Saskatchewan is a two-seated buggy—in this case with one seat removed—so the two wounded men could lie on the floor.)

All these details were in the original story as I read it in the "Winnipeg Free Press". It created quite a sensation, as it was written by an author who claimed to be an Indian named Buffalo Child. He wrote other stories about Western Canada, all as interesting as this one about Almighty Voice.—Harold W. Slye, General Delivery, Anaconda, Montana.

Thanks, Harold, for filling us in on the story of Almighty Voice. I didn't see Buffalo Child's story in the "Winnipeg Free Press," but I did read his book "Long Lance" which contains a chapter devoted to Almighty Voice. The

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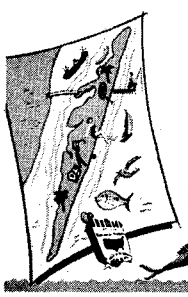

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need for condensation in a magazine article where space is necessarily limited forced me to omit a number of details and concentrate on presenting at greater length the final dramatic phase of the tragic affair. Detailed mention of the Riel Rebellion was also omitted for the same reason. But now—thanks to you—we have a fuller picture of the whole story. —N.B.W.

Extracts From The Letters Of New Readers

Dear Joe:

You sure did get into new territory with *True West,* Hosstail—clear up into the tall spruce and tamaracks of northern Minnesota! And you can count on old Iron Ore Ernie being your friend even after readin' that "Turrible Rag."

Well now, Joe, if you're going to try to reach perfection in your magazine as you stated in your editorial, you might as well save your strength and breath. *T'aint possible*—but we *all know you're* trying and that's what's different about you . . .

Nigh onto fifty years now, since boyhood, I've been readin' tall Western yarns mixed up on the alkali and sagebrush squeezin's, with mebbe a little red-eye and cowpoke blarney on the side. I've enjoyed 'em too—but I'll sure enjoy the true yarns in your magazine a lot more. Leastwise, the yarns will be as close to truth as you can make 'em and that's a mighty comfortin' feeling to have when you pick up a magazine and settle down for an hour or two of reading . . .

Ever walk down a woodland trail in Minnesota territory with spruce, balsam, tamarack and birch lining the path? Or walk along a creek in springtime with the ground still bare after the winter snows, with here and there a patch of snow still remaining? Gosh, that's refreshing—just like Mom's home-made bread and marmalade. It's real, it's genuine, and *True West* has that same authentic flavor. The State of Minnesota is not heralded as a Western state, but your magazine will fit in here like bacon and eggs with coffee on a frosty winter morning . . .

Here in Minnesota we had the lumbercamps and lumberjacks instead of cattlemen and rustlers. They weren't badmen—but man, they were rough and tough! . . .

Well, Hosstail, here's the way I see it: With that April issue, with the story about Charlie Russell, Wild Old Days and sich, you don't only nibble a vein—you struck the whole dadburned bonanza! Keep 'em comin' like that issue and your worries are over.—Old Iron Ore Ernie (no address given)

Will do, Ernie, will do! If all our new readers are as enthusiastic as you, we've got it made.

Dear Joe:

Well, you can tally up another maverick. The May-June issue of *True West* has made me a member of the herd and I am proud to belong. I am an Eastern dude from a small town in New Jersey . . . I have always been interested in the West and have read every true account that I could find. The pickings were pretty slim until I went to college in Kansas and found *True West* and *Frontier Times* on a local newsstand. At first I thought they were just some more run-of-the-mill Western pulp magazines until I bought a copy of *True West,* and then my opinion changed. I found that the stories in the two magazines are, as you say, "as true as we can make them." You are to be congratulated on your efforts, and I hope you keep going for many more years.

TV and motion pictures have seldom had stories as interesting as those printed in TW and FT. Why don't you try to interest one of the national TV networks in presenting a series using selected stories from *True West* and *Frontier Times*?

Well, Joe, I could go on and on about how good I think *True West* and *Frontier Times* are, but I think by now you get the idea. I was sure glad to hear that you went national in your distribution, especially since I found your two magazines on a newsstand back home during Easter vacation.

All I can say again is keep up the good work and how about putting out a bigger magazine and/or publishing it more often? I for one would be willing to pay more than a quarter if you published bigger or more often. After all, your two fine magazines are about the only true link we of the younger generation have with the Old West.

Afterthought: I would be honored to correspond with you, or any member of your staff, or any of your contributing critics. If such a correspondence is possible, my permanent address is—Harry Lewis, 25 Buttonwood Street, Lambertville, New Jersey.

I sure appreciate your fine letter, Harry. It so neatly pinpointed some of our biggest problems that we selected it for publication over hundreds of letters from our new-made friends. First, our very biggest problem is to get folks to give us a chance—to buy a copy of the magazines on the stands and spend a few minutes getting acquainted. So many, many people pass up TW and FT on the racks in the belief that they are "just some more run-of-the-mill pulp Westerns" that it is heartbreaking to us who are doing our durndest to perpetuate the West as it really was. If only they'd give us the chance we need, their opinion, too, would change just as yours did.

Second: On your idea of an authentic TV show from TW and FT stories: Man, we've sweat blood trying to find some producer with enough imagination and plain, ordinary horse-sense to recognize the tremendous potential in such a series. Every mail brings us letters by the score from TV viewers who are sick of the Badman-Lawman routine and the Western "soap operas" now cluttering up their screens. I've shown producers these letters, flown to Hollywood several times to talk to them personally about a True West series. No luck, just the old run-around. I can only draw the conclusion that the TV operators don't want the truth about the Old West. How else can you figure it?

Third: As to making our magazine bigger and publishing them oftener—well, we'd sure like to. The reason we don't, of course, is lack of money. Once the newsstand sales even approach our hopes and expectations, we'll start publishing Frontier Times bi-monthly, which in effect will give our readers a new magazine every month. Monthly publication of both magazines is still our goal, if and when finances permit.

Fourth: On the question of corresponding with readers: We at TW and FT would like nothing better than to carry on a correspondence with all our

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good friends, but unfortunately our small staff lacks the necessary time after getting out the magazines, handling advertising, subscriptions, and all the other multitude of chores that go with publishing. But I'll bet you this: You'll be getting plenty of mail from other readers and fans!

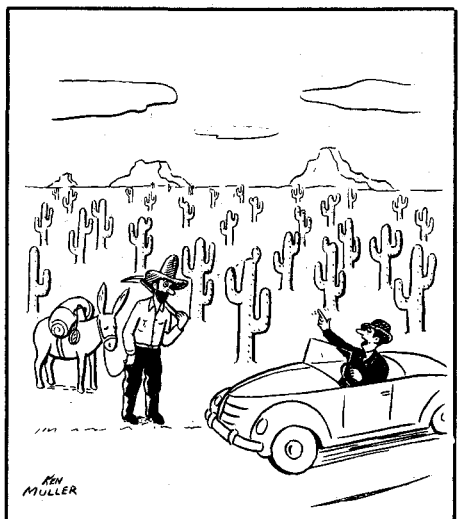
Best of luck! Joe

Typical Letter on True West TV Show

Dear Norm:

I've just finished reading the editorial comments column in the current issue and I'd like to puff off a few bits of steam. What particularly interested me was the bit about you fellers getting them TV big shots to consider an authentic *True West* TV series. Or, rather trying to get them to consider it.

Of course it's too good to be true, but wouldn't it be "loverly" if we could sit and watch a movie or TV show and not get disgusted with the wild excursions into fancy them writers take with the facts? I do get tired explaining to my kids, "No, horses didn't stand nice and quiet like that; they usually bucked first and then submitted to their rider's will." If one of the old-time broncs had stood still while his master was mounting, it's likely said master would have figured he was sick and reached for the medicine bottle. And again, "No, men didn't wear them fancy shirts and doodads that would let either an Indian or an outlaw keep track of them a mile off without straining."



"Good crop you got there, Old-timer, what is it?"

Aside from details like that, I also get disgusted when some gent falls after being shot by a gun that is pointed to the floor or the ceiling or when he just stands there after being hit with a .44 or .45 slug. When a guy got hit with one of them slugs, mister, he went staggering or down if he was a weakling. And he sure didn't have much interest in the girl friend, either!

That's about all I'm gonna blow off about this time, but by golly I ain't no more than started on my list of beefs about so-called Western yarns as dreamed up by fellers who think a mule kick is what you get out of a bottle instead of the business end of a four-legged animal. Larn 'em, Norm! I refuse to go to a show lots of times because I know the picture will be of a phony West that never existed except in some writer's imagination. And I find something else to do when Westerns come on TV.—Dorothy E. Holzbauer, P. O. Box 183. Arkhoma, Oklahoma.

Well, Dorothy, I sure wish we could larn 'em—but how? We've tried in every way possible and all to no avail. Maybe in time folks will get sick of a "phony West" but in the meantime we'll just have to keep on plugging away and hoping. NBW

Short Shots

Dear Editor:

Enjoyed the story about Dee Harkey. I feel our civilization wouldn't be what it is today if it were not for men such as Dee Harkey, who had to be "Mean as Hell" to survive and uphold the laws. —Mrs. John Rogers, Harlingen, Texas.

Dear Ailin' Joe:

I was real sorry to hear of you letting the flu bug get the drop on you . . . I offer the following as a very simple and effective way to rugged health. Go vegetarian! Eat nothing that ever breathed the breath of life.

A few years ago a friend of mine made this suggestion and here is how it worked. (Since you publish a TRUE magazine, you may repeat this testimonial.) After taking the above action I went along for thirteen years without losing a day's work. Except for two weeks of pneumonia, I have continued in good health the past five years, also without losing a day's work. Have never drawn Social Security or sick benefit.

One vegetarian family with sixteen children state that they have never required a doctor or dentist. They add dried grass to all their food.

Hope these suggestions don't sound too simple to work. They are a step toward natural living. Gonna try dried grass myself sometime.—Dan K. Conger, Rough and Ready, California.

Howdy, Dan!

Man, you don't know how appropriate your letter was! We are so poor now from trying to expand with this confounded publishing business that we were wondering what in the devil we were going to eat. The fact that dry grass makes a mighty fine food is welcome news.

Dadgum, if I knew I wouldn't have another cold or get the flu for ten years if I ate nothing but vegetables, I'd move off on a farm and grow my own!

—Joe

NOTE TO WRITERS

Boys, let's let Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and Old Mexico rest awhile. We're crammed-jammed with good, photo-packed articles on these states. What about the rest of that part of our country lying west of the Mississippi? Good lost mines and buried treasure articles are always in demand. Also, we could use a few on ghost-towns, unusual phases of Indian life, and adventures of the little men who made the West—NOT JUST THE SAME OLD THING. And, men, I'm a'telling you—they GOT to be authentic down to the last little detail! We've got a million readers that will pick your flesh to skeleton-white if you make a single dad-burned error!

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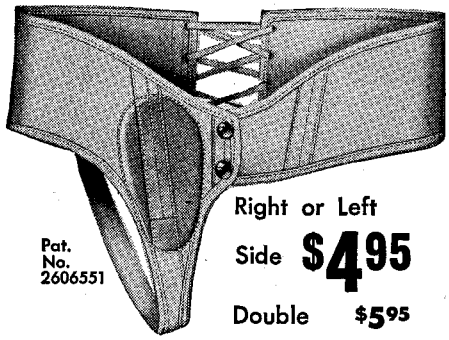

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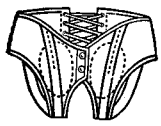

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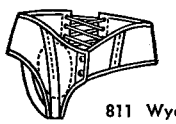

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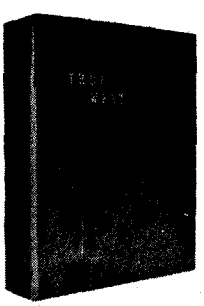

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By The Old Bookeroos

RANGE LIFE

Cavalcade of Hooves and Horns (Naylor, $5) is the latest by Texas writer, Steve Wilhelm, author of *Cowboy Poet* and the television show, *Trackdown*.

A well documented history, *Cavalcade of Hooves and Horns* presents the chronology of cattle in North America since Cortes brought Andulusian cattle into Mexico in 1519 to present-day rodeos and 4-H beef clubs.

The Padres introduced cattle to feed the residents of early border missions and the surplus production from these centers led to the development of the first Southwestern ranches and provided the she-stock that mothered the Western cattle industry.

Colonial Texas grew from hide and horn and her surplus herds were trailed to California, New Orleans, the Cornbelt and Montana. Her tough cowboys trailed Longhorns, wild as buffalo, over trails encumbered by stampedes, rustlers, floods, Indian raids, fever quarantines, droughts and blizzards.

Cattlemen settled the frontier, kept pace with civilizing influences, formed cattlemen's organizations, improved their herds and co-operated with 4-H clubs to train youths in progressive cattle growing beef clubs.

A lot of good research provided the source material for this book which is worthy of a place in all cattle libraries.

Twenty-Four Years a Cowboy and Ranchman in Southern Texas and Old Mexico (University of Oklahoma Press, $2) by Will Hale is volume twelve in The Western Frontier Library. The first edition is a rare book—there being only three copies known—and the Press has performed a real service to all Range Life collectors by reprinting it. A. M. Gibson, head of the Phillips Collection of the University of Oklahoma libraries, wrote the introduction. He tells the story of his search for information about the book, the author, and the publisher. If the author was a Will Hale, he was there when many of the important events in Western history occurred, including fighting against Billy the Kid in the Lincoln County War. If the book was the product of piecing together incidents in the life of several frontier characters by Will Hole Stone (the publisher) of Headrick, Oklahoma Territory, it still reads the same. With copies now available to the many, one feels that additional information is sure to turn up about the author.

WESTERNERS ALL!

George Curry, 1861-1947, An Autobiography (University of New Mexico Press, $6.50) was edited by his friend of many years, H. B. Hening, publisher of *The New Mexico Stockman*. If one can believe some of folk tales one hears in New Mexico, they left out a few things but not much. Curry arrived in Lincoln County, New Mexico, in 1879 and, of course, he encountered Billy the Kid who taught him a lesson in practical politics. With time out to serve in the Rough Riders in the Spanish American War (followed by military and civilian service in the Philippines) and to operate a real estate business in El Paso for a short period, Curry was up to his neck in New Mexico politics for well over half a century. Sheriff of two New Mexico counties and governor of the territory, he was elected to U. S. Congress in the first state election. Curry was a keen, if partisan, observer and he didn't miss much that went on in his adopted state. The only visit this reviewer had with him was while he was serving as first state historian and custodian of the old Lincoln County Courthouse in the mid-forties (he died in 1947). He was working on this book at the time but seemed glad to take time out to talk (visitors at the old Courthouse were few indeed then, as gasoline was rationed). He was well over eighty at the time but his memory seemed remarkably clear, particularly on the events of long ago—his encounter with the Kid, the Fountain case and the Oliver Lee-Pat Garrett feud. All this and much more is set forth in this highly entertaining account by a fearless participant. A portrait of Curry in color, as the frontispiece, and five drawings by Sam Smith, plus eleven photos, add to the value of the book.

Owen Wister Out West (University of Chicago Press, $5) consists of the journals and letters of the famed author of *The Virginian* as edited by his daughter, Fanny Kemble Wister (Mrs. Walter Stokes). Wister kept a day-by-day record of his fifteen western trips and he wrote long letters to his mother in the East. Mrs. Stokes found the journals in her father's desk in 1938, fourteen years after his death, and she has done a fine job of combining excerpts from the letters and journal entries into a highly articulate account of the Western experiences on which Wister based so many of his short stories, articles and novels. Mrs. Stokes has also provided an entertaining preface containing much family history, an introduction and an epilogue. The book is illustrated with drawings by Frederic Remington and with photos of Wister in the West. Remington, who illustrated many of the Wister writings, is also mentioned several times in the text.

Frontier Newspaper: The El Paso Times (Texas Western Press, $6) by John Middagh is also the history of El Paso. In the pages of *The Times* appeared the stories of Dallas Stoudenmire, Jim Gillett, John Selman, Jeff Milton, John Wesley Hardin, Pancho Villa, and other noted characters. *The Times* crusaded against the Ku Klux Klan; for pure mesa water; against prohibition; against gambling; and, of course, against the rival *Herald*. A group of distinguished journalists served *The Times* including Juan Hart, Jim Black, Duncan Aikman, Dorrance Roderick, and H. S. Hunter. In 1956 the paper saluted its city and the Southwest on the occasion of its

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seventy-fifth anniversary. The author of this book is a former reporter on *The Times* and now co-chairman of the Department of Journalism and Radio-Television at Texas Western College. That the typography of the book is excellent goes almost without saying since Carl Hertzog directs the Press and it was produced under his personal supervision.

COLORADO CENTENNIAL

A hundred years ago (Valentine's Day) Colorado became a state. Many events are planned to celebrate the centennial year and, of course, there will be a rash of books on Colorado. Already demanding attention are two brief historical volumes.

Colorful Colorado (Sage, $3.50) is a handsome, pint-sized, fact-crammed book by Caroline Bancroft, one of Colorado's best-known historians, who surveys the period from the Ice Age to the present. Primitive citizens grunted like pigs and trailed like coyotes behind herds of bison, horses and elephants preying on young or weak animals for food. They supplemented this diet with wild fruits, nuts, roots and insects within season.

Later came community clansmen like Folsom and Yuma man which were followed by pueblo and mud hut dwellers of the type discovered by Coronado on his mission for "Gold, Glory and Gospel." Coronado's entourage brought in the first European livestock to Colorado in 1540-41. Later horseback Indians became some of the more formidable hunters and cavalrymen of all time.

The advent of European civilization with its pioneering, settling and developing was fraught with rugged drama and color. The stories of the wiry mountain men, freighters, ranchers, miners, farmers, city builders and engineers are amply portrayed in the changing panorama of colorful Colorado.

The text is illustrated with 80 photos, pictures and maps, thirty-one of which are in elegant colors. The illustrations include two by Frederic Remington and three by Charles Schreyvogel. A handy reading list is included. Also there is a paperback edition, less the last 16 pages of the hard-back edition, for $2.

Centennial Colorado—Its Exciting Story (Chambers $1.98 in wraps, $3.45 in pictorial boards) is by Robert G. Atheran and Carl Ubbelohde. As does *Colorful Colorado,* it briefly covers the high spot of Colorado history but the emphasis is on the pictorial. There are thirty-two full color illustrations plus many others in pastel or black and white, including one by Frederic Remington.

FIGHTING INDIANS

General Stand Watie's Confederate Indians (Naylor, $5) by Frank Cunningham is the story of the fighters of the Five Civilized Tribes for the Lost Cause. Stand Watie was a Cherokee and a leader of the faction opposed to Principal Chief John Ross, who tried, unsuccessfully, to keep the Cherokees from fighting for the South. Albert Pike was the agent sent by Jefferson Davis to seek Indian support for the South—Pike was well known in the Southwest and his efforts were immediately crowned with success. Stand Watie raised an independent company and was a four-year participant in the war. He was promoted to brigadier general in 1864 (the only Indian to attain this rank) and his troops were among the last Confederates to surrender in 1865. The Confederate Indians fought mostly on the Western frontier—Arkansas, Missouri and Kansas. They harassed the Union forces in the West in much the same way that Mosby's Rangers did those on the Eastern front. The book also contains a good summary of Cherokee politics during Reconstruction and photos of the principal Confederate Indian leaders. Recommended.

TOP JOB!

Desert Voices, A Descriptive Bibliography (Westernlore, $12.50) by E. I. Edwards is a scholarly, readable volume covering the history, physiography, and natural resources of California deserts. This first comprehensive reading bibliography covers over 1,500 separate citations about books, pamphlets and periodicals that include enlightening information about the mysterious California desert area. Also there is a check list of scientific and technical items relating to California deserts. This limited edition, of only 500 copies, comes in a large book format and is beautifully printed and bound. It is worthy of the best Western libraries.

HIGH ADVENTURE

The diary of Jacob H. Schiel, geologist and surgeon of the Gunnison Expedition in 1863, provides enlightment on Indians, settlers, wildlife and vegetation in the Rocky Mountains when the U. S. Government was exploring for railroad routes across the nation. Schiel's diary, entitled *Journey through the Rocky Mountains and the Humboldt Mountains to the Pacific Ocean* is the latest in The American Exploration and Travel Series by the University of Oklahoma Press ($3.75).

The diary, originally written in German, is translated and edited by Thomas N. Bonner who has developed a pleasing introduction giving supplements from the writings of other Western explorers to help clarify a number of facts only vaguely covered by Schiel. The German's report of Captain John Gunnison's massacre by Piute Indians absolves the Mormons who had been blamed by some for killing that excellent officer (Gunnison) and several of his party near the present town of Deseret.

Lieutenant Beckwith then took command of the expedition which wintered at Salt Lake where Schiel became acquainted with Brigham Young and numerous other Mormons. As was common with many Eastern writers of the period, Schiel ridiculed the Mormons and warned his friends in Germany considering settlement in Utah that there were nothing but ugly women in the whole territory.

The report covers surveys into the Greenriver Basin and concludes with the Humboldt River reconnaissance in Nevada before the party reached the Pacific Coast following the winter with the Mormons in Utah. This is a record of great adventure.

The True Story of the Killing of Billy the Kid (Frontier Press of Texas, $1) by John W. Poe is the first reprint of this little classic in a quarter of a century. Poe was there when Garrett killed the Kid and his book has long been regarded as the most accurate account of the events leading up to the climax.

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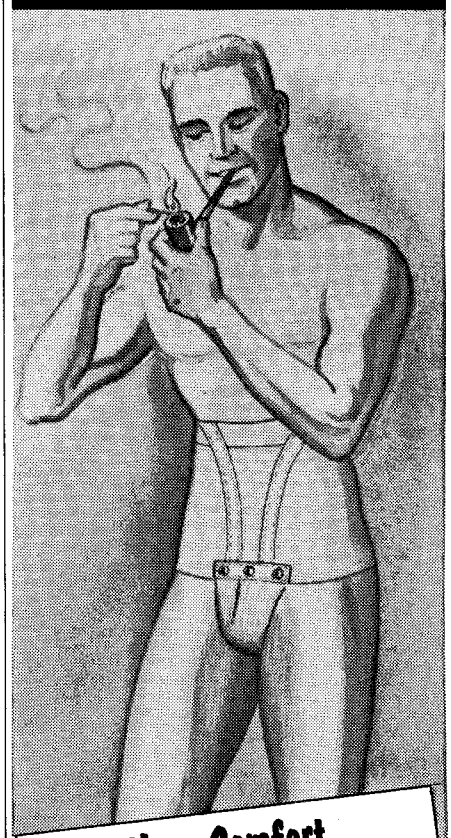

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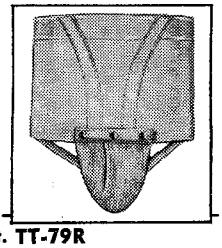

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Oh, Heck Fire!

(Continued from page 3)

it! The general public's acceptance will be narrowed down somewhat because of a misconception and it may be that margin that means life or death for the subject at hand. So this would be the most important discourse I ever wrote in my life, if it could make even the first step in doing away with a confounded assumption that has killed so many properties. That's why publishers stay in New York—it's the only place the people of our country will *let* them stay and accept their products as national in appeal!

I KNEW we'd add to the fire by publishing three articles on Texas in the last issue. I almost didn't do it. But we're making an experiment. I NEED YOUR VOTE! Again, we're democratic as the very devil here and I blamed sure like to hear from the readers now and then on especially important subjects. Last issue, we covered the Alamo, the Goliad Massacre, and defeat of the Mexicans at San Jacinto. It told the story of Santa Ana's expedition and defeat in three short articles on different phases of his campaign. It didn't tell the whole story. That's impossible in even three articles of limited wordage. But three rounded out the picture, wherein one would have touched only one important battle, etc. Now, on the important characters, battles, movements, etc., in our Old West history, shall we hit them from several angles with two and three articles ON THE SAME SUBJECT per issue, then follow with ten or eleven articles on other phases of the Old West, different subjects, different locales—trying to cover every possible state and region? Or, had you rather EVERY ARTICLE be different? I know, a big group will write in and say let's have all lost mines and buried treasures; another group, all badmen; another, Indian; etc. But we'd go out of business in a hurry catering to one taste only. So, let us know if you like one subject thoroughly done, with two or three articles on it from every possible angle, or if you'd rather have them all different.

ANOTHER thing that makes it very difficult for us (tying *True West* to one locality) is that 80% of the material they send in is on Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Old Mexico. We never knew that the Old West consisted of the above! We have enough articles on this particular section of our country and Mexico to last four years! We have to dig to get a good article on Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, the Dakotas, Nebraska, and the rest of the Old West. There's worlds of material on that part of our country lying west of the Mississippi, but you folks are laying it aside and digging up something on the Southwest, mainly good old TEXAS!

We are overstocked completely. We could stop accepting articles and run TWO YEARS on what we have on file right now. But if you are going to send in something, remember we cover the *rest* of the West, and that you have a much better chance of getting one accepted if it happened *outside* the Southwest! Lost mine and buried treasure, badmen (hit the ones not so well known and overdone), ghost towns and Indian material is our top menu but we'll always be open to a really authentic, downright good story on any phase or period of the Old West, preferably with good pictures. Incidentally, our appeal in the last issue for you boys to hold up west! Lost mines and buried treasure, your manuscripts since we were so overstocked and snowed-under, brought the greatest deluge of manuscripts we've ever had sent in at any one time!

We'll probably get jolly heck from Texas readers. Again, we love you to pieces, but we started out to publish a magazine on the Old West as a whole—a subject that has no geographical limitations insofar as appeal is concerned—and we aim to do just that, IF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE WILL LET US!

ABOUT THE COVER

Dear Joe,

Regretfully I must write that Buck Reilly has recently passed away since doing the cover picture for your magazine.

I would like to let you know a little more about him and his work as we feel that we have lost a true artist on the brink of his career.

Your magazine is bringing back from history the things he was also trying to portray on canvas and he wanted very much to be a part of it and grow in recognition as you are.

The Indian and buffalo picture was painted to revive a small portion of the Old West. Since the Indian hunts are almost a forgotten past, Buck enjoyed doing research on them and wanted to depict the perils as well as the fruits of the hunt.

Buck had made a number of trips to Montana and Wyoming as well as other states to gather ideas and to picture the terrain and surroundings for his type of art. This Western artist continually strived to paint the West as it truly was. Having been a rancher in Texas and New Mexico most of his life, this was very close to his heart.

Wishing you the greatest of success.—Sincerely, Mrs. Dick Reilly.

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THREE OUT--THREE TO GO!

Ol' Numbers 10, 14 and 19 Just Bit the Dust--We've Sold Them Out! And Numbers 6, 8 and 17 Will Soon Follow!

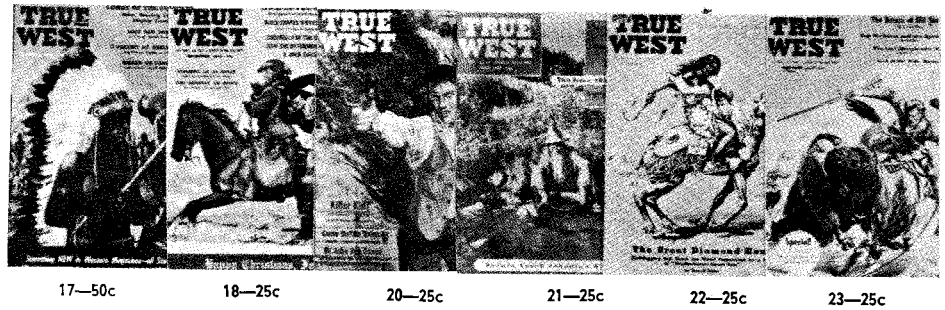
Folks, if you've been hankerin' for any of these valuable back issues, you'd better bog your spurs and build a loop fast!

The demise of these issues brings to eleven the total of back issues we're plumb out of!

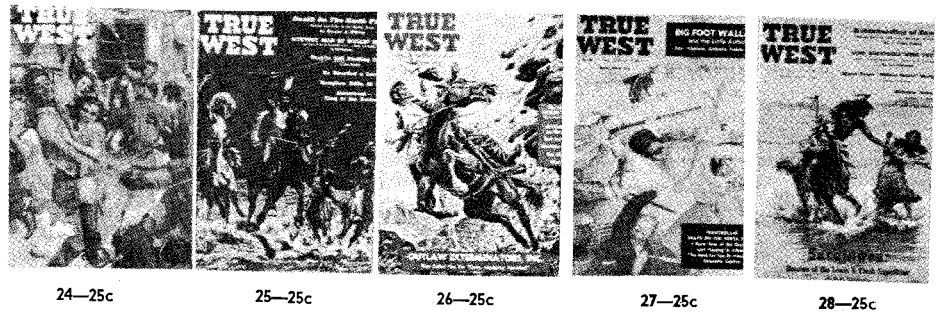
To encourage only those who are keeping complete files to buy, we're upping the ante on Numbers 6, 8 and 17 to four bits. And we may have to do the same with some others before too long!

The instant our supply of a back number is exhausted, many dealers and collectors charge from $1 to $5 per copy—so here's your chance to stock up while we have them—and that won't be long!

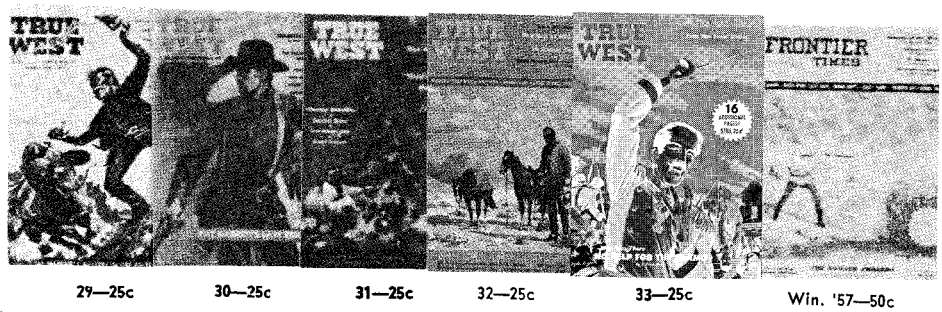
5—50c 6—50c 8—50c 13—25c 15—25c 16—25c



17—50c 18—25c 20—25c 21—25c 22—25c 23—25c



24—25c 25—25c 26—25c 27—25c 28—25c



29—25c 30—25c 31—25c 32—25c 33—25c Win. '57—50c

Spr.—25c Sum.—25c Fall—25c Win. '58—25c Spring—25c

List those you want by number on a sheet of paper. If you really want them, DO IT RIGHT NOW, because fully half of the issues you see above are getting low and, at the rate they're going, won't last for "three shakes of a sheep's tail."

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